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A BROTHER'S PORTRAIT:

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM BARBER,

Wesleyan Missionary

TO THE SPANIARDS AT GIBRALTAR,

WHO FELL A VICTIM TO THE EPIDEMIC PESTILENCE, WHICH RAGED
ON THAT ROCK, DURING THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR 1828.

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM HIS JOURNALS AND EXTENSIVE
CORRESPONDENCE,

By **AQUILA BARBER,**

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AS AN APPENDIX, THE
MEMORIALS OF HIS LATE WIFE,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not
known."—*Psalms lxxvii. 19.*

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PREFACE.

IN introducing the present Volume to the notice of the Religious Public, to offer any remarks on the utility or importance of Christian Biography might, probably, be deemed superfluous, if not intrusive. The providential and gracious dealings of God with his people are subjects, the value of which is too highly appreciated, to need any description or recommendation from the Compiler of the following Memoir. There is, however, one thing which has forcibly impressed *his mind*; it is, that, as the press is constantly sending forth publications of a biographical kind, there should be something peculiar in the circumstances, and something important in the character, of an individual deceased, to justify

the placing before the Public eye so formidable a thing as a history of his life. As to the character of his lamented Brother, the Compiler thinks he may safely leave the Public to form their own judgment; and with regard to the principal facts of his life, such, for instance, as the remarkable manner in which he was at length thrust into the Ministry;—the untrodden sphere in which, as a Protestant Missionary, he was called to move;—the consequent probable introduction of pure and evangelical piety into Spain;—and the awful and mysterious circumstances of his early dissolution;—these are events, which, it is believed, will not be regarded by enlightened persons with disappointment or indifference.

But knowing, at the same time, that, in many cases, what may appear both peculiar and important in the estimation of a near relative, may prove, in a great measure, void of interest to the Public at large; it appeared to the Compiler advisable, to submit the original documents to the inspection of persons, who, by their ability and impartiality, might be reasonably supposed to be qualified to decide upon their merit. And the result of this expedient is, the appearance of the following sketch of ‘A Brother’s Portrait.’

However, the above-mentioned difficulty was not the only one, which, from the natural partiality of a relative, arrested the Compiler's attention. He considered, that, as his object was to give a *faithful* delineation of his Brother's character, moulded, as it was, by ordinary events and novel circumstances, by complicated afflictions and circuitous providences, and, above all, by the influence of Divine Grace ; it would be extremely difficult, if not totally impossible, to do it *in his own language* in such a manner, as to avoid the suspicion of being too lavish in his commendations, or too lenient in his censures. Hence, the best method appeared to be, to confine himself, as much as possible, to *matters of fact*, and those generally related in the words of the deceased himself ; especially, as the Reader will have an ample opportunity of perceiving, that, in WILLIAM BARBER, there was but little disposition to exalt himself in the estimation of others.

Some surprise may, possibly, be excited at the introduction of so large a portion of private letters, which have so little connection with *the facts* in the life of the deceased ; but when it is recollected, that the object of the Compiler was to give, not merely a narrative of events, but likewise the 'Portrait' of a mind, which was more than ordinarily gifted, both by nature and

by grace, the consistency of the plan will be at once acknowledged.

That part of the Volume, which describes the origin and progress of a Protestant Mission, among the poor, benighted Spaniards at Gibraltar ; as well as that, which contains such painful descriptions of the moral and civil destitution of the Parent Country ; will, probably, be read with unusual interest by those, who are labouring and praying for the prosperity of the kingdom of Christ. But that interest must be sharpened into agony, when it is remembered, that Spain, in the midst of her degradation, is denominated a *Christian Country*, and that, too, in the nineteenth century ; as well as that, notwithstanding the miseries, both temporal and spiritual, under which she is labouring, the Bible and its genuine Religion, which are the only means of her emancipation, are pertinaciously withheld from her millions of deathless, yet perishing, inhabitants. Oh ! how important, therefore, does it appear for every Christian believer most ardently to implore the hastening of the period, when even that ‘dark place of the earth, which is so full of the habitations of cruelty,’ shall behold ‘the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ !’

By some persons it may be thought necessary

to state the reasons, why, in the Memoirs of a professed Missionary, the Reader should be so long detained from that peculiar view of the character of the deceased. Those reasons, however, will immediately suggest themselves, after a patient perusal of the account. *There* will be seen one of those 'wonderful and excellent workings in the counsel of God,' by which his servants are sometimes impelled to the fulfilment of vows, which, in their execution, have appeared so long, and so powerfully, crossed by opposing circumstances: *there* also will be presented a practical illustration of the extreme danger of allowing the creature, in any degree, to usurp the place of God in the heart: and *there*, too, will be learnt a lesson, which, in order to render influential on the soul of the believer, often entails upon him such a multitude of sufferings in mind, and body, and estate, — *the necessity of entire conformity to the image of Christ.*

After all, however, it will be impossible to rise from the perusal of the Narrative, without a powerful conviction of the present mystery of the Divine proceedings. After such a series of disciplinary circumstances, which, while they qualified the sufferer for the post of duty, rendered the fulfilment of his early vows neces-

sary to the preservation of life itself; that he should be taken away through the instrumentality of the exposures involved, and that almost at the very commencement of his career of Missionary usefulness,—is one of those deep and perplexing movements in the Providence of God, which, the more they are contemplated, the less they are comprehended by the feeble mind of man. ‘Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea. If He cut off, and shut up, or gather together, then who can hinder Him?’

It may now be necessary to make one observation, in reference to the Appendix. It will be seen, in the course of the Narrative, by what reasons the deceased was actuated in withholding, from general publicity, so important a document. And when those reasons are weighed against the urgent solicitations of a very large majority of his Christian friends, who, from the purest motives, were, and still are, desirous of its publication; the Compiler thinks, that he may leave it with the Public to decide, whether he has done right or wrong,

in deviating from the wishes of an affectionate and beloved Brother, now that he is incapable of being pained at such a procedure:

In conclusion: it is felt, not less as a pleasing, than an imperative, duty, to acknowledge the kindness of those numerous relatives and friends, who have contributed their assistance, so readily, and so largely, in the prosecution of this Work. The most cordial thanks are also presented to the Subscribers, who have so generously encouraged the Compiler with their countenance and support, names having been given for about 500 copies of the Work; those names would have been published in the usual way, but for the many prohibitions, which have been received upon the subject. It has, doubtless, been a matter of some regret, that the appearance of the Volume, should have been so long delayed: the fact, however, has been, that, from some unknown circumstances, the principal documents, from which the Work has been compiled, were many months before they came to hand.

May that Great Being, who 'searcheth the hearts, and trieth the reins' of the children of men, and who alone, therefore, can appreciate

the motive from which the present labour has been undertaken, vouchsafe to make it instrumental in the salvation of sinners, and in the provocation of saints to increasing zeal in the work of the Lord!

A.B.

Midsummer-Norton, near Bath.

December, 1829.

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MEMORIALS OF THE LATE MRS. BARBER,

OF LONGFORD ACADEMY, NEAR GLOUCESTER.

BY HER HUSBAND.

MEMOIRS,

&c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Parentage—Education—Conversion to God—Usefulness as a Sunday-School Teacher, Exhorter, and Member of his own Family—Becomes a Local Preacher—Plan for the spiritual Edification of his Sisters—Turns his Attention exclusively to the Ministry—Admission to the Baptist Academy—Increasing Desires after personal and family Piety—Continued Zeal for the Salvation of Sinners—Recommended to travel by the Bristol Quarterly and District Meetings—Devotes Himself to the Missionary Work—Prevented by his Friends from going Abroad—Remarkable Instance of Depravity in three profligate Youths—Leaves the Baptist Academy.

THE subject of the present Memoir, was born in the city of Bristol, April 25th, 1799. He was the second son of parents who were pious from their youth; his Father being a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and his Mother a Baptist, connected with the church of the late venerable Dr. Ryland, in Broadmead, Bristol.

In consequence of the decided piety of both his parents, William, together with a numerous family, was carefully educated 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;' and the result was, that the whole of them, while yet young, joined themselves to God and his people in Christian fellowship; though it is somewhat singular, that they all became Methodists.

Nothing particular distinguished the earlier years of William, except a peculiar ardour of disposition, which often led him into evils of a very serious nature, one of the worst of which was an extraordinary propensity to prevarication and falsehood; this, notwithstanding all the admonitions and corrections of his parents, grew to such a height, that none of the family could rely upon his word, when unsupported by other evidence: in his case therefore there was a most painful exemplification of the language of the Psalmist—‘The wicked are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies.’

When between seven and eight years of age, he was sent to a day-school in Bristol; but his father shortly afterwards saw it necessary to remove him in consequence of the wildness of his habits, and those of the associates with whom he was invincibly connected. On this account therefore, in the year 1808, he was sent to the classical Academy of his uncle, the late Rev. John Cherry, who was pastor of the Baptist Church, at Wellington in Somersetshire, upwards of thirty years, and who was in the habit of receiving a select number of pupils.

He had been at this school between three and four years, when in the month of February 1812, he was deeply convinced of his awful alienation from God and exposure to eternal wrath. The immediate cause of this happy circumstance was his witnessing the ordinance of adult baptism administered by his uncle to several persons, among whom was a youth but a few years older than himself. The convictions of his mind on that occasion were greatly strengthened by an awful dream respecting the day of judgment which he had almost immediately afterwards.

He began at once to seek the Lord with all his heart; but being at that time situated among a body of professing Christians, who, though of unquestionable piety, did not teach the doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit, he remained for many months the victim of the most distressing anxieties respecting the favour of God.

The sanguine temperament of his mind at first disposed him to enter with all his soul, into the various peculiarities of that system of theology which was adopted and taught by the people among whom he was awakened; and it cost him a long time of painful struggling, even after he had left Wellington, (which took place in the course of the same year,) before he could summon sufficient courage to examine for himself the scheme of general redemption.

He had unhappily contracted a prejudice very common among Calvinists against Arminianism, respecting the doctrine of good works, supposing that the latter system taught justification before God, either in whole or in part, by the deeds of the law. When however he had gradually, though slowly, perceived his error; and discovered that the

Wesleyan Methodists built the foundation of their hopes upon the exclusive merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, he gladly united himself to them, joining the class of which his Father had been for many years the leader. This was somewhere about August 1813.

From this time, though still without a satisfactory evidence of the favour of God, he endeavoured to 'walk in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless,' eventually embracing all the peculiar sentiments of those with whom he had united in Christian fellowship.

In the May of the following year, his elder brother, who had previously manifested the greatest aversion to the restraints of religion, and the regularity of his Father's domestic government, was suddenly and powerfully awakened in a private prayer-meeting, under the roof of the late excellent Mrs. Stevens, widow of the Rev. William Stevens, at Kingswood Hill, whither he had been drawn by the gracious Providence of God, after intruding himself, contrary to the wishes of his Father, into a love-feast held in the Kingswood chapel. As soon as the intelligence of this unexpected circumstance had reached the ears of William, with fraternal regard he betook himself to his brother's chamber, where he found the distressed prodigal overwhelmed with confusion at his past sins, and horror at his present situation. Not satisfied with enjoying the sight, he immediately began to point the criminal to the Lamb of God, concluding with an earnest petition upon his knees, for the salvation of his guilty brother's soul: after which, marking with feelings of indescribable interest, the agony of the penitent's mind, he retired with this reflection—'If I do not take care, Aquila after all will obtain mercy before myself, who have sought it so long.' This induced him to redouble his diligence in private at a throne of Grace, and the consequence was, as might have been expected, that he did not long remain without the blessing he sought; so true is the word of the Lord—'Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.'

On the following Sabbath, June 5, 1814, the two brothers, being yet without a clear sense of the Divine favour, resolved to visit the above mentioned Lady at her dwelling, to implore advice. When they had arrived and made known their errand, Mrs. S., whose sole delight was to spend and to be spent for the glory of her God, immediately assembled her family for the purpose of besieging a throne of Grace; here they had not waited long, before the Spirit descended in a glorious manner, and at the same moment liberated both the prostrate penitents: then it was that for the first time, they 'rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory,' for the Spirit himself 'bore witness with their spirits that they were the children of God.' They immediately rose to praise the God of their salvation, and both

delightfully experienced that he had 'bound up the broken-hearted, proclaimed liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that were bound;' and that he had 'appointed unto them that mourned in Sion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.'

Before his removal from Wellington, and almost immediately on his return to Bristol, William had been engaged in the important office of teacher in a Sunday-School, in which he had laboured with much diligence and punctuality; but now that the Lord had set his soul at complete liberty from the guilt of sin, scarcely any thing could exceed the zeal by which he was instigated; for although he was little more than fifteen years of age, he commenced his career of public usefulness. He began by addressing his own class of scholars collectively and individually on the all important concerns of eternity; and such was his success, that the majority of his boys began in full earnest to seek the Lord, and many found peace; among whom was one who is now regularly travelling in the connexion as a Methodist Missionary. But this was a sphere much too contracted for William's soul; by permission therefore of the Superintendent of the school he proceeded to address the whole of the boys in public, and so extraordinary was the impression produced upon their tender minds, that it seemed as though they were universally determined to give themselves to the Lord;—scores were seen together crying for mercy, and many were heard rejoicing in a sense of pardoning love.

This of course soon attracted attention, and the result was, that the various Superintendents of the other schools in connexion with the Bristol Methodist Society, solicited his assistance in addressing and praying with the precious young immortals committed to their charge; and so extensive were the operations of the Spirit at that time upon the hearts of the children, that out of seventeen schools, the whole number, there was scarcely one that did not present a similar scene to that already described. In these engagements William had indeed many co-adjutors, through whose instrumentality much of this good was effected, but it was evident to all that he was one of the principal agents in the work;—nor was that work by any means confined to the children, for many of the teachers themselves, who were previously undecided for God, were thenceforward induced to 'enquire the way to Sion, with their faces thitherward.'

It was impossible that a person whose talents for public usefulness were so conspicuous, and whose efforts had been crowned with such early success, could remain long confined to the comparatively secluded engagements of a Sunday-School Teacher, however important or honourable those engagements might be. William therefore grad-

ually emerged from his retirement, and became an exhorter in St. Peter's hospital; where he laboured for some time with acceptance to others, though with little satisfaction to himself. Shortly after this he preached his first sermon at Compton-Greenfield, where he was greatly assisted, and where his labours were ultimately blessed to the conversion of at least two sisters in one family.

But he did not forget that the majority of his brothers and sisters were as yet in an unconverted state; he therefore determined to use all his efforts for their salvation: and as a proof of the earnestness of his soul in this important object, I shall now insert an extract from one of his Letters to his second sister at that time on a visit at Wellington.

Aug. 16, 1815.

MY DEAR SISTER PRISCILLA,

I WANT to know in particular, whether you have yet disclaimed Satan for your master, and 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ.' St. Paul says,—'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema, maran-atha;' 'let him be accursed till the Lord come.' But oh! how can it be that there is such a character? What! not love Jesus, who 'gave himself a ransom for all,'—who 'was bruised for our iniquities,'—who 'was rich, yet for our sake became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich?' Oh! let gratitude do its office, let it operate as it ought, and we shall see whether it is possible or no. But ah! there is no such thing as gratitude to God naturally in the heart of man: his 'heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,'—a nest of iniquity,—a sink of sin,—as naturally inclined to evil 'as the sparks are to fly upwards.' And does my heart answer this description? Is my sister's heart one of this sort? O yes! for my own part, I can answer that it is perhaps, (but why *perhaps*?) the worst enemy I have, and I have the authority of the unerring Word of God to say that my sister's is the same, for it 'concludes all under sin.' How shall I get rid of it then? First, I must be convinced of the evil of sin. Secondly, I must be convinced of the necessity of a change. Thirdly, I must be convinced of the sufficiency of Christ. Fourthly, I must have faith, that his blood may be applied. Do I want the first? I cannot give it myself. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and the door shall be opened.' You can feel no good desire of yourself, you have of your own self not the least wish nor hope of any good; 'a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.' But the matter is, is there any desire for God?—Yes! How did it get there?—It was not yourself who implanted it, for you are 'only evil, and that continually.' It was not Satan, for 'he is not divided against himself.' It must therefore be from God. Now, why did God implant it there? Surely with an

intention of its being answered, and of its producing the desired effect. We cannot, must not suppose that God ever did this, and yet with a design never to answer it—never for it to produce effect:—this were to impeach his love, his mercy, his justice. Now Priscilla, I would bring this matter home. You have good desires,—they, it is plain, are implanted of God. Now will you fight against God? It is his holy will that you should be made a partaker of the covenant blessings of Christ Jesus, pardon, holiness, and heaven. Are you determined to fight against him—to oppose, or, what is as bad, not to listen to the voice of God? Oh! beware of shewing a contempt of God's voice in your heart, 'kiss the son lest he be angry, and you perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little!' Oh! my dear sister, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you is, that you may be made a partaker of those blessings, and that you may prosper more abundantly in the path of religion than your unworthy brother, or else God Almighty knows you will be very much behind.

Remember in your prayers your dear brother, whose desire it is to see his sister eminent for piety more than for gold and silver.

W. BARBER.

In the year 1816, when about 17 years of age, William was received as a Local Preacher in the Bristol Circuit. It was just about this time that he received an invitation from the friends at Clutton, in Somersetshire, to preach their anniversary Sunday-School Sermon; and there God was pleased to own the labours of his youthful servant in a most encouraging manner. While in that neighbourhood he was made the instrument of exciting a spirit of enquiry after God, in the minds of many of the young people around him, and among them a lad who was the son of an aged Methodist Preacher deceased, and who is now travelling with acceptance in the connexion. It is however with feelings of peculiar sincerity and pleasure that the writer, as a member of William's family, can state, that notwithstanding the decided superiority of his talents to those of any of his brothers and sisters, and the consequent popularity and eminent success which he enjoyed, we never observed in him the slightest affectation of importance. His manner was the most gentle and the least dictatorial that is possible to be imagined: the fact is, that his piety was not only of the most sterling, but of the deepest and most substantial kind; and having at the same time the keenest sense of his own deficiencies, both intellectual and spiritual, his deportment towards all around him was modest and humble to a remarkable degree. A stronger proof in support of this observation needs scarcely be given, than the manner in which he prosecuted a plan which he had lately adopted for the mutual edification of himself and his two eldest sisters, both of whom had now become decidedly serious; that plan was to

carry on an epistolary correspondence with them on spiritual subjects, notwithstanding that at the time they lived under the same roof with himself; he having conceived that a measure of this kind was more calculated than any other to elicit the *minutiae* of Christian experience as well as improve the heart.

A few Extracts shall be laid before the Reader.

To his eldest Sister.

March 21, 1816.

MY DEAR SARAH,

PROBABLY you have now forgotten what you wrote in your last; however you have not, it is likely, lost all recollection of the cause of an affectionate yet tacit reproof contained in your note, and the sisterly way in which you reproved my silence respecting the state of my own soul. Justice calls for a *brotherly* explanation, which I understand as synonymous with a *candid* one. The reasons for my conduct were simply these: my mind was not happy—my soul was not prospering; hence the regard which I had for my sister, whom I perceived to be thriving in spiritual things, and pressing forward in the exercise of simple faith in Jesus, induced me to afford her all the encouragement I could by my advice, and to throw nothing in her way which would be calculated to damp her in her ardour or to mar her pleasures.

Ah! my dear girl, your brother has a 'heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' to deal with; a heart apparently as much averse to the way of simple faith in Jesus for salvation, as though it were the worst of all evils; and seemingly as unsusceptible of gratitude as the hardest adamant. He has lately had almost overwhelming discoveries of the depth of latent evil in that heart; discoveries which have caused groans to issue from his soul, whose sound reaching the bottomless pit has induced it to open its mouth wide to receive what is so fitted for it; and then upon this, such mountains of unbelief as seem to render it an impossibility to touch the hem of the garment of Him, whose name has made hosts of devils to tremble.

You, I trust, are going on better than this. Beware of discouragement—don't give way. Oh, my sister! live nearer to God continually than you did the preceding moment. Are you still prospering—still proceeding with swift and steady steps? How blissful the thought that time even with a momentary increase of enjoyment is but as the day-spring from on high, the first harbinger of the approach of the Sun of felicity; and eternity is but the dawn of its entrance upon that climax of degree, whose meridian it will only gain when *everlasting ages* shall find a finished course!

You and I, my dear, while looking at our present situation, so

exposed to temptation, sin, and misery, and so open to the attacks of our invidious enemies, are ready to start with astonishment, and to enquire 'Can this be mine?' and an affirmative answer scarcely satisfying us, we enquire again and again; and while we do so, hope beaming with immortality shines upon us, and realising faith anticipates actual possession. Praise and prayer be with yourself and

Your Brother
WILLIAM.

To his second Sister.

March 21, 1816.

MY DEAR PRISCILLA,

I WAS much struck, in perusing a part of Mrs. Cooper's Memoirs by Dr. A. Clarke, this afternoon, with a remark which she notices as made by Mr. Griffith, *viz.* that 'the Holy Spirit is infinitely delicate.' There is, I think, much truth and peculiar force in the expression: ah! he cannot dwell permanently where evil propensities usurp an unauthorised dominion. I am sure I can join Mrs. C. in saying,—'How my experience corroborates this!' There appears indeed an indispensable necessity for keeping the mind free from a single moment's interruption of communion with God; and in order to attain this happy state of soul there must be a constant exercise of living faith in Christ. This, my dear, should be the one grand object of our lives; without it we are unhappy, for we have no foundation on which to stand, and the more we grasp the more we sink; our increased efforts after happiness have a contrary tendency than to gratify us, for having no foundation we must necessarily sink: but with this simple faith in Jesus we are happy, having the surest foundation of confidence, and an infinite degree of fulness out of which to draw. Yet it is necessary to keep this faith in constant exercise—it is a *living* principle: that which lives is constantly breathing, and the very atmosphere of faith is Prayer and Holiness; if the air become foul, a difficulty of breathing is the immediate consequence; if sin break down the mounds of holiness, and destroy a degree, however small, of the spirit of prayer, faith is immediately wounded, and the indwelling Spirit frowns. Look at the sensitive plant,—at the approach of any one, as though instinctively suspicious of danger, it shrinks from the touch, and enclosing itself within a space as narrow as possible, seems to guard with the greatest care any inlet to the vitals. And oh! if sin advance to the heart, which is become the temple in which the Holy Ghost may dwell, how alarmed is it at the most distant approach! And if an unwatchful moment betray the soul in the least degree, the insulted Holy One within soon makes the pains of withdrawal the means of reproof. But oh! what a mercy

that He does not entirely forsake us on the very first submission to his enemies by our treacherous hearts!

You and I, my sister, very much need more simplicity; the want of this injures you as it does me. O that we had more of the Spirit of Christ—more love—more joy—more faith—more of that state of mind which would do honour to our Jesus!

May the mighty power of God dwell in you! May He bless you with all needful blessings! Remember to speak without reserve to

Your Brother

WILLIAM.

It was about this time that his Father, who had apprenticed him to his own business, perceiving that his ministerial engagements, for which he appeared to promise so well, occupied nearly all his thoughts, came to the generous resolution of sacrificing his own ease and comfort to the inclinations of his son, by giving him up entirely to the pursuit of his studies. Having nothing now to impede him in his favourite pursuits, William bent his mind with characteristic ardour and perseverance to a full preparation for the great work of preaching the everlasting gospel to his perishing fellow-sinners; having for a long time past had a firm persuasion that to this work God had distinctly called him.

But here, as is often the case with young Christians under the influence of such views, he committed a serious error, by following up his studies with such intensity of application, that his Father was often obliged to interpose his authority to compel him to adopt measures for the preservation of his health; otherwise, from the moment that he left his bed in the morning, (and he was a very early riser,) till he retired to rest late at night, he would have confined himself to his chamber.

Some little time had thus elapsed, when he attracted the attention of one of the Tutors at the Baptist Academy in Bristol for the education of young men for the Christian Ministry. This gentleman, perceiving the promising character of William's piety and talents, resolved to use his influence with the Rev. Dr. Ryland, then head tutor of the Institution, to get him admitted into the seminary. That venerable man, together with another colleague, immediately acquiesced in the scheme, and consented without fee or reward, and without regard to differences in doctrinal sentiments or church discipline, to receive this young candidate for the Methodist Ministry under his tuition, though of course without allowing any additional burden upon the funds of the committee; and, to the eternal honour of all the parties concerned be it spoken, not content with this single act of Christian liberality, they established this case as a precedent, which, I understand, is allowed to operate to the present day.

In the midst however of the multiplied engagements in which my dear brother was now occupied, he did not neglect the spiritual concerns either of himself or of his beloved sisters ; this will appear from the following Extracts :—

To his second Sister.

January 25, 1817.

SISTER P.

ST. PAUL's remark, that 'knowledge puffeth up,' is a very true one. It is not however one of those abstruse doctrines, (though indeed such doctrines are abstruse to human nature only,) that we are bound to receive merely or entirely because they are particulars of divine revelation ; but it is a doctrine the truth of which daily painful observation compels us to admit. You and I, my sister, are in no danger of having any *ground* for such feelings of pride and importance ; but even the little sparks of information and knowledge which we do or may possess, unless sanctified by piety, and by the grace of God rendered subservient to the interests of religion, will set fire to the combustible matter of which our nature is composed, and make us fancy that our drop is the ocean. The fault however lies not in knowledge itself, but in our own hearts, which contaminate the communications even of divine grace. An eager exertion therefore after an increase of knowledge is not only laudable but obligatory ; for our minds were not given us to be permitted to perish in the wilderness of ignorance and consequent uncertainty ; but they are endued with expansive faculties, the opening and enlarging of which accelerate,—not encumber,—the approximation of the soul to its own great centre,—*God*. If so, every help that one can afford the other is not only delightful to the feelings and cementing to the bond of reciprocal affection ; but it is an imperious duty. The method for this purpose that we have now commenced, is one which persons of more mature judgment than our own have not only advised but practised with great success. Let us then seek improvement by the same means, and in order to attain this let us be *simple* ; that is, natural, easy, candid ; objecting, correcting, expressing doubts, &c., with the utmost simplicity and frankness. Take nothing for granted,—a rule or reason for every thing. Be constant in the correspondence. Do all to the glory of God, and I will engage for it that God will render this a blessing to our souls as well as to our understandings.

Your Brother

WILLIAM.

*To the Same.**Feb. 11, 1817.*

DEAR P.

You complain of instability in the way of holiness,—you lament over a heart as yet the strong-hold of remaining corruptions,—you are grieved because you find your heart so cold in the love and service of your dear Redeemer. In this, let me tell you, as in many other things, you are the sister of your brother William. I have often indeed been obliged to lament at the footstool of the Divine Throne my exceeding unfaithfulness. We have, on this account, cause to be deeply humbled before God,—we have reason indeed to mourn and lament before Him : but He never wishes or expects us, on this account, to despair. He thus shews us the evils of our hearts, for the purpose of stirring us up to greater diligence in their opposition and extinction : this is a mercy ; yes, it is a great blessing that He will not permit us to sleep over our sins ; but makes us feel, and that bitterly too, that all unholiness is contrary to His nature, and most decidedly hateful to Him. ‘ Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,’ in this respect, as long as evils thus exist in the heart. You and I, though we are poor, yes, very poor, will not mourn, and grieve, and weep, and despair, over our shilling, because it is not a guinea : no, we will rather lay our shilling out to the best advantage ; and that, by the blessing of God, to increase it to a guinea. Up then, and let us be doing. ‘ We shall reap if we faint not.’ Remember, let there be no more backwardness to

Your Brother,
WILLIAM.

*To his eldest Sister.**Feb. 12, 1817.*

DEAR SISTER SARAH,

I READ your note with unspeakable pleasure ; and I have not read it once since, but it has done me good. Oh ! Sarah, my soul rejoices on your account. I thank God for His mercy towards you. May He ever keep you secure from every snare, and every effort of the enemy to rob you of your confidence ! Oh, what mighty power has faith ! It carries all before it,—breaks down every opposition,—and presses through every difficulty. It is the gift of God, and a gift worthy of God ; it is exceedingly honourable to the soul, and resulting in the most beneficial way to its interests.

‘ Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, “ It shall be done ! ” ’

I do not wonder at your not receiving the blessing of Christian purity precisely in the way that you expected; nor indeed, am I sorry for it. Any thing of self in the heart is a most destructive enemy of grace; and the divine work cannot go on if that be in the way; I mean of course, encouraged. Our Lord will ever teach us this lesson, that the whole plan from beginning to end is of grace, and 'not of works, lest any man should boast.' I am persuaded that we are far too apt to consider this a doctrinal subject; and we therefore think little of it as a grand experimental truth; but the more we know of our own hearts and God, the more fully shall we be convinced of the propriety of the remark. It was God, my dear, who gave you the desire which you felt after holiness; it was He who pointed you to Jesus, as the means of obtaining it; it was He who gave you the faith by which you laid hold on the Redeemer's blood, and received Him as your 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' I do not tell you this because I think you are ignorant of it; but merely to point out the propriety of His doing all just in His own way, and the unreasonableness of our entertaining any doubts respecting the reality of the work, because we have it not *exactly* as we wish. Simple faith gives every thing up to the divine direction; but a doubt of this nature recalls the act and presumes to dictate. Faith relies implicitly upon the faithfulness of God; but this doubt is nothing less than a suspicion that God will not do as He has promised.

The other temptation which you mention as having been presented to your mind almost with overwhelming power, is a very common one. For my own part, I cannot think that the very best of our actions in our highest attainments in holiness and purity, can be at all approveable in the Divine sight, excepting as presented through the atoning blood of Jesus; they cannot, as it appears to me, possess an intrinsically holy nature, so that at last we shall have to say, and that with heart-felt truth too, 'We are but unprofitable servants.' Yet our souls, washed in the blood of Christ, and under the powerful operations of the Divine Spirit, become holy in motive, design, desire, affection, &c. But when the mind is thus purified, and nothing found in the least degree encouraged contrary to pure love, it is not even in this state unsusceptible of temptation; nay, it is on the contrary *more* liable, and that *in greater measures*, to temptation *after* than *before* this; for while it is a solemn and encouraging truth,—'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' so it is no less certain that 'As thy strength is, so shall thy day be.' Oh! we must not imagine that in the possession of this blessing ends our trials: the lovely graces of the Spirit must be *proved* to be superior to sin and the influence of Satan. Oh, then, let us joyfully submit to so wise a decision, and so just an order! Nay, let us be anxious,—not to enter into temptation,—but when He shall see fit to put us there, to 'glorify Him with our

bodies and spirits which are His ;—let us be anxious to act in a way worthy of the followers of our dear Redeemer. Ever remember it is no sin to be tempted.

Your ever-affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

To the Same.

June 25, 1817.

MY DEAR S.

YOUR last was written when in a truly delightful frame of mind ; you had proved what others have proved before you, that it is good to be afflicted. Oh ! that you may abundantly and continually prove the benefit of trial ; yes, even the trial of health, and strength, and vigorous spirits. This, I do think, is on one account a greater trial than that of sickness ; the mind, especially of one blest with a degree of tenderness of conscience, naturally turns towards the contemplation of future certainties, when sickness reminds it that present vanities cannot endure for ever : at such seasons it is not so difficult a matter to *recollect*, as it is when opposite circumstances conspire to attract the faculties of recollection other ways. Hence it is that what may be deemed *in a general way* evidences of divine influence, are far more dubious under the clouds of distress than under the azure of felicitous circumstances ; yet let it be remembered, that the *particular* evidences of Divine favour enjoyed by the soul, whose business in health has been to live near to God, are to be brought into no kind of comparison with the apparently gracious feelings first experienced when providential favours are denied, or the dying pillow is haunted by the shades of mis-spent accumulated moments.

The blessing of a steady, uniform, continued communion with God, is one with which I am not yet acquainted. I experience something of what I can conceive the Poet may have felt when penning the lines :

‘ ’Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone !’

But in me, I think this is not the result of a taste, which excites an inordinate longing for increase of divine enjoyment ; but a miserable poverty, which betokens the absence of the true principles, the ground work or *stamina*, on which to fasten real genuine holiness of heart. Can you distinguish between them ? The one is a desire formed in the heart, in which the affections are called into exercise for an enlargement of their own powers and possessions ; and the other, misery extreme at the conscious existence of horrid principles, which domineer in turn, and seem so to crush any spark of holy

influence as almost to warrant a conclusion fatal to a charitable hope of its remaining existence. Perhaps it is a providential circumstance that I have never yet once been asked the question,—‘Have you power over all known sin?’ God and my own soul only know my weakness in grace, and the overflowing of depravity which track the sometimes happy, but often miserable heart of

Your Brother

WILLIAM.

To the Same.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I CANNOT help again resuming my pen to tell you how sweetly the Lord has this morning manifested Himself to me; He has opened the windows of heaven, and the rich effusions of His love have been poured into my heart; yet how far from ecstatic are my feelings! It seems to me that the every dealing of my adorable Lord towards me is designed to humble me. Oh! I have carried my head too high; and by one means or other the Lord is bringing me down; and I doubt not that the tumult of feeling, of which I have been the subject, has partly induced the gloom which for some time has hung over my mind.

WILLIAM.

The foregoing Letters will sufficiently prove how suitable an adviser my deceased brother was to those who had in any degree committed themselves to his spiritual direction; and they shew at the same time that his views of himself were of the most humiliating kind. But not content with exciting his sisters, and those upon an equality in point of station with himself, to all the purity provided for them, he readily embraced every proper opportunity of producing the same effect upon the minds of his Parents. His Mother had for some years struggled with a complication of maladies, which ultimately brought her to the silent tomb, and left her family to mourn the loss of a most invaluable woman, who was well qualified for the important station in which she was placed, and who exerted herself to the utmost for the welfare of her husband and children. My beloved Parent, with a view of recovering her health, was at this time on a visit to her only brother, the Rev. John Cherry, of whom mention has been already made. The following Letters written to her by William will shew how highly deserving he was of the maternal affection with which he was regarded.

Bristol, August 11, 1817.

MY MUCH LOVED AND REVERED MOTHER,

BELIEVE me, my inclination would lead me to sit down and write you a very long letter. I must, however, be content with a short one, as my time will permit nothing more. I knew nothing of Father's sending till just now, and I am going presently out of town on a preaching excursion, not to return till Thursday; and yet to suffer a parcel to reach you without a line would be to myself unbearable.

It very much rejoiced us all to hear of the slightest improvement in your health; and if the prayers of the family, or the individuals composing it, will at all avail in heaven, presented as they are through our glorious Mediator, you, my dear Mother, will return to our arms established in perfect strength and vigour. Ah, well! the time will come, I trust, when all the family, (delightful thought! may it be fully realised!) yes, *all the family*, shall meet together before the throne of our God, where neither sorrow nor sickness, neither pain nor distress of any kind, shall interrupt the lasting felicity of their glorified situation. And, oh! to see my own Mother there, free, eternally free, from those pains which have so often racked her mortal frame, —from those anxieties which have so frequently made her sorrowful in mind and heavy in heart,—from those temptations of Satan, and those buffetings of the cruel and subtle enemy, which have so often clouded her retired moments, and darkened the way of access to the Redeemer's feet;—to see this, and to partake *with her* the happiness of ascribing all our salvation to that Redeemer, are among the most delightful anticipations of my heart. True indeed it is, my Mother, that discouraging hesitation would intrude itself, and seek to destroy the satisfaction arising from such an expectation of heaven; but oh! when enabled in the simplicity of faith to exclaim—‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day!’—then is the Christian enabled to live as he ought to live, in the constant exercise of faith in Jesus, and continually enjoying the benefits of referring every circumstance as it comes to Him. It is not a little mercy to be enabled to do this. Would you believe it? Even I find it no easy matter to yield up every thing with which I am, or expect to be, connected. ‘Oh! Bill, thou knowest nothing at all about it, boy!’—I know I am acquainted with very little anxiety and care; and for this reason I say,—‘*even I*,’—and perhaps, like many troubles of the rest of mankind, mine are imaginary for want of real ones; but yet, I assure you, my mind is frequently burdened by looking about me, and espe-

cially before me. Oh, how often do I catch myself saying, in my heart,—‘Where are you going? What are you about?—Going to rush into that for which you are not fitted, and to which you are not called; neglecting a business by which you might live respectably and happily; and leaving your father when he wants your assistance, and by which you might exceedingly benefit him;—and in addition to this, remaining a dead weight upon him, and that too when it is especially needful that he should have every possible help.’ Such feelings as these are often an insupportable load to me; and the only possible ease that I find, when reasoning on the subject, and lost in a wilderness of anxiety and perplexity about it, is to resolve myself into a conclusion of following the leadings of Providence. ‘Oh, my God!’ I sometimes groan out, ‘tell me, tell me, what I ought to do,—shew me thy path, and by thy grace I will walk in it!’ Oh! my dear Mother, do pray for me, I entreat you, that God would be pleased to direct me,—to lead me,—to prevent me from doing contrary to His will,—and especially that I may be kept from disgracing His holy name. Yes, Mother, pray that He would rather snatch me from the world while rising, than allow me to rise to dishonour Him. What! is this possible? Yes! fully possible; I know it, and I am sure that without divine aid, I immediately fall. Oh, my God! my God! into thy hands I commend my cause.

As it at present appears my providential path, I am, after the present week, to re-commence my study at the academy. The kind-hearted doctor, and the warm-hearted Mr. James, have given me a most friendly welcome. Mr. —, to whom I owe and feel a weight of obligation, has resigned. I am truly sorry for it.

I had no idea that I should write the sheet out; but how could I help it in writing to my Mother? Will you receive it, therefore, however faulty and childish, as a token of affection from him who ought to be, and who sincerely wishes to prove himself,

Your affectionate, dutiful, and attentive Son

WILLIAM.

To the Same.

Bristol, August 21, 1817.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

BUT what in the world do I mean by using such a form of expression? Do I not often, in common with the rest of mankind, make use of phrases, the import of which but very little fixes the attention? Ah! little diamonds, though valuable and glittering, are lost in the heap of dust; and it is only to the scrutinising eye which can separate with patience, particle after particle, that the sparkling point will discover the present jewel. *Mother!*—Tender name! in-

dicative of all that can awaken the feelings, interest the heart, or command the life. In this name I recognise the person who, in the providence of God, was the appointed means of ushering me into the busy scenes of an active world, (and may I not add with some degree of hope?) as the prelude to an introduction into a life, at once immortal and full of glory. *Mother!* The name itself recalls to recollection the sleepless nights and painful days that person has spent on my account; — almost I seem to hear again the deep heaved sigh which anticipation forces from a Mother's heart. Yes! I remember my peevishness, my childish perverseness, which would not suffer my Mother to rest; I fancy I see her ready to drop with fatigue of nursing me; nor would the merciless infant consider this a moment nor take pity on his Mother; discontented while from her arms, and restless while in them: and then can I not even now see the glistening tear which hung in her eye while carefully watching my sick cradle? Can I not—oh! can I not now hear her at every cry of distress,—at every convulsive motion, saying from a Mother's feeling,—‘Oh! my William!’

‘ When sickness made his glistening eye grow dim,
Disorder gave the threat of hovering death,
The Mother wept!—Her life seem'd bound in him,
Anxious she watched,—distrest his every breath.
When cheerful health again return'd,
Her happy heart anew with pleasure burn'd.

Yes! it brings to mind,—it renews the feelings of pleasure, once so highly valued, at the sound of *Darling Boy* and *Mother's Dear*;—it brightens the remembrance of a Mother's pleasure at observing progressive improvement, the advance toward the appearance of manhood, and the still more valuable attainments of an intellectual description. But *Mother!* In this name I recognise an authority delegated by the great and blessed God, and that for the purpose of bringing the inexperienced youth to Him who gave the authority, submission to which is the first commandment with promise; surely then this is sufficient cause for calling her *Dear Mother!* How can I help feeling united in affection to her?—how is it that it is ever possible for a son to be otherwise?—how wonderful that the charm of such a relation does not universally allay the rising storm of perverseness, and calm the horrid tempest of self-will! To call her *Dear Mother* is to profess a recollection of past times; it is an avowal of binding obligation to universal duty; nor merely this, for this would be far, very far, from all that is intended by a name so endearing as *Mother*, and much more an appropriation of it so emphatic as *Dear Mother*; it intends not merely a *profession*, but a *feeling* of all that union of affection,—that high regard and estimation which would urge a son to be the support of a Mother's declining years. O then, if I

never felt any thing of it before, I feel a portion of it now, when I think with unfeigned pleasure of *My dear Mother!* Yes! she is *still* my Mother,—thank Heaven for that! Blessed be God for that! He has not yet taken her from me, nor will He, I hope, for these—I will not dare to say how many—but for these many years. How I shall ever be a support to my Parents' declining years I know not. I anxiously, very anxiously, watch intimations of the Divine mind; but whatever my situation in life may be, hear me, O my God! and my Mother's God! when I pray thee, that the most substantial part of that support—affectionate obedience, may never, never be deficient in me!—What then do I mean by this expression, but that I *really feel* when I subscribe myself,

My dear Mother,
Your dutiful and affectionate Son
WILLIAM.

The next Extract with which I shall present the Reader, will illustrate another feature in William's character; this was an anxious and unwavering desire to impart spiritual good to every individual to whom he could gain access. It was written to his eldest sister, while on a visit to some kind friends at Temple Cloud, in Somersetshire.

Bristol, Sept. 15, 1817.

MY DEAR SARAH,

* * * * I HAVE felt considerable pain in reflecting on the event which has detained you, at Temple. In losing that excellent man, Mr. Tucker, that part of the Lord's vineyard has lost one of its brightest beauties: the universal respect in which he was held was a testimony to his worth, more valuable than a marble monument. Well! he is gone to his reward, and why should he be regretted? The Lord is able to raise up others far more useful than he. I had begun to entertain sentiments of high veneration and regard for him, and was pleased at being in his company; but Sarah, as you and I grow older in the world, and in experience, we shall have frequent opportunities of painfully learning that even friendship sanctified by virtue and piety, will not avert the point of that dart which divides the soul from the body. May we, when that is the case, ever remember that God himself, who 'governs all things according to the counsel of His own will,' directs the point and wings the shaft!

But what kind of preparation are you and your friends around you making for that event? I have sometimes seriously thought that it is but seldom that large families like our own, and others around us, live much after the age at which we are arrived unseparated by death and providential circumstances. I do most earnestly hope that

you will be made a great blessing where you are, and that you will bring a very great blessing with you home. Do strive to do good; be bold as a lion, my sister, for God, even your own God. May God Almighty give you some souls for your hire while providentially thus among them! Your poor brother still feels within him very, very much to impede the progress of piety, and very much that is opposed to the glory of God. Yet, thanks be to God! He is reviving His work. Your brother consciously feels an increase of ardour for that holiness which he in a blessed degree once enjoyed. How much happier to be prospering in piety than to be losing ground! Write me particularly how it is with you and those around you.

Your own Brother

WILLIAM.

My dear Brother having now spent about two years under the care of the tutors at the Academy, and having derived much benefit of a literary character from their kind instructions, began to think of ascertaining the sentiments of the body of Christians with which he was united as to the propriety of his entering fully into the Ministry. After much prayer therefore to God for direction, he allowed his name to be mentioned at their regular Quarterly Meeting, held in March, 1818; and the result was that he was unanimously recommended to the attention of the Preachers at their approaching District Meeting, which was shortly to take place in the city of Bath; where, after undergoing the usual examinations respecting his Christian experience and various qualifications, it was again unanimously agreed to recommend him to the Conference to travel.

But here it will be necessary to explain some severe exercises of mind through which he had to pass. He knew that at the District Meeting he should be distinctly asked whether he offered himself to travel in England or abroad; and hence, that it was necessary fully to make up his mind on the subject. His own views were decidedly in favour of the latter sphere of labour; indeed, he had already solemnly, though secretly, and from a conviction of duty, devoted himself to the Missionary Cause. But when at length this fact was communicated to his Parents, whose approbation he considered necessary for the elucidation of the will of God, he found them in this respect unalterably opposed to his views. The truth is, that his Mother's heart was wrapt up in her beloved son, and she could not bear the thought of parting from him with a probability of never beholding him again. The Preachers at that time stationed in the Bristol Circuit, having been made acquainted with this affair, called at the house with a view of reasoning with her on the subject; and among other arguments I remember the Rev. Mr. Henshaw to have urged that my dear Mother did not possess the plea of some others, who

had been called upon to sacrifice an only child. 'You, my sister,' said he, 'are required to give only *one* child out of many to this glorious cause.' But she immediately cut him short by replying:— 'Ah! Sir, *but mine are all ones!*' Our dear Father's objections would probably have yielded to repeated importunity and expostulation, had it not been for this determined opposition, coupled with the extremely delicate health of our poor Mother; such indeed was the anguish of her mind on this subject that we all feared a compliance with William's views would have proved the cause of her almost immediate dissolution. The result however of this affectionate contest was that my dear brother was permitted to offer himself at the above mentioned District Meeting for the home work only. This deeply depressed his soul; and though he could not help thinking that he had removed all responsibility from himself, especially as he was still so young in years, yet he painfully apprehended that some great evil would certainly befall him in consequence of this deviation from what he believed to be the path of duty. 'Oh!' said he to me on the occasion, 'I would prefer a Missionary crown to any other in the universe; but I may not do what I would: and now I greatly fear that mine will be a *deeply suffering life.*' Alas! the sequel proved that his forebodings were by no means groundless. It was just after this painful occurrence that he wrote the following letter, which shews the depressed state of his feelings, to his eldest sister, then on a visit at Eastington, in Gloucestershire.

Bristol, June 25, 1818.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I AM now in one of my melancholy moods, and feel little or no inclination to write, but purely for the sake of saving you the pain of entire disappointment. I find myself driven to it, though I declare I have, at this moment, no conception of what I shall say. I have no mind to think,—no reason comparatively to arrange ideas,—no imagination scarcely to afford an original subject of thought, or to cull from passing circumstances a useful observation, or to brood successfully over a subject which, though one would think that it has been used long enough to exhaust all its fruitfulness, has not hitherto failed to produce something pleasing at least.

What truth there may be in the doctrine of the *soul's elasticity*, I must not pretend to determine; but if there be any, I should imagine that mine is at present drawn to its greatest degree of compactness, and hence is so jammed (or *squeezed*, which you like,) together, that no room is left for its powers to play, or its faculties to develop themselves. And yet what shall I do? I must write this letter; and,

what is worse than this, I must sit down to arrange more sacred compositions, and prepare them for a public hearing !

But, to speak with greater seriousness, your brother has found out, (or else it has found him out,) the unhappy art of being speedily and very greatly discouraged ; and sometimes, much to his pain, his discouragement has bordered on despondency. Perhaps it may arise partly from the fact of his having had very few troubles, really such, in life ; and hence, the very shade of one, which merits not the name, will frighten him. However this may be, I can assure you, that he feels his present situation very acutely, and sighs for the moment when he shall know, without hesitation or doubt, that his condition is entirely of God. One principal cause of his present uneasiness, however, is the unprosperous state of his spiritual affairs ; and when these, my dear Sally, go wrong, every thing is wrong, at least to a mind at all conscious of their importance. He feels too at times an unhappy disposition to enquire into futurity. I know not how far the principle, (false, when falsely applied,) that '*knowledge of evil is better than uncertainty*,' may influence him ; but certain I am that he sometimes suffers acutely for his inclination to examine and peruse the '*secret things which belong only to Jehovah*.'

To you perhaps, as to others, his situation may appear open, and evidently the result of providential arrangement ; and so, in fact, it does to him ; but then it is possible, says the restlessness of discontent, that he may be mistaken, and Providence *may* have had nothing to do with the present order of things. But we will drop this uninteresting subject ; only let me recommend you, my Sarah, from his experience to avoid giving way to gloomy apprehensions, though there may be, and certainly is, a kind of pleasure in affording nourishment to boding doubts, when the mind is disposed to admit them ; yet it is a poisonous gratification.

We have had the bustle, the nonsense, and the wickedness of the election come and gone since your departure ; the chairing on Monday last was certainly a fine sight, and pleased me as any new toy would another child for the moment that it lasted ; but it did not fail to leave behind it a *nausea* in my mind which is not yet gone from me : it afforded me, however, a fine comment on 1 Cor. vii. 31, '*The fashion, (which may be translated, the *pageant*) of this world passeth away !*' And Dr. Doddridge's lines seemed to me very appropriate :—

'The empty pageant rolls along !
The giddy, inexperienced throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes ;
It passeth in swift march away,
Still more and more its charms decay,
"Till the last gaudy colour dies !'

Mercy upon those souls to whom such empty things as these form the principal enjoyments !

Your truly affectionate Brother
WILLIAM.

The following Extract to the same Sister is inserted principally on account of the remarkable fact which it records :—

Bristol, July 2, 1818.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH,

I WENT last night to the Tabernacle to attend the ordination service of two young Missionaries, and received much gratification, and I hope some good. The manners of the young men were good, saving only a little *academic stiffness*, which was perhaps increased by their reading their answers to the questions proposed to them. Their experience was interesting on several accounts ; it bore evident marks of genuineness, and was, in some respects, striking. The one had been favoured, as you and I have been, with pious Parents and religious privileges, and had been pretty early brought to God. The other had enjoyed neither ; but he related a circumstance which was to me extraordinary ;—at the age of about seventeen he formed wider sinful connections than before, and plunged more deeply into the commission of every kind of vice ; he frequented the tavern and other places of bad resort ; he spent his Sabbaths in the most criminal way ; till growing almost desperately wicked, he formed a league, or kind of covenant, with two of his companions, in which they engaged *to support each other at the bar of God*, and when they should stand before His tribunal, whatever one should say in his own justification, the other should support ; and thus they imagined that they should be able to establish each other's innocence, even at the expense of truth and justice. ‘I shudder,’ said he, ‘at the recollection of the horrid deed, and rejoice at being spared to relate it to-night. It often reminds me of the impressive words of the prophet :—“Though hand join in hand, yet shall not the wicked go unpunished.”’ What an awful picture is this, my Sarah, of the human heart, and the miserably benumbing influence of sin ! The very understanding or common sense of the man is taken away or deluded ! Mr. Thorpe delivered a very able, interesting, and solemn charge to them from 1 Tim. iv. 16. In describing the solemn duties and imperative obligations of the ministerial office I felt him speaking to me ; but in forcibly urging the responsibility of the work, I almost trembled. ‘Who is sufficient for these things ?’

I really should much like to participate in your enjoyments, especially as it seems that you are getting good to your soul. You rejoice at the ability to weep before the Lord, and well you may. I have known times when I would have given any thing for a shower of tears proceeding from a truly spiritual affection of the heart. Do remember me most affectionately and respectfully to Mr. Robinson. I feel a stronger attachment than ever to him, because you have been blessed by his instrumentality; and I feel the beginnings of that sort of interest in others, and particularly those who are endeared by nature or friendship, which makes me identify their welfare with my own. But you pass a sigh of regret over the recollection of one day at least spent without spiritual conversation with those you visited. I hope, my Sally, you *endeavoured* to introduce the subject and fix the attention that way. I do not mean that I think it right to worry even professors to death with religion,—they are poor things if they can be worried to death by it,—but then we must treat them like poor things as they are; and yet their leanness and spiritual weakness ought not to deter us from endeavours to cheer and strengthen them, though the means we may use should be irksome to them. My dear Sarah, upon the boldness of a Christian warrior is staked his own prosperity; he cannot prosper if he is not striving to be useful; and the more he strives for this the more he prospers. * * * *

Your truly affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

My dear Brother had now left the Academy in which he had been treated with the greatest attention, kindness, and respect; and in which he had also derived advantages of the most important nature. His friends had thought it best for him to wait the result of the Conference, which transpired in the July and August of this year: but as it had now closed without affording him the opportunity which he so much desired of being fully employed in the vineyard of his Lord, though he was readily accepted and put upon the list of reserve, he thought it his duty to turn his attention for the present to some means of profitable employment; but as nothing of this nature occurred for some time, he found it difficult to preserve his mind from becoming a victim to anxiety and dejection, to which he was, in a great measure, constitutionally prone; this will appear from the following Note:—

To his eldest Sister.

Sept. 28, 1818.

MY DEAR SALLY,

I HAVE just been writing a note to dear Sam (his younger brother), enquiring how things go on with him. I feel myself perpetually condemned for a want of spirituality and a consequent backwardness to speak in season and out of season for my great Redeemer. I feel that I cannot prosper in silence ; my sighs and my wishes sometimes burst out beyond my present situation ; but it is the Lord who confines me. I have no assurance that I shall love Him more, and serve Him better, in any other than where I am now ; yet I should be very glad if something were to occur, in the pursuit of which I could be useful. How earthly and selfish my mind and views get, when I do not strongly believe in Jesus ! This is now the case ; for some days I have felt it hard to keep alive.—I have felt as though my faith was getting weaker and weaker ; oh ! I am ashamed and confounded before the Lord at my want of simplicity. Where is Jesus ? I say often in a day, and can scarcely think it true that I need not go to heaven, nor into the deep, nor afar off, to seek Him ; because He is very nigh me, even within my call ; and not only so, but within my reach, if I will but put out my hand to take Him. Help with increased fervour at a throne of grace

Your half happy Brother.

WILLIAM.

CHAPTER II.

Becomes a Tutor—Preserves his Longings after the Enjoyment of God, and the Work of the Ministry—Labours for the Conversion of a younger Brother, and for the Comfort of a desponding Sister—Insubordination towards Him in the School—Consolation for an afflicted Sister—Commencement of his tedious Illness—Leaves the Academy at Chew-Magna—Disappointment in reference to the Ministry—First Visit to Gloucester—Journal—Strivings of Himself and Friends after purity of Heart—Remarkable Conversion of a Sceptic, and subsequent Prosperity of the Cause of God—Visit into Worcestershire—Remarks on Friendship—Character of an undecided Man—Hints to young Preachers.

It was not long however that William was permitted to wait without an immediate object before him. He was offered a situation as Tutor in the classical and commercial Academy of Mr. Wm. Clarke at Chew-Magna, near Bristol. This offer he at once accepted, and amidst the blessings and prayers of his family, he now, for the first time, left his paternal abode.

The next Extract will present to the Reader a pleasing view of his feelings in his new circumstances :—

To his eldest Sister.

Chew-Magna, Oct. 10, 1818.

MY DEAREST SALLY,

It seems a long time since I saw you, and I think I could talk with you almost without end, were you near enough for the purpose ; the wish however which I feel rising within me on that subject, does not amount to a strength sufficient to make me unhappy for its accomplishment, while that is at present impracticable. It would certainly be desirable in preference to my present inconvenient situation for writing, surrounded by the boys, whose warm spirits and active limbs and tongues will not be stilled by repeated commands. Inconveniences might naturally be expected to attend any situation in life, and I am far from finding mine exempt from them ; it would indeed be a mark of a judgment extremely superficial to expect such a freedom. I do not, I did not, and am not therefore disappointed. I have no time for retirement ; this is a heavy privation, and the more so to me, as I have been used to so much. And the constant confusion occasioned by the perpetual presence of the boys, prevents the habitual reflection to which I have been used ; this is very unpleasant as well as

dangerous, for I have now fresh habits to form, my old ones being quite interrupted; and considering the native propensity of the human mind to evil, I may more easily contract bad ones than good.

There is however an advantage attending my present circumstances, which will at least partially counterbalance their inconveniences. The constant engagement in a business which has a specific and useful tendency will, I hope, prevent the train of melancholy reflection, which had become extremely injurious to me. An unthankful and repining disposition, I am sensible, will subsist in a bad soil, if it be prevented from flourishing in a good one, while the least congeniality remains to foster it; so that nothing but a continued and progressive work of grace will suffice for its destruction. I trust, my dear Sarah, I am not precluded from this; the glow of heavenly fire has not yet subsided; 'the arm of the Lord is not shortened that it cannot save;' and I feel, yes, I *feel*, that 'his ear is not heavy that it cannot hear.' I find that my soul thrives in some measure amidst all that is hitherto unfavourable here: but I want retirement and reflection. I have had no time at all till now to write, and I am now late in the evening, retired from company in the parlour to write this.

Since writing the above, I have received my chest, and your affectionate letters. I feel very forcibly the kindness manifested toward me, the Lord reward it! I never can. Involuntarily I find myself enquiring, 'What,—oh! what am I that any should feel so interested about my welfare and enjoyment?' The Lord pardon me that I have never deserved it yet. O for grace to prove myself not unmindful of the benefits, however incapable of repaying them!

I rejoice, my Sarah, at your freedom of access to the throne of your heavenly Father. May you never grieve his Holy Spirit, nor by any means hinder a communion so sweet! Go on in the use of your privilege, and it will not diminish, but enlarge and abundantly augment your heavenly graces. It delights me to think, that I occupy your thoughts in your most blessed moments; oh! if you can possibly help it, do not forget me. Pray that my present exile, (for such I view it when compared with the great object of my wishes,) may be rendered a lasting blessing to my soul. Pray that my heart, deeply informed in its utter unworthiness, may be led to the fountain of grace for waters refreshing and purifying, to fit me more perfectly to bear the vessels of the Lord in His holy temple. I would be holy,—I desire to be holy,—I hate sin and every false way. I wish to be saved in the Lord's own way. Oh! that I could enter into a rest from sin! I feel now more spiritually the plague of an unclean heart. The sight of my uncleanness humbles and pains me, but does not destroy my hope, nor very greatly discourage me.

I went on Thursday evening to the class of Mr. Griffin, whom I was glad to find a very active, discriminating, lively, and judicious

leader; very simple and clear in his views of justification and sanctification, &c. by simple faith alone: he enjoys much of religion himself, and is ardently thirsting for full salvation. My spirit is knit with his, and I am fully persuaded of future prosperity. There are three or four truly pious people here, of scriptural and apparently genuine experience. The Lord add to the number! Who knows but He may have something for even *me* to do here. 'Here am I, Lord, send me!'

Your absent, but ever affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

The heart of William had now been unspeakably gratified at the conversion of three of his brothers and sisters, but still he knew that the rest were as yet undecided; so long therefore as this continued the case, he was determined to lose no opportunity of impressing on their minds the importance of personal religion. The following Letter was about this time written by him to his younger brother:—

Chew-Magna, Oct. 24, 1818.

MY DEAR SAM,

I FEEL a considerable desire to hear from you, as well as of you: and that desire is by no means lessened by the recollection of the critical situation in which you were, when I last saw and conversed with you; it was critical, because of the danger there was of your losing the most important of all blessings for a longer period, if not for ever, and confirming yourself in a habit of indecision, not to say of apathy: and I am persuaded that this feeling is far more easily induced and fixed than we commonly imagine; though the mention of it may excite abhorrence and a fervent wish to be preserved from it.

Ah, my dear brother, notwithstanding your ideas on the subject may often occasion you pain, little perhaps do you think, how interesting the moment is, with which you are now favoured; not only will the future scenes of life be materially affected by the formation of your character as a man of business in your present secular engagements, but they will in a most important degree be influenced by your partial or entire reception of the religion of the ever-blessed Jesus. Should you unhappily be so interested by earthly things, or so bound by improper attachments, or so fettered by any easily besetting sin, as to make your religious character little superior to that of a mere professor, it will most fatally injure the prospects and the realities of your future life; for if you do not sink down into an absolute worldling you will be unhappy; and that unhappiness for ever following you will spread a gloom over your spirits that will unfit you for the serious engagements of active life: hence prosperity will be shut out, and it may perhaps be your misery to see a necessitous family craving in vain a supply of their wants, and all through your not being *entirely*

devoted to God. To such characters religion owes the calumnies which have been liberally poured upon it by the worldly-minded ; and the Author of true religion, who will be the Judge of the whole earth, has said,—‘ it must needs be that offences come, but *woe* to them by whom they come!’

You, my dear Sam, may not have carried your thoughts so far in the direction which I have now pointed out, but believe me, they are correct. I know you can, whether disposed or ‘not, say,—‘ Physician, heal thyself!’ and you may wonder at the sageness which I have assumed in philosophising thus ; but partly from my own little experience, and partly from carrying forward my views, I would say with all my soul—*In order to dwell in life, be entirely devoted to God by believing simply in Jesus*,—if they were the very last words you should hear from

Your truly affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

About this time his second Sister, principally I apprehend from an attack of disease producing a most painful shock of the nervous system, sank into a state of the most alarming dejection and despondency, in which she began not only to write the bitterest things against her own soul, but to be totally unfitted for the active duties of life. This was a circumstance which operated in the most distressing manner upon the minds of all the family ; and William, whose soul was always alive to the cry of distress, and particularly when it arose from the heart of so near and so beloved a relative, immediately interposed his affectionate offices for the purpose of administering relief. The kind and judicious manner in which this was attempted will appear from the following Extracts :—

Chew-Magna, Oct. 1818.

MY DEAREST P.

I HAVE had it constantly in my mind the whole of this week to write to my dear sister, especially as she is at present beclouded by some *shadow* which Satan has formed to resemble a substance of the firmest texture. Perhaps however ere this the deception has been detected, and your mind freed from the oppression under which it has been labouring. But it may be that a deliverance only partial has been effected, and your feelings resemble the tremulous motion of lately agitated waters, when the fury of the tempest has subsided. Should this be the case, it may induce a more steady grasp of returning blessings to receive the repeated testimony of one who has drank much deeper than yourself of the cup of sorrow of heart from the absence of once living pleasures. Oh ! my dear sister, we know not, while under its power, the contemptible and impotent strength of the

fetter which binds us, when exposed to the touch of an Almighty Saviour;—a Saviour whose benevolence cannot fail, whose presence is every where the same, and who varies not with the changeable feelings of a poor and feeble mortal. Oh! with what ineffable pity and love does He contemplate his followers, when contending with the powers of darkness, and exposed to the repeated shocks of a deeply designing enemy. Do not be discouraged, you know not with how invincible a power the Omnipotent Redeemer surrounds you; you will not fail, if you can confide in Him. Dare to believe more fully than ever. Do write me a long letter soon. Pour out all that is within your heart. I am disappointed in receiving no note from you.

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

To the Same.

Chew-Magna, Oct. 31, 1818.

MY DEAREST P.

I HAVE taken up my pen to write you, but I scarcely know what to say. I feel at a loss as to what topic will be most calculated to interest you, or at all likely to draw you from the gloomy train of reflection into which you have unhappily fallen, and in the mazes of which your steps are bewildered, and your path painfully benighted.

If I write of past mercy and the blessings which you formerly enjoyed in a sense of the Divine favour, will you not reply that these are now gone, and that the circumstance of their being all *past* is that which deeply pains you? If I encourage you to look forward with hope, and to rest a large expectation of mercy on the abundant promises of an all-sufficient God, will you not turn the consolation aside by replying that it cannot be for you, and that it is destined for some more worthy object, and one much more beloved? If I direct your attention to the multitudes of the spirits of 'the just made perfect,' 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;' and call to your mind the scenes of difficulty, anxiety, and distress, through which most of them waded prior to their being so glorified, will you not say that there is a peculiarity in your case, to which none of theirs ever reached? Or in other words, will not your unbelieving views supply you with some reason against your entertaining hope, a reason which will at the same time justify their entire salvation? If I point you to the anguish of soul to which others have subjected themselves by giving way to despondency, or to the happiness which they missed by the same means, and for which their ultimate deliverance and redemption demonstrates there was no just reason, will you not tell me that they were unreasonable in their fears, but that you have more cause to fear than they, and that you

feel most pungently that you cannot,—no, you *cannot* rise and glorify God as your salvation?

What then can I do, my Sister? The point of every argument you find means to blunt; no matter whether the reply be a solid argument or a mere sophism. The state of your mind renders you weak enough to believe those things which your better judgment could despise; and hence every thing advanced to help you may, under a false representation easily made by the Prince of darkness to an unbelieving mind, become seriously injurious by confirming your despondency: and, believe me, unbelief often feels a sort of triumph in the midst of the pain which is consequent on its success, when it has turned aside the edge of some keen and healing thought, designed to cut out the gangrene that the wound may be cured.

Perhaps as you see my letter drawing to a close you feel a rising enquiry;—‘Well, is there no thought to be afforded by my William which shall bring some alleviation of my painful feelings?’—Yes, my dear Sister, I have one which is irresistible in its operations on the mind itself, if you will but allow it to enter and to be cherished;—it is the blessed Immanuel saying to you,—‘Priscilla! Priscilla! Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.’—And his dying on the cross to render this prayer efficacious;—Will not this do? Unbelief itself blushes,—sinks,—expires before it. Do not put forth a finger to help it, or to prevent its death.

Your truly affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

To the Same.

Chew-Magna, Nov. 21, 1818.

MY DEAREST P.

THE solicitude which I feel about you prompts me to seize a passing moment or two to address to you a few words. I have heard nothing of you since I left home on Monday, and of your present welfare I must consequently be ignorant. I feel half inclined to cherish the fond supposition that your difficulties are by this time cleared away, and all become cheerful and gay once more within and about you. The phrase ‘*half inclined*’ is used not because there is any doubt of the possibility of your complete emancipation, as to every thing connected with God, the Saviour, and his faithful promises; or of the reality of the work of grace which, I am quite confident, is begun in your soul by the all-powerful agency of the Holy Spirit: but because it is by no means so certain whether or not you yourself will banish from your mind the unworthy thoughts which you have entertained of a full and precious Redeemer, by an effort to believe in him so strong and persevering as *you can* exercise.

Much, my dear Sister, depends on this; if you are not a Mother in Israel, be an Infant; and do, pray, be content to be an infant and a young woman before you can be a Mother. The first notions of an infant are rather instinctive than rational even to its fondest Parent, but with its increasing strength its reason grows, and soon from the habitual exercise of its understanding it goes to its Parent with its every want and all its trials.

But what, say you, must be done when confidence is destroyed, and the very order of nature subverted, as in my own case? What? Why, its speedy restoration; and let this be commenced by supposing it not improbable that what has destroyed your confidence may have originated in a mistake, and that whereas you supposed your heavenly Father to be angry with you, in reality his soul delighted in you: or, if conscience seal it as too certain that criminality has covered his smiling countenance with clouds of disapproval, think it not impossible that by concessions you may boldly approach His feet again, and by a believing application to 'the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel,' which cried from the ground on which it was spilt for vengeance on the offender, to be again 'not only forgiven the sin, but cleansed from all unrighteousness.'

Enquiry procures explanation, explanation often restores tranquillity, and tranquillity affords an opportunity for the kindest acts of friendship among mortals, and for union, and communion, and all the sweets of fellowship with the Triune God. These, my dear Sister, I am persuaded will be yours for ever and ever. May they be happily shared with you by

Your affectionate
WILLIAM.

The Reader will be gratified to learn that shortly after these judicious and affectionate letters were written, William had the pleasure of knowing that his sister, for whose despondency there had been all along no sufficient reason, was completely restored to her former peace of mind.

The situation in which my dear Brother now found himself placed, though certainly of a character of the most useful kind, was productive of much spiritual exercise and depression. It necessarily prevented him from enjoying that measure of seclusion which he had so long possessed, and which he had found so very needful to his spiritual growth. At the same time he was fully convinced that as he had been thus placed by the providence of God, there was no absolute necessity for its producing a diminution in his personal piety. Powerfully impressed therefore with this idea, he bitterly lamented that an effect so totally needless should in any degree have been

experienced by him. There were however occasions when his mind was occupied by feelings of a delightfully opposite character; and then it was indeed encouraging to receive his epistolary communications.

To his eldest Sister.

Chew-Magna, Dec. 14, 1818.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I SCARCELY know how to account for your long silence, and had I received only occasional notes from you, they would not merely have been pleasant as tokens of affection, but instrumental perhaps of elevating my mind amidst circumstances calculated more to carnalise than refine it. Indeed circumstances very trivial in themselves swell into importance when connected with certain others; as, for instance, an exile from his country and endearing family connections, must feel most exquisitely, if a man of sensibility, when any occurrence, little in itself and unimportant in its results, should remind him of *home*; and he would hang with the tenderest emotions over such a thing as a letter, or even a note, for he would think of the pen which passed so nimbly over the surface of the paper and left the traces of its path behind; he would think too of the hand which held and guided that pen; of the person, the head, the heart of the individual who sat as he himself does before that very sheet of paper, and held between the fingers what he regards as a promotion of his happiness to be able to enclose within his own. And what an important addition it would be to the pleasure, if beside, or even instead of, the little circumstances occurring in the family, neighbourhood, or circle of acquaintance, if there were not time or room to inscribe them, there should be a detail of the commencement or progress of a work of grace on the heart; of some peculiarly sweet manifestations of Divine mercy; of some lately experienced deliverance from heavy temptation or severe conflict; or of some deeper discovery of inbred corruption which had led to a fresh and successful application to the blood of sprinkling.

It is this, my sister, which has always characterised our correspondence since we knew any thing of the truth as it is in Jesus; and this has been its great commendation, this has stamped it with a peculiar and a great value; and far be it from me to diminish its worth by unnecessarily writing on a subject of a less interesting kind.

It is this subject which appears to assume an aspect of greater and still greater importance, as it is contemplated with deeper attention, and allowed to unfold itself in its different bearings and relations. To me, my sister, it appears the chief of all things, nor do I hesitate to say that the additional light which I believe to be making its way into my mind, while it spurs me on to an increase of diligence in the

pursuit of its great realities, deeply humbles, yea, abases me under the keen correction which it affords of the follies and the crimes of my religious life. Of what use to others the over-ruling and almighty power of grace may make the long course of severe mental discipline to which it has subjected me, I know not; but I believe it has already been of considerable advantage to myself; and from the bottom of my heart I do often thank and try to praise Him that He has mercifully adopted such a method with me: it has, I trust, checked the progress of a spiritual disorder which contained the principles of utter destruction; and the pains, and confusions, and mortifications, which have often preyed upon my spirits and sunk me to the verge of despondency, had something medicinal in them which the Great Physician discovered to be essential in my case.

I have lately found one of the Olney hymns particularly applicable to my case,—it is as follows:—

‘ I ask’d the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,—
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

’Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answer’d prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop’d that in some favour’d hour,
At once he’d answer my request;
And by His love’s constraining pow’r,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea more, with His own hand he seem’d
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross’d all the fair designs I schem’d,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

“ Lord! why is this?” I trembling cried,
“ Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?”
“ ’Tis in this way,” the Lord replied,
“ I answer prayer for grace and faith.

“ These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may’st seek thy all in me.”

I hope, my Sarah, that I shall now begin to rise in Christian experience. I am labouring to find out again the way of living by *simple faith*. The Lord has shewn me, in some measure, the evil of certain lurking corruptions which harboured in my breast, and hindered my progress in the divine life. I have dedicated myself afresh to His service; and I long to obtain and keep possession of that most important blessing, — *a single eye to the Divine glory*. I wish much to feel an ardent solicitude for the salvation of souls. Oh, that the Redeemer's cause lay nearer my heart! Oh, for that disposition of mind,—that simplicity of soul, which is content to be any thing or nothing, so that He is exalted! I have begun to preach with less pain; and, during the two last Sabbaths, I have enjoyed a greater measure of liberty, or rather, have been less straitened than usual. But I assure you, that for more than these twelve months, preaching has been the burden of my life; that which ought to have been my greatest pleasure has been my greatest disagreeable. I thank God most heartily that I was appointed to no station last Conference. May I, by divine grace, be more fitted for the work by the ensuing!

But how fares my sister? I hope to have an answer to this query personally sometime next week. My love to all the family.

Your Brother

WILLIAM.

To the Same.

Chew-Magna, Jan. 13, 1819.

MY DEAREST SARAH,

I KNOW not on what account, but ever since I last left home a gloom has hung over my spirits, which, in a great measure, banishes the smile of cheerfulness from my countenance: it is involuntary, but at the same time settled; and seems to give an air of melancholy to every thing around me: it almost appears as though my constitution had not yet attained sufficient firmness to resist the enervating advances of the baneful disorder termed '*mammy-sickness*.' With this idea there is not connected in my mind any thing that would 'frown unmannerly' on the endearments of a Mother's fondest caresses; but on all those attractions which play with too much success upon the heart of a *man*, when by them he is in any measure restrained from leaping, with the boldness becoming his noble nature, into the seat of duty, and rejoicing in the pursuit of that object until its utmost point shall be attained and fully secured: meanwhile so animated should his pursuit be that almost forgetfulness of the *influence* of such attractions shall be induced, while it shall be too great a condescension for him to turn his head behind to see if

'The wond'ring crowd with eager eyes
And shouts, pursue him as he flies;'

or even to catch one smile of gratulation from the place whence his very strongest attractions may be allowed to come; *viz.* from that spot to which a mingling of very many pleasant ideas has left the comprehensive name of *home*. But here, observe that I do not mean to depreciate the value of those endearments, which may lawfully be felt and cherished; I do not mean to convey to you any idea that a Mother's fondness or a sister's smiles are unworthy the notice of a *man*; you know that I am not stoic enough to be insensible to them: but I would have the smiles of a sister, and the caresses of a Mother, and even the modest, but insinuating attentions of the friend of *all most tenderly loved* to be only auxiliary to the supreme satisfaction arising from a consciousness of having *accomplished duty*.

And if this satisfaction were the *supreme*, and the fulfilment of duty the greatest object of life, then there would not be so much hesitation as there often professedly is, on the score of not knowing the line of duty; then there would not be so much lingering in the execution when duty is perceived, nor so many sighs after reward before the purpose is effected; and then indeed, there would not be so much conferring with flesh and blood when difficulty seems connected with duty. It is, however, a misfortune that the human mind is so accustomed to rebel, that it almost incessantly associates duty and difficulty as things naturally united; and hence, conceives a dislike to the whole as forming one great evil which it is its interest to avoid. Nor are these ideas often separated without a considerable portion of the teaching of the Good Spirit, whose office it is to correct, as well as its vicious inclinations, the false views which are naturally entertained by a fallen human creature.

It must certainly be a very great mercy to participate in such teachings; for thus one of the prime sources of misery will be in a great degree stopped; and if it can be possible to make duty appear, and feel to be the main-spring of enjoyment, one of the great objects of the Gospel 'that bringeth salvation' will thus be accomplished, God will be glorified, and man made holy and happy. * * *

* * * * But now you will be ready to stop me that you may be permitted to put in a word; and you will of course ask me, what is the purpose of this rhapsody? I reply,—I do not know; but I took up my pen to write to my sister, and not having any thing to write about, took the opportunity of penning, as they arose, the thoughts which passed in my mind; being part and a specimen of the gloomy meditations which almost perpetually occupy the mind of your brother in the moments which are not severely occupied in the close application of mental improvement. There is no little danger, I am well aware, by indulging habitual pensiveness of thought, of losing a calm and Christian reliance on a careful Providence, and degenerating into the sadness and truly sad condition of constant mistrust

and discontent. And yet there seems in me a propensity to sink into the shades of discouragement and despondency, unless some perpetual *stimulus* be applied to awaken and actively employ the spirits and the energies which, though cool and enervate in themselves, may yet be too mighty for the poor brains which they have to direct, and, if possible, to render useful.

Afford you that *stimulus* by writing very often; tell me how to gain ground upon my fears ("*Proh pudor!*" you would cry, if a Latin scholar,) of living a useless life; enter deeply into the recesses of my heart; sound and try to probe to their bottom; and what you discover—*tenez votrememe*—return me only your reflections;—*entendez vous?* There is no reason why one's folly should be known by every one, or that one's notes should be given to every one.

I am, Your Brother

WILLIAM.

Soon after this, in consequence of a severe attack of sickness, Mr. Clarke was obliged to retire for some time from the superintendence of his school; and of course William was obliged to sustain the whole of the burden upon his own shoulders. Some of the elder lads, taking advantage of this circumstance, and of the extreme youth of my Brother, gave him an opportunity, in consequence of their rebellion and stubbornness, to prove that they had mistaken his character by supposing that they might transgress with impunity. Order was soon re-established, and that in such a way as fully convinced the whole of his charge that it was in vain to hope any longer for the license which they had so fully expected. William's mind was of such a character that, though it was often oppressed with gloom from a consciousness of personal deficiency, yet it would never sink into timidity when called upon to act with firmness and decision. Hence in writing to his Father on the present occasion, he observes, 'My care is of course greatly augmented, and a much heavier weight of responsibility than I ever before felt now rests upon me; but there is nothing to overwhelm. I am persuaded I am where I ought to be at present; and I have reason to believe that I shall be assisted with sufficient strength. But I need an increased interest in the prayers of my pious friends, that I may be enabled in the station I occupy to do right in every respect, and to glorify God.'

The result was that Mr. C., upon the restoration of his health, expressed his unqualified approbation of my Brother's conduct.

The following Letter is another pleasing proof how well he was qualified to administer consolation to those who 'suffer according to the will of God.' It was written to his eldest sister, then on a visit in the neighbourhood of Bristol, for the benefit of her health.

Chew-Magna, March 9, 1819.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

Do not, on any account, imagine it unkindness in me to have written to you so seldom, since your long, and still protracted, illness. I sympathise very deeply with you; and often, in the best way that I can, I carry your cause before our heavenly Father. It is He, and He only, who can do you effectual good. He can do good which shall embrace at once the body and the mind, and wonderfully promote the well-being of both. Oh, how pleasant is it to repose with unshaken confidence in His skill and tenderness, amidst the painful apprehensions of timid relatives, and the ineffectual efforts of earthly physicians! In whatever circumstances they may be, 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' 'His right hand, and His arm, and *the light of his countenance* saves them, because He has a favour unto them.' Oh, this *light of God's countenance*, the result of His pure benignity, how precious to enjoy it! You, my sister, know something of its sweetness; and, however the idea may be by others ridiculed as enthusiastic and illusory, you enjoy a meridian evidence of it that eclipses the splendour of a thousand suns. Would it were in my power now to take you up in your present stage of the Christian course, and lead you forward to possessions and prospects surpassing your present conception! Oh, that I had the ability to unfold the mysteries of the kingdom of God within you; and, on your account, to dive into the deep things of God which are beyond you, so as to abundantly enlarge your knowledge of God your Saviour, and the fulness of His redemption, and to greatly increase your treasures of holiness and Christian grace! It would be among my greatest delights, were I equal to the task, to portray a Christian of a full grown stature, with each feature in its due proportion, every grace shining with a celestial clearness, illustrating the power, and wisdom, and love of God. It should be such a being as Milton describes one of our first parents—

'Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love'

And then, when I had correctly drawn every lineament, and presented you with a transcript of 'the mind that was in Christ,' it should be my glory and my joy to lead you forward into the possession of all the blessedness derivable from resembling it completely. But I am unable to do this; so far indeed, from being able myself to exhibit such a picture, I cannot half conceive the true character of a Christian. The *grace* of all his steps, the singleness heaven-ward of his eye, the dignity and love which beam from his every gesture,

and which cause him to shine as 'a light in the world,' are still to me comparative mysteries, of which I know but just enough to convince me that they are fully revealed to those only to whom Jehovah Jesus 'manifests Himself as He does not unto a world' of indolent professors. Oh! my dearest Sarah, I have sometimes ventured to pray, and I think without any mixture of vanity, that I might be inferior to none in holy devotedness to God, in zeal for His service, and in usefulness in His church. I have sometimes ventured to ask for even those high manifestations of divine love, in the full beams of which the Fletcher's, the Stevens's, and the Christians of the same order, have been accustomed to delight themselves; and at times I have dared to hope that my heavenly Father's munificent hand has been opened to relieve the intense longings of my soul: and yet where am I at this hour? what am I at this moment? The merest dwarf of a Christian, if one at all, at a distance distressingly wide from the full enjoyment of God.

But the purpose of my writing now is not to discourage you by complaints, but to point you to Jesus, the source of strength, out of whose fulness you, receiving grace upon grace, may become a more eminent Christian in one hour than your poor brother has done in seven years; for the seventh year of his professed dedication to the service of the Saviour has within these few past days expired.

I rejoice that the insufficiency of all human aid is abundantly made up to you by the kind interference of an Almighty Friend. It is the Holy Spirit. Do you accustom yourself to think of this Divine Being as an object of co-equal adoration, love, and praise; and His sacred influences as a distinct and personal 'promise of the Father,' purchase of the Son, and gift of the sovereign unmerited mercy of the Deity? He, my Sarah, is now ordering all things for your benefit, and removing some obstacle out of the way that He may more fully let you into Himself, and fit you for the amazing favour which He intends you, in filling your soul with Himself!

Please to present my sincerest respects to the amiable lady under whose roof you are. I sometimes feel almost sunk to the earth with a sense of her kindness, and that of her respected husband, to our family. Thank God for such friends! Thanks to such friends for their incessant and seemingly exhaustless kindness! Oh!—Oh!—Oh! for the salvation of that family! Never, never, my Sarah, let us forget to pray that redeeming mercy, in answer to the Mother's prayers, may possess the hearts of its unconverted members, and thus combine whatsoever things are holy and pure with whatsoever things are lovely and of good report.

But I must now take my leave of you. When you are in pain, or sinking under particular weakness, think that your brother William, among the rest, prays for you; but above all, that the 'Friend who

sticketh closer than a brother,' intercedes in your behalf: and when you are blest with great nearness of access to your *Constant Redeemer* forget not that the most zealous interest of your prayers is needed for

Your Brother

WILLIAM.

Not many months after writing this letter my dear Brother was himself called to exemplify its spirit, in consequence of being plunged into that deep abyss of personal affliction from which he never fully recovered, and the effects of which indeed ultimately paved his way to the silent tomb by rendering him so liable to the awful pestilence which was the immediate cause of carrying off himself and multitudes of those around him. The first consequence of this severe affliction, which was of a pulmonary nature, was his being prevented after the Midsummer vacation from returning to the Academy, in which he had been so active and so useful. His Parents, thinking that a change of air might be serviceable to him, gladly accepted for him the invitation of a kind friend to spend some little time at his house in the romantic village of Cheddar, in Somersetshire, from which place he wrote the following Letter :—

To his Parents.

Cheddar, Aug. 7, 1819.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

No purposes of pleasure, nor pursuits of business should have sufficient influence upon the mind of a child to induce him to forget those to whom he owes his life, and in that life all the felicity, however varied or great, of which his nature is capable. And yet though this may be deeply impressed upon my mind, I have too much regard for truth to say that the multitudinous changes of scene and company, and situation, and employment to which absence from home subjects me, either pass before me without interest, or are unable to call my attention and thoughts for a moment from home. Human nature is, I believe, seldom found under circumstances so settled, or so enured to inveterate habits as to resist entirely the influence of novelty: of this however I am certain, that in the cheerfulness of moments dedicated to sociality, when the air, and the silence, and the ruminating fixedness of thought which solitude inspires are to be chased away in deference to general conviviality and individual comfort, if I forget home and its many endearments, it is only till I can be freed from the constraints of company. In such circumstances I wait to go down into solitary reflection, when you all pass individually before me; and my spirit, which seems to have left its own tenement, finds itself in your company and holding individual converse

with you. Perhaps I am more indebted for this to the power of an imagination diseased by an enervated frame, than to any extraordinary vigour of affection for you; for the moments of solitude as they are generally employed, and that too in an involuntary manner, are not so useful to me in any respect as they might be expected to prove. I cannot indeed but be sensible that most of my reflections have something in them morbid and pernicious; the associations found in my mind of things which I have seen, or of things which I wish to see, have commonly something of an ominous and sable hue spread over them; and frequently, in me, the brilliance of youthful hope is totally eclipsed by the transit of some fit of despondence, so that while I draw from reflection some sweets and enjoyments which neither scenery the most sublime, nor company the most cheerful, can communicate, there is yet a melancholy emanation from solitude upon all my other enjoyments, and upon my general feelings, which makes me glad to find in new variations something to interest and to call me out of myself. It will grieve you, no doubt, to learn this, but observe, I have mentioned only part of my habitual reflections; there are other moments in which the religion, that *you have taught me* to admire and regard, sheds a mild and sweet placidity over my mental prospects; and in which the Saviour, whom *you have led me* to contemplate and love, kindles within me with godlike kindness the warmth of anticipation and the light of hope, which have for their object a blissful immortality.

In the society which I have here I meet with the most unremitting and attentive kindness. There are some opportunities of usefulness among them, but far more need of embracing those opportunities. I lament that I am so unable and so unwilling to stand among them as 'an example to the believers,' and an ambassador to rebels. The general tenor of my feelings and conduct convinces me that there is yet much in religion that I have not skill enough to discover, but which my heart must experience.

I do not consider myself quite so well as I was; I think I have made a little too free with my voice in talking and singing. I must be more careful.

Your affectionate Son

WILLIAM.

The Conference of 1819 had now passed away without appointing my Brother to any station, a circumstance which was entirely owing to the pecuniary difficulties in which the Connexion was at that time involved, and which had brought the Preachers very properly to a determination to employ no more additional labourers than were absolutely necessary to supply the vacancies that had occurred during the past year. It was, however, a providential circumstance that no

opening was presented for William to embrace ; for in the very delicate state of his health at that time it is more than probable that the labours of an itinerant Preacher among the Methodists would have speedily hurried him to his long home. Sorely contrary to his own inclinations, he was therefore, once more thrown upon the hands of his affectionate father, and that without a probability of an early change in his circumstances. This was to him a severe trial, but he endeavoured to acquiesce in the arrangements of Him who was evidently still determined to 'bring him by a way that he knew not.' Shortly after this, with a hope of finally establishing his health, he embraced the kind invitations of some friends in Gloucestershire, to spend a little time with them. He first visited an affectionate family at Eastington, and afterwards took a trip to the city of Gloucester.

As my object in the present narrative is not merely to present the Reader with a history of my Brother's life, but also with as correct a portrait of his mind as possible, I shall now proceed to lay before him extracts from a Journal of these visits sent to his eldest sister, occasionally interrupting it by his Letters to the various branches of the family.

Gloucester, 1819.

MY DEAREST SARAH,

WHATEVER influence the novelty of fresh company and fresh scenes may have upon the minds of others, it is not sufficiently powerful or durable to alienate for any great length of time the thoughts of your brother from home. You may, perhaps, feel it difficult to credit this on his bare assertion, since the more striking and tangible evidences of its truth, which would have been afforded by a transmission of some of those thoughts on paper, have been wanting. This however is to be said, that minds accustomed to much reflection are frequently too deeply absorbed in it to admit of their proper recollection of the claims of more active duties ; and the seclusion of thoughtfulness when excessively encouraged often produces habitual inertness in the more social and commercial relations : these habits, which, I suppose, would be termed thoughtlessness and indolence in the decisions of common prudence, are, I admit, culpable. And as remissness is certainly chargeable in some degree on myself, I have pleaded guilty ; and already have engaged to pay a fine which justice decides that I ought to discharge : but remember you are to have what I send you in the disjointed form of journal rather than in that of a connected epistle.

Tuesday, Sept. 14th.—To-day I left Eastington, for Gloucester, and reached the Clay-pits in a profuse perspiration. I cooled gradually and mounted the stage at about half-past 1 o'clock. I felt a strange uneasiness at leaving E. ; the circumstances of the day were

something like the changes of a family revolution which separate from each other those who have been long and closely united. This was, in some sense, literally the case ; for two hours before I had seen my dear Mother on the Bristol coach, and posting in a direction opposite to my own. I should have greatly preferred to go with her, had not health, and therefore duty, required my staying from home a few days longer. At E. it is true, I had left only friends : but what in the world does that mean ? *Only friends* indeed ! Is friendship an unmeaning term ? Or does it mean nothing more than the *use* of persons not related by blood, when there is occasion for their services ? No : thanks be to God ! it means a relation of spirits, formed by mutual attraction, which generates even an anxious desire for reciprocal welfare. It is then a straining indeed of the cords which bind friends together, to separate them from each other. I am confident that while a lasting sensibility of the kindness of our E. friends to my person rests upon my heart, the impressions made by their sympathy, their solicitude, their unceasing attention, and their Christian affection, will be *everlasting*. How many times have I wondered how it is possible that I should excite such an interest, when I have no qualifications bodily, intellectual, or spiritual, that can merit it : the reason however is, that God, who gives not according to the merit of His creatures, but according to His own mercy, hath given me favour in the eyes of those around me. Thus sweetly must all my mercies be traced to that God whom, I trust, I err not in calling *my own*.

If in truth I err not in thus calling God *my own*, there is abundant reason for reflections more humiliating than those which filled my mind during part of the time which was spent upon the coach. Devoted to the Ministry, as I am by inward conviction, by the call of the Church, by the sacrifice of my Parents, and by the suffrage of Friends, I ought already to be living holily, in deep communion with God, and in the most useful manner. As to the first, where are the evidences in the volatility, earthly-mindedness, doubts, mistrustings of God, impatience, murmurings, which I have successively felt ? Ah, my God, forgive me ! As to the second, my closet will bear witness how little it has been visited ; and still more fully how seldom it has seen my soul rising in ardent longings after Him whom I love, but love so little ; and yet more fully still how seldom it has held me wrapt in God, and Jehovah Jesus himself covering me with the mantle of his Spirit and filling me with his love. And as to usefulness, so inseparable from the character of a true Minister, I know scarcely any instances in which I have lived to any good purpose in the world. However there are some encouraging circumstances in my case ; and perhaps were I more intent and frequent in surveying this aspect of it, the number and the magnitude of these instances would be rapidly augmented. My visit to E. has been made upon the whole

a blessing to me ; a greater *stimulus* has been given to my steps in the path to Heaven, and a greater spirituality to my mind. Others too, if I mistake not, have been blest ; of one or two persons I have heard whose minds appear now decided. Are not these reasons for gratitude?—reasons too for the large excitement of it? Why then, if I feel it at all, are its motions so sluggish, and its results so feeble? Thus it must be that my enjoyments are very short-lived, and my peace and joy, as well as my faith and hope, are so very partial.

No regret was felt by myself at our arrival at Gloucester, for my spirits were not in the best order ; and on sitting down in the parlour of my esteemed friend, Mr. Wheeler, I felt myself very poorly indeed. This was not in any measure diminished by finding him very ill in bed, and Mrs. W. under very serious alarm for his safety. I grew more languid in body, and low in spirits toward night, and at eleven o'clock retired to bed quite unwell.

Wednesday, 15th.—Arose this morning very languid and poorly, after a night spent not in the most comfortable sleep ; and though my reception here has been most cordial, I have not yet recovered the full flow of spirits which I generally possess. I thought considerably on home, and the anxieties which I know are felt for my restoration to health. I begin to suspect that my submission to the Divine will is not so cordial and entire as I imagined it. There is something very much like a criminal fear of death in my general feelings ; and my intercourse with Heaven, and my communion with Jesus, are very low indeed ; the witness of the Spirit also to my justification is not abiding and unequivocal. Although I have evidences drawn from other sources that might render it satisfactory to others, that I have ‘passed from death into life,’ and from moral darkness to light ; yet there is a possibility that every evidence is delusive, and that the conclusions of others are unfounded, while the confirmation of the direct witness of the Holy Spirit is wanted. Recollections of my former simple and happy experience frequently come into my mind ; and the thought often makes a deep impression, that universal satisfaction will never again pervade my feelings, until full salvation is again bestowed upon me, and my heart is once again made pure, the temple of the indwelling Spirit of God : then shall ‘my peace flow as a river’ indeed, it shall be like a river, whose source lies beneath the rock of ages inexhaustible ; and though in its passage, so winding and so lengthened through a wilderness world, its tributary streams of sublunary good may be occasionally intercepted and even entirely averted, its connexion with the hidden, silent, and exuberant spring shall never be cut off ;—

‘*At ille*

‘*Labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum !*’

‘But it flows on, and shall flow exhaustless in every age!’

The goodness of Divine Providence in opening my way hither is very strongly marked, for in the present state of my mind such companions as those with which I am now favoured are admirably suitable to me. The attention of both Mr. and Mrs. W. is strongly turned toward the subject of entire holiness, and they are both thirsting for its experience. Besides these, my friend Mr. P. Turner is here; he is a very intimate acquaintance of Mr. W., and he likewise is pursuing the same object. So that here we are, four of us together, encouraging each other in the Lord, making and communicating whatever discoveries we are able for our mutual benefit. Whether either of us will be enabled to enter into this liberty or not, cannot now be determined; as yet however, I speak of myself particularly, the way is not sufficiently evident, our minds are not sufficiently simplified, and our faith is not sufficiently implicit. An unspeakable importance is attached to willingness to be made thus clean, and I dare not implicate the character of Jesus in such a way as to assert that I am *perfectly willing*, because I should thus charge him with a breach of faithfulness to his word.

In the evening I heard an admirable, because a faithful and scriptural, discourse from the Rev. Mr. Kemthorne, the Bishop's Chaplain. I came home when it was pouring with rain, and though I had a great coat and umbrella, and for fear of danger changed my shoes, yet I sensibly took a slight additional cold; this I intend to take as a warning, and purpose to go out no more after dark till I am in better health.

Thursday, 16th.—Spent a night in which considerable coughing weakened me much. Awoke and rose very poorly. My mind is much exercised about my situation in life, so burdensome to my poor Parents. I cannot perfectly enjoy the pleasures with which I am surrounded, while my friends, those dearest to me of all, are suffering from the anxieties of worldly care. An inward intimation is given me, perhaps by some friendly ministering spirit, or perhaps by the divine, infinitely exalted, infinitely condescending Spirit, that I am under false pretences cherishing a discontented disposition, which if matured will render any circumstances unpleasant, and every situation suspected by myself. The state of my feelings in reference to my present situation affords me various striking and abasing evidences of the weakness of my faith, and of the very partial degree of influence which even the fundamental doctrines of the religion that I profess and teach, have upon my real life, which consists in those different operations of the mind inevitably affecting my piety and peace.

Some truly spiritual and simple conversation to-day, has in some degree elevated me. While conversing on the discouragements of the Ministry, Mr. W. favoured me with an account remarkably encouraging to himself in his efforts to do good. The subject of the relation

was the conversion of Mr. H. and the rapid subsequent spread of the interests of religion in his family and neighbourhood. The Father, the only remaining Parent of Mr. H., was possessed of a considerable farm in Herefordshire; the family, which was large, were educated, and they lived, in a respectable style. Mr. H. received the elements of an education designed to prepare him for the Ministry in the Established Church, but his own views leading him another way, that design was dropped: it seems indeed well that it was so, for his heart was not only unimpressed by the truths of revealed religion, but he became sceptical in his notions, vitiated in his morals, and profane in his conversation. He habituated himself to swearing in a very awful degree. There were at the time when Mr. W. became acquainted with the family, only two persons in the neighbourhood who had a true regard for religion; these were Mr. H.'s second sister, and an intimate female friend, and these, alone and unsupported, were scarcely able to maintain their ground; Miss H. especially was often silenced in argument by the more subtle and laboured reasonings of her infidel brother. One Christmas, when Mr. W. first visited the farm, as he rode up to the door, Mr. H. who was on a hay-stack cutting some fodder for the cattle, perceived him, and immediately said to himself, 'That is certainly W. and now he will disappoint all my purposes;' alluding to certain plans which he had been laying with some of his companions for complicated wickedness during the festival. Mr. W. was introduced to him, and they fell into conversation, and this was purposely directed into a religious course. The Lord gave power and words, and the young Infidel was completely silenced by the young Christian, and held in total incapacity to retire, while, perfectly astonished as he was, the truth as it is in Jesus for two hours was faithfully preached to him. He at last went into the kitchen, where his pious sister was, and to her he mentioned what had happened, declaring that he never before had met with a fellow whom he could not answer, but that he had not been able to give any sort of reply to Mr. W.; at the same time expressing himself as so perfectly amazed that he could not possibly tell how to account for it. As yet however no evidence of deep conviction appeared, but on the following evening, while several of them were standing round the fire, Miss H. read a verse or two of one of our hymns, when he, having taken the book from her hand, read another verse distinctly, then burst into tears, and began to pray earnestly for pardoning mercy. We may think what emotions such a scene excited: but the impression was not momentary; Mr. H. is possessed naturally of much firmness and decision of mind, and he had now thrown by the garb of impiety to assume it no more: he immediately made it a law that no swearing should be permitted on the farm, and when a day or two afterwards he heard one of his men violate this law, at the impulse of yet unin-

structed zeal he knocked him backward on the ground with his fist, and then coolly reminded him that swearing was prohibited there. In the event he became a member of our Society, a Local Preacher, a Steward, and (I think) a Leader of a Class. His Father likewise was brought under concern for salvation, and about six of the family have become decided for God; they have opened their large parlour for preaching, and the farm-house is now the Chapel of a Methodist Society, consisting of this family and about twenty more of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. O 'what hath God wrought!' My soul rejoices at such intelligence as this, and could my dear Sarah now know what I am writing she would be a helper of my joy, and a *stimulus* to the praises which our souls would offer for the illustrious displays of mercy given in these wonders of grace.

Friday, 16th.—Awoke with a very sore throat, which continued to increase during the whole day; I have, however, abundant cause for gratitude to God, especially as a desire was given me to live more in the constant dedication of myself to the Lord Jesus,—a dedication which should comprise both body and soul,—temporal as well as eternal circumstances; at the same time a measure of power was given to plead for this. I often feel considerable doubt as to whether I stand more immediately in need of enlightened experience of the blessing of justification or that of sanctification; and, on this account I am at some loss to determine which should be made most especially the object of my research; although to pray generally for both seems to me perfectly consonant with the Divine Will and my necessities. My friend Turner made it a particular subject of prayer this morning, that if the Lord should see it necessary for any thing to be particularly brought to our view, prior to our enjoyment of the great blessing of purity, He would be pleased to reveal it clearly to us. My present frame of mind is that of waiting to hear what God the Lord shall say concerning me: whatsoever it may be, I feel resigned to it, and impatient to go forward to enjoy all His fulness; and, if it shall please Him to come clearly to His temple, to take up his abode there, and to give me the indubitable evidence of his constant presence, I feel resolved that I will spread the glory of His grace, and that I will be, without hesitation, a witness of His power to save to the very uttermost.

Sunday, 18th.—Yesterday, with very poor health, I enjoyed some of the sweets of Christian fellowship. I was much delighted with some free conversation with a pious young farmer, who, dissatisfied with the very partial experience of a justified state, is reaching forth to the things which are before, anxious to obtain the prize of full conformity to the Divine will. It was my business to make the matter as plain as I could; and I felt some considerable liberty in placing the subject in the narrowest compass before him. I exhorted

him to place no dependence on the opinions or conduct of others, and to attach no importance to names and definitions of the blessing which he sought, but to satisfy his mind from the Bible, whether or not he was authorised to expect what he wished ; then how to obtain it ; then to enter into possession of it ; and all the way to be under the influence of the most humbling and simplifying feelings. But how condemned did I feel myself while thus exhorting him, and conscious at the same time that I do not possess the blessing in my own heart !

Rose this morning and continued through the whole day extremely unwell ; this is the fruit of passing through the rain on the evening that I heard Mr. Kemthorne. I have carefully adhered to the maxims of prudence taught me by my Mother, and I am clearly satisfied that my present weakness and disorder of body are under the direction and control of my dear Mother's God. Here then I rest, at the same time imploring a very speedy restoration to perfect health, if consistent with His will : never did I so highly value soundness of body as at the present moment. The most profitable part of the day was in the evening, when I staid at home with my afflicted friend Mr. W., who came down stairs to-day for the first time since his illness. In a free and friendly conversation, the beauties of true religion were illustrated in our view, the simplicity of the plan of salvation more clearly appeared, and the hinderances in the way of the simple exercise of faith were discovered to us ; we made an effort to enter more fully into the will of God and into the spiritual enjoyment of Him, and were greatly assisted ; and yet I rose from my knees dissatisfied, and as it were but half blest. During this exercise however I lost my head-ache, and became sensibly better ;—we had both made it a special matter of prayer to be restored to health.

Tuesday 20th.—Found myself very considerably better yesterday morning and again to-day. O, how sweet is ease after pain ! I am greatly surprised at the proneness which I feel to forget God at every return of a little strength ; always when bad symptoms appear upon me I am compelled to fly for refuge to the hope set before me by the crucified Redeemer ; but no sooner am I better in body than a great coldness sensibly steals over my soul, and spoils my addresses at a throne of Grace. I tremble when I think of this, and am ready to imagine that I cannot be trusted in the world, and therefore shall be soon removed from it ; well, I am in the Lord's hands ! I believe that if He were to remove me, it would be to Himself. Let Him do what seemeth to Him good.

Friday, 24th.—I really think that the last four days have not been spent unprofitably for my soul : as occasion has offered I have generally been able to aim at the glory of God, by speaking a word in his name to those around me ; in private likewise, my mind has become

more simple and earnest, and my communion with God more deep and encouraging; my constant cry to Him, has been after clearer inward light on my experience, and greater increase of spirituality; this petition, presented in the name of Jesus, has been in some degree answered, and my mind is happier in its God than it was; it derives greater satisfaction from reflecting on the immense importance attached to personal religion, and from viewing, though at a distance, the approach of the realities of death, of judgment, and of an eternal world. The necessity of a clear and indubitable knowledge of salvation has sometimes appeared to me in a very striking light. The bare possibility of being deceived, and the fatal results of an insufficient provision, make it absolutely necessary that the soul should have *certainty* upon which to rest its hopes. There are seasons when with almost overwhelming violence, Satan assaults the faith at its foundation; and then it is a blessedness exclusively appropriated by the Christian believer, to be able to refer to a superior agency, and an inward testimony of safety, supernaturally provided by the Spirit of God. There are also times when the soul is awakened to more than ordinary vigour in its enquiries, by the instinctive forebodings which it feels of a future immortality; and then the anxiety, which is essential to it as a rational nature when such interests are at stake, will receive no palliation, until joyful present experience shall give at once a foretaste and a pledge of eternal security. Here the happiness and the divinity of true religion are at once discoverable; but the religion of the professor must be *true*,—it must be so genuine as to bring into his soul *the experience of its supports*, and *the certainty of its supernatural evidence*. O my God! it is this, and only this, that shall satisfy my soul. And among the many of our family who do and shall profess thy service, let not one be found who will be for a single day content without any religion less satisfactory than this in its present experience, or less certain as to its ultimate results!

We shall now break off the narrative of this Journal for the purpose of introducing a Letter written just at this time, to his second sister.

Gloucester, Sept. 24, 1819.

MY DEAR SISTER P.

THERE is, I know not what, but something like suspicion, so connected with love in an affectionate heart, that in some circumstances it fears lest the object of particular regard should imagine a coldness in one's own heart; and in others it actually fears that other partialities secure the whole affections, and then our unrequited love may retire unnoticed to the solitary glades to pine in secret, and to whisper

our complaints to the murmuring streams, or pour out our sighs to the responsive echo. It would be injudicious in rational creatures, and impious in Christians, to suffer neglect to work so powerfully on the feelings as to carry the mind out into all the wildness which fancy has imagined, or romance produced. And yet after all, the reason why fancy has become so essential an auxiliary to the novelist, and romance met so much success from men in general, may be at least partially found in the fact, that having in the principles of their works consulted feelings which the experience of every one acknowledges, the writers of novels describe their scenes so as to gratify the feelings which they themselves have excited. Thus too, the most skilful musicians play so well as not only to draw forth the meed which they merit from connoisseurs in their art, but even so as to fix the astonishment of the most ignorant, and hold them during their own pleasure in real rapture; the reason is, that they touch the sweetest chords in the most natural manner, and the consequent vibrations go trembling to the heart, and there symphonise with the harmony essential in every human soul. I think that you and I both have affectionate hearts: in one order of these circumstances, you have been placed, and in the other myself; you perhaps have feared that I love you but little, or at least, less than I ought; and I have been fearing that you will imagine I love you but little, because I have as yet sent you no letter; be persuaded now, my dear sister, that I do in reality love you. * * *

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

Thursday, Sept. 30th.—My health does not appear to me radically better, rather the contrary. The alteration in the weather has occasioned my almost total confinement to the house of my friend, who is likewise forbidden to go out. My bodily weakness and the remembrance of what may be the result, notwithstanding all the care employed, have occasioned some searchings of heart in reference to another state. In all that is past I see nothing but what calls for the deepest shame; it would overwhelm me with guilt, were it not for the atonement of the Divine Saviour, in which I believe I am interested, by the ability which grace has given me to rest all my hopes upon it, and to feel all my expectations arising from it: through this only I shall be saved,—the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, brought home to my soul in the purifying influences of the Holy Spirit. But this distant hope does not satisfy me for the present; as yet I am not pure,—I am not fit for heaven,—I have not the clear abiding, *direct* testimony of the Holy Ghost to my adoption,—I possess not the rich fruits of the Spirit, *viz.* love, joy, peace, &c. O how bitter is the remembrance of past unfaithfulness! but for this my heart might have been long since directed by the Lord the Spirit into the fulness of the

love of God ; and now my soul might have derived abounding consolations during a patient waiting for the Lord Jesus Christ unto *eternal life*. Lord, pardon the wanderings of a petulant child ! Pity and forgive a returning son who has been prodigal of all the precious time, talents, and opportunities of usefulness, which thou gavest him to improve, but which he has comparatively abused !

Monday, Oct. 4th.—I preached on Thursday evening last for the first, and I suppose, the only time in Gloucester. I found my voice much weakened, and was several times hindered by my cough, though my soul was blest, while talking to the people in as simple a way as I could, and urging the necessity of supreme love to God. I have since understood that some of the congregation were *pleased*, but that I know and feel is a poor consolation unless they were likewise *benefited*. I feel myself sometimes on the point of making strong promises of devotion more fully to the good of souls, and the glory of God than I have ever yet evinced ; but I check myself because my promises are not to be depended on at all : at the same time I feel no reluctance to form the resolution in my own mind, relying however wholly on Divine assistance for ability to fulfil it ; for were this denied me there could be no utility in shaping even a solitary purpose, as it would be very soon broken.

Monday, 11th.—The goodness of God has been more than ordinarily exercised toward me during the past week ; perhaps I should rather say, I have felt His goodness more, because it has more than usually coincided with my own inclination. There is a state of grace to which I hope to attain, and in which personal inclination is so absorbed by devotion to God as to render every dispensation of Providence really acceptable and joyous ; for all the dealings of Providence are but various modes of expressing the same goodness,—goodness that is always regarding its objects with real affection, and ever exerting itself in efforts to promote their *best interests*. Why then should I be solicitous as to the manner of the dealings of a gracious God toward me, who am the object of His care ? Should I not abandon myself to his direction, and be as confident that grace reigns when providential dispensations thwart, as well as when they coincide with, my own inclination ?

My health has been improving considerably during the past week. Oh ! how pleasing this is to something within me ! I wonder what it is. A thousand considerations would render life desirable ; but were I sufficiently spiritual to see spiritual things as they really are, ten thousand considerations perhaps would appear to represent it ‘far better to depart and be with Christ.’

During the past week I have been introduced by Mr. W. into the company of two pious ladies living in the neighbourhood of Arlingham ; while at prayer with them I felt, for the first time I think, a

particular power to resign myself to God, accompanied with power to pray for a recovery. Usually when praying for recovery my soul has felt no liberty, and my faith has not been able to rise; but on this occasion I did feel more liberty than usual on this subject, and from that moment I have been better; whether it is a lasting amendment or not, time must determine: meanwhile, 'whether I live, let it be unto the Lord; or whether I die, let it be unto the Lord: so that, whether living or dying, I may be the Lord's.'

Saturday, 16th.—Two days ago, I arrived at Marsh-Court House, Eldersfield, Pendock, Worcestershire, where I now write. It is the residence of a gentleman farmer, Mr. Bemman, who manages his own estate for amusement and experiment in agricultural improvement. This gentleman has a friend, a Mr. ———, likewise an agriculturist, to whom I was introduced about three weeks since: I dined with them at Marsh-Court; and the ingenious disposition which the latter evinced, combined with his good understanding, and his enquiring mind, produced a mutual confidence and freeness of conversation that resulted on my part in esteem, and created a sensation of regret at parting with him so soon. Whatever propensity there may be in me too suddenly to form connections, which I dignify with the name of *friendships*, the conduct which is governed by such a habit meets my decided disapprobation; because the laxity of management in the mind over the affections moves contempt, on account of the weakness of intellectual faculty which it discovers. It is questionable with me if the mind of one man be capable of supporting *numerous* friendships, because the affections parcelled out among many become frittered into insignificant portions which cannot contain enough of intrinsic warmth to excite and fix the attention: thus he who scatters his affections abroad is in danger of suffering them all to perish, and rendering them useless as to the genuine purposes of friendship; since the coldness of neglect, which indecision is sure to meet, will gradually freeze them till they are so benumbed as to become immoveable except by the unworthy *stimulus* of sordid interest. Yet it would be to awaken an unenviable order of feelings,—it would be to *frown phlegmatically*,—it would be to rest in a stoical security, which is regarded with contempt by the imagination of a more ardent, though perhaps less prudent, constitution,—if in order to avoid with scrupulous exactness the inconveniences attendant on rashness, all the warmth of disposition should be denounced that leads to take unaffected pleasure in new society. For by this means those sensibilities, so pungent yet so pleasing, which give a point to youthful enquiries, and open to the heart an access by which the lessons of wisdom are admitted, would be sealed up and smothered, while the work of forming friendship would be altogether assigned to the period when judgment shall have attained its full maturity to discriminate and to select.

He who is, or who makes himself, always insensible that he may avoid imposition, shall always be unburdened by that high gratification, which others less affected, or less stupid, frequently enjoy. Religion, amiable and useful in every point of view, is very lovely here; as it corrects, it empowers; in restoring to the human affections their proper *stimulus* and direction, it enables them to be increasingly ardent with less danger; like an important wheel in a machine, when its situation which had been deranged is corrected, it is not only replaced, but the motion is sweeter and the purpose of its contrivance is more fully secured. Thus affections, corrected by religion, are not diminished in their power, nor rendered dangerous by the freedom communicated to them; but they receive a large accession of vigour, and with this a sanctity that secures them from being very deeply betrayed. I would far sooner suffer one, whose affections have been thus made more expansive and interested in the welfare of others, to be exposed to the temptations of specious, but hypocritical, friendship, than one who is less open in natural disposition, and who is totally uninfluenced by true piety; because the principles of security, with which the former is armed by the piety that he has received, make the advantage and the safety abundantly preponderate to him. But whither am I wandering? If the interest I felt in Mr. ——— be of a religious kind, I am blameless for indulging it; though, had I felt no interest in him, the distress of his mind and the danger of his soul would have made no impression on me: but if that interest be a mere friendly feeling, let me be harmless while I call him *friend*, until rules shall be demonstrated, which shall define the term with precision, and at the same time describe the qualifications which shall justify the application of such an endearing name. But I would not be understood to mean that every one for whom an interest is involuntarily excited in the mind should be made a bosom-friend, in whose presence reserve shall be laid aside, and our secrets being placed at his disposal, our affairs shall be laid at the feet of his mercy.

Mr. ——— is a fair specimen of a pretty numerous class of our fellow-men: he has amiable qualities which ensure him the love of all who know him; but there is in him a weakness and consequent indecision of mind, especially with regard to religion, which render it impossible for him to secure the confidence of the pious, or the genuine esteem of his own companions. He is convinced, without being converted; his judgment of religion is formed decidedly in its favour, without being able to control his conduct by its rules; he knows the happiness of an enlightened mind, without being able to derive that happiness from his knowledge, or even through its means; the grace, which has discovered to him his spiritual enemies, and irresistibly shewn that his own habits are the destroyers of his peace, he has not suffered to obtain those victories in him which he knows would

procure him the means and the possession of real happiness. His language is perpetually :—‘ Oh ! what a fool I am ! Why am I not more the master of myself ? How is it that I cannot subdue my passions ? What secret chain holds me when they, whose company I loathe and curse myself for entering, surround me and tempt me to sin ? Oh ! my wounded conscience ! Oh ! my injured God !’

Can any condition of mind more powerfully agitate a mingled state of feeling in an observer, than that of which such exclamations as the above are the real and unceasing expressions ? I can, my dear Sarah, contemplate a person, whose mind and habits are deliberately, and without remorse, abandoned to the pursuits and the solaces of impious gratifications, with *unmingled* horror, or at least blended only with pity. But who, without emotions of a higher order, can observe the struggles of better knowledge with vicious habits, and of convictions granted as a boon of grace by heaven, with the corrupt propensities of nature which all the energies of hell are expected to strengthen and confirm ? There is an anxiety, indescribable in words, for the result of the contest ; the immense consequences depending invest the moment of trial with an importance which no temporal dangers can have attached to them : the shipwrecked mariner contending with the waves that roll upon him with ceaseless impetuosity, interests the attention of the spectator on shore, and rouses all his feelings to excessive poignancy ; the hope that he feels when a boat is manned to preserve, if possible, the life of the drowning sailor, is checked by the fear which forces itself that it will arrive too late ; the nearer it approaches, the more are the feelings harrowed up ; could he but animate the men on board by his voice, he would roar aloud to them to stretch every effort and quicken their exertions ; but the suspense is dreadful, till he perceives the object of his solicitude caught when about to sink, and restored from the very jaws of death to life, his country, and his home. But what propriety can there be in the comparison, when the disparity between the occasions which excite the solicitude is so great ? The struggle in the mind of a convinced but irresolute sinner has depending on its decision the security of eternity, the avoiding of incalculable misery, and the enjoyment of ineffable felicity. And the anxiety which labours in the breast of a Christian observer is kept the longer alive by the difference which appears in the conduct of him who gave it birth ; sometimes the openness of soul which he evinces to the light of truth, his contrition for past improprieties, his solemn vows of amendment, his evident delight in the company of the servants, and in the exercises of the service, of God, give new energy to the observer’s hopes ; but at other times the faint resistance which he makes to temptation, and especially the truth so evident that while in the midst of danger he himself does not sufficiently perceive it, and while divine grace has made provision for his salvation he

does not sufficiently value its aid, give in the observer's mind a decided preponderance to his fears. Such is the present condition of Mr. ———; he admires religion in others, and wishes it in himself; but he is a gentleman, and he has companions who can lead him against his conscience to intoxication and other vices; this they have done since I saw him. I heard of it; and on Thursday last, the day I came here, I addressed him a letter, indicted in the spirit of affectionate solicitude, and followed by fervent and repeated prayers to the Spirit of God for His attending blessing.

Sunday 17th.—This morning I preached at Pendock, from Heb. vii. 25. Before I ascended the pulpit, my mind was considerably harassed with the apprehension that I should not be able to speak to the people with any comfort to myself or profit to them. I felt great fear too that the subject which I had selected was unsuitable to my audience; and, added to this, there was a dulness about my spirits, and a great deadness in my spiritual affections which very much distressed me. Having entered the pulpit with a resolution to speak as simply and as earnestly as I could, great assistance was communicated, and my soul was much blest while endeavouring to shew the ability of Jesus 'to save to the very uttermost,' as founded on the validity of his priesthood, and urging my hearers to avail themselves of the advantages bestowed on them by revelation in their knowledge of this glorious doctrine, and in the existence of the truth itself. And if I might judge by showers of tears, deep attention, and joyful as well as eager countenances, some at least of the congregation were blest as well as myself.

In the spirit of my preaching there is much deficiency, arising from the great lowness of the state of Christian experience, in which I have been too satisfied: to this I trace a great want in the work of that delight which I am persuaded ought to be felt by every one engaged in it from proper motives; this will likewise account for an almost total absence of that kind of zeal which arises from proper sensibility in the contemplation of the wretchedness and danger of men, their subjection to the operations of divine grace, and their final happiness in order to the completion of the Redeemer's glory. Nor is it wonderful that while such is the spiritual state, the purity of the immediate and operating purposes in preaching should not be preserved; and that the meaning of the scriptural phrase, *a single eye*, which is of such immense importance in the Christian ministry, should scarcely in any degree be realised. These are essential defects, which I consider it the design of my present indisposition to disclose to me and to rectify. Shall any thing be wanting on my part to complete the work of reformation, now that the Holy Spirit has revealed to me these things as realities? Fear of further delinquency checks the promise that there shall not; and the proofs of my own weakness

which already have too often transpired, render even secret resolutions suspicious. But I am sincere in *wishing*,—I am sincere in *praying*,—I am sincere in *purposing*,—though these are not enough : all else that is needed, and that is every thing which is valuable for efficiency, must come from God. Yet it is a delightful consideration, that Jesus is ‘able to save to the very uttermost all that come to God by him ;’ not that the intercession of Jesus is needed to *conciliate* the Father, for ‘the Father himself gave His Son to be the Saviour of the world ;’ but by the interference of the Son consistency is preserved, while I, a sinner, am purified as well as pardoned,—I have my faults corrected and my deficiencies supplied by the active grace which is distributed as it were, according to the will of Him who is exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

To Thee then, O benign Redeemer! I apply with confidence for redress,—redress of those perpetual grievances that arise from the tyranny of a depraved heart, which employs oppressive corruptions and lusts to wean me from faithfulness and all propriety in thy service. I apply to Thee, since thou, and only thou, art ‘able to save to the uttermost.’ The more willingly and eagerly do I apply to thee, because the report of those who have already made their applications to thee, is, that thou receivest them graciously, and lovest them freely.

In the afternoon I rode about six miles to a village in this county named Poole Hill, to hear my dear friend ———— preach. He had always expressed a dislike to this, and had employed all his means to prevent it ; for, by some means or other, the people here seem to have some terrible apprehensions of my criticising disposition ; from what cause I cannot imagine, for I have guarded pretty carefully against shewing that I have any inclination to appear pedantic, or to be supposed knowing. Perhaps they have heard of my having been a student at the Baptist College, and hence take it for granted that the College wisdom is transmitted into my head, without considering how great a blockhead a person may remain amidst the greatest advantages which he either cannot or will not properly improve. My friend knew nothing of my intention to see him at Poole Hill ; and I was quite tickled with the thought of his surprise when he should discover me. I feared to meet his eye, for on entering the chapel I found in myself a strong temptation and propensity to laugh : against this, however, I sincerely prayed and strove ; and thus I avoided the danger. On account of this painful struggle, as well as because of the effect of my unexpected intrusion on my friend’s mind, and through him, perhaps, on the minds of the people, I had some reason to repent of my journey, for I certainly was not much blest ; and he himself was so confused as to have all his liberty and pleasure in the service destroyed. I knew not how to meet the torrent of affectionate reproaches which I expected from him when he should come out of the chapel ; and

when he did come, and so mildly asked me how I could serve him so unkindly, there appeared fresh reason to lament my temerity, especially when he told me that his mind had been greatly blest during the former service of the day, and that he had been enabled to rise into a sweet frame through that accession of grace ; but when quite contrary to his expectations he, through the window, saw in the aspect of a *criticising enemy*, him whose approach he had been accustomed to regard as that of a *real friend*, his heart failed, and he could not regain his peace of mind during the whole service. But after all that may be said on the impropriety of treating a friend so *unkindly*, a retort may be made on the same ground ; for what propriety is there in regarding the approach of a friend as a misfortune ? The timidity which steals in the garb of modesty unsuspected into the heart of a young Preacher, and controls his habitual feelings, will, when it has attained sufficient stability, throw off the mask and exercise a tyranny which, on every unusual occurrence, shall levy on his sensibilities a contribution most painful for him to furnish ; and occasions will, in the course of things, put every Preacher under the eye, and into the power, not of friendly hearers only, but of judicious critics, whose decisions may have weight because they are just, and poison because they are dogmatically severe. On these accounts, to meet fearlessly the eyes of strangers, at least so far as is needful to secure the placidity of the mind, is a great advantage ; but as advantages of this kind are seldom the gift of nature, this must be secured by the hardness resulting from early and habitual exposure.

CHAPTER III.

Continuation of his Journal—Remarks on the Union of the People of God—Curious Experiment in Agriculture—History of Robert Bemman, Esq.—Remarks on Celibacy—Singular instance of Filial Affection—Dialogue on the difference between Sin and Satan—Consolation for a guilty and polluted Soul—A prosperous Sabbath—Advantages of Religious Correspondence—Reflections on the Death of an Infant—Arguments against Anxiety respecting the Future—Return to Bristol—Increasing ill-health.

Journal Continued.

MONDAY, Oct. 18th.—The subjects of my sisters' letters rest on my mind with great pleasure, and because of their importance they merit a more pointed reply than can be given in the cursory form of a Journal, which may be, in some respects, considered as common property; on this account my pen shall be employed in replying to each of them separately, and the following letter is therefore addressed to

MY DEAREST SARAH,

THERE now waits for me the enjoyment of a real pleasure, it is to answer the longest letter that I have ever received from you; the perusal of it tired me not nearly so much as does the reading of many which I receive by their conciseness. This is surely an evidence that the subject which has engaged your thoughts and employed your pen is pleasing to my own contemplations, and that the person who has written is an object of real affection. That affection you seem to suppose is a sufficient warrant for expecting that you will be forgiven for the apparent want of attention to my feelings evidenced by your long silence. The peculiar circumstances in which you have been placed certainly plead strongly, nay, I will admit, irresistibly in your behalf; and I no sooner saw the statement of what you had presumed, than it was ratified by a spontaneous, *merciful*, and consenting smile. However, I would not have you understand that this *act of indemnity* is established as a precedent on which you may continue to presume, since the ground on which presumption stands is only *supposed* secure; but that supposition may be mistaken, and the presumption may meet with a merited repulse, because regarded as unjustifiable boldness. There is, you must admit, something exceed-

ingly harsh, and even suspicious, in the aspect of a long unbroken silence ; and it produces a feeling which suffers nothing to escape by which the cause of it may be ascertained : and even when at length the first direct communication relieves the anxiety which was rising to impatience, the pleasure of the agreeable disappointment is scarcely powerful enough to erase the recollection that the emotions which previously agitated the feelings were painful.

In the dispensations of unerring Providence, you are circumstanced so as to render it impossible to devote much time to those pursuits and engagements on which your desires have often been fixed ; there is however no sacrifice of inclination to duty required, which has not some valuable blessing assigned to it ; nor is any such sacrifice ever made with a view to the divine glory, but the blessing is carefully transmitted according to its assignation, by that compassionate and all-powerful Spirit, who is the Treasurer of our Heavenly Father, the Sovereign of heaven and earth.

The circumstances in which the people of God are placed in the world, though so different in the *particulars* which distinguish them from each other, are yet so closely assimilated in the *more general features*, that to contemplate the situation of another, is in a great degree, to observe the representation of one's own ; the adventitious occurrences in the earthly circumstances of *one man*, mark the uncertainty of human affairs *in general* ; the exposure to difficulties, to privations, and to crosses, is not the unhappy lot of a few, marked out as the victims of an unbridled fury in some superior power, but it is the effect of a curse attached to the first triumph of Sin, and this curse has followed closely in the footsteps of impiety, wherever it has gone and prevailed. The erection of a tribunal of conscience in the breast of *one*, demonstrating that this present mode of existence is a state probationary for another life, must be admitted as the clearest development of the present important circumstances of *all*,—of the approach of an awful crisis, that of the judgment, for *all*,—and of the high destiny which is appointed for *all*. The mind which is awakened from its dream of sublunary pleasure, and is thus made sensible of the delusiveness of those phantoms which have engaged its pursuits, is terrified when on a comparison of its own past condition with the present state of others, it discovers, that with the exception of the few, who like himself are miraculously roused, *all* are sunk into a moral stupor which, if continued to the end of life, must result in eternal death.

These observations are introduced to account in part for the interest in each other excited in the hearts of those who are ' joined to the Lord in one body, having one hope of their calling.' The interest commences in a discovery of the *commonness* of their condition, and of their *universal* exposure to danger ; increasing to a *oneness* of de-

sign to escape, and still magnifying to an *agreement* on the means by applying to God through Jesus Christ, it attains not to the measure of its fulness till they *all*, having arrived at the summit of Calvary, and placed themselves under the protection of that glorious Captain of salvation, who 'liveth, and was dead, and is alive for evermore,' and plunged themselves into the 'fountain opened for sin and uncleanness,' rise into the experience of a *common* deliverance, acknowledging the cementing influence of a *union* which flows from their having but '*one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism, *one* God, *one* Father of them *all*, who is over them *all*, and in them *all*, and through them *all*.' Thus are they wonderfully and irresistibly drawn together by their *common* enjoyment of a *uniting* principle of love, the very essence of that God, who is in them as their Father: and thus are they *all* inspired with similar and immediate purposes, their own sanctification and that of each other, because they are actuated by the same gracious Spirit, who being their Father, is certainly their Friend: and thus too they *all* have the same hope in them, the same prospect of glory in their more remote view, since the God, who is in them as their Father and their Friend, must necessarily desire an eternal continuance of the intimacy which he himself has commenced:—'Father! I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory!'

Is not this, my dearest Sarah, the union which you have so justly and so beautifully described as a reciprocal attraction to the great centre of union,—God; and a mutual blending of persons and of interests, in the enjoyment of Him? And oh, my sister! is not the reason thus supplied, why 'thy heart is as my heart,' in that more than ordinary degree which our more than fraternal union enables us to feel?

Our union is more than ordinary, because the ties of consanguinity and of natural affection alone cannot supply sufficient motives to induce us to watch with solicitude over each other's spiritual concerns and progress; it is more than fraternal, because, in addition to the common interests of closely related life, it enables us to love as *Christian* brethren, and to be not only solicitous for each other's temporal happiness in the highest degree, but to be most earnestly desirous to assist each other's attainment in the greatest possible measure of future and everlasting felicity and glory.

There is then sufficient reason for the pleasure that I feel at hearing from yourself the blessed intelligence of your soul's prosperity; it is an accession of good in which I have an interest; it forms the theme of fresh adoration and new praises to our Immanuel; it might well be the subject of mutual congratulation in the family; and, having brought you into increased communion with God, as well as into a nearer resemblance of his moral image, it affords fresh evidence of the freedom of divine grace, and of its sufficiency to prepare *me*, your fellow-

sinner, for celestial glory. I do therefore most cordially comply with your invitation, to unite with you in commencing a song of grateful, humble, fervent praise, which shall continue to sound, when 'rolling years shall cease to move!'

Your late experience of increased power to seek and to enjoy God, illustrates the assertion, that a Christian must have his pardon constantly renewed, and that the witness of the Spirit must be given, not once only, but daily and perpetually; since no security against the advancing power of lukewarmness can be given but the abiding testimony of the Spirit of truth to the soul's adoption: and this is sufficient, because it is necessarily accompanied by the fruits of the Spirit, which are principles implanted in the heart, stimulating to zealous activity, and ensuring happy proficiency. It must be under the guidance of this Spirit, that you have advanced so as to feel saved from the things which once had dominion over you, and excited to earnest desire after the fulness of God. Go on, for it is impossible that He should lead you wrong; and as He brings you to long for the direct witness that you are perfected in love, He will likewise bestow on you the blessing itself; for it is He himself who bears the testimony.

I have filled my sheet without having informed you of the state of my own experience: the mercy exercised toward a poor rebellious sinner, will through eternity, form the burden of a constant song of praise; such mercy has been shewn to me, and such a song I hope to join, whenever I shall enter on the untried realities of a future state. I have not yet entered into the rest of perfect love; my faith in Jesus is yet weak and wavering too. Oh! when shall I be satisfied? for satisfied I am not. 'When I awake with thy likeness,' O my God!

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

Wednesday, 20th.—This day I left Marsh-Court, the residence of the hospitable Robert Bemman, Esq., for Gloucester, whither I arrived in safety, and found myself again at home in the house of my friend Wheeler. I left one home for another, and found brethren in each: so graciously has the Lord opened the hearts of his people to a poor, wandering, invalid stranger in the flesh, who however is made by unbounded grace, a partaker of the same privileges as they possess, and a fellow-heir of the same mercy in Christ Jesus.

Mr. B.* is a man of peculiar manners, habits, circumstances, and abilities; he is possessed of more than ordinary talents, which set him on an eminence to which his neighbours must look up, and confess their own inferiority; with a genius quite mechanical, his fancy is

* I should not have ventured to expose these remarks on Mr. B.'s character to the public eye, but that gentleman is now no more. See a brief account of him in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for 1822, page 814.—A. B.

inventive, and his mind very inquisitive ; he is almost always trying at something as yet untried ; and the result of his investigation and efforts has been the production of some valuable improvements in agriculture ; for two or more, I think, of these he has obtained patents,—for a peculiar kind of plough, and for something else. He tills his land on a singular principle. You, my sister Sarah, have observed that ploughed lands in general are wholly occupied by the growing seed, excepting only the spaces between the ridges of ground which are highest in the middle ; there must of course be a vast expenditure of seed in thus covering the whole face of the ground, and the quantity of plants growing, must necessarily exhaust the land of its prolific qualities ; indeed this is so much the case, that every fourth year the land is generally relieved altogether from bearing, or else bears those plants only which tend rather to replenish than to exhaust its resources. One might naturally expect that the land so fully employed would be compelled to yield its utmost benefit to the grower ; this however, according to the principle on which Mr. B. cultivates, is not the case ; and strange as it may appear, by occupying scarcely a third of his ground, he raises a larger average crop of grain than those who, by tilling on the common plan, cover the whole with seed ; but this is not the only advantage, more of course than two thirds of the seed is saved for the mill ; and besides this, as the land is not excessively exhausted, there is no need of wasting a third or fourth year, and thus an entire crop is added to the general produce. This statement of the business will not satisfy you, if you feel interested in what differs so materially from the delicacy of your needle-work or the tastiness of your mode of using the grain when put into your hands in the form of flour or bread. Supposing however that you do feel interested in the relation, I will explain a little : two things you know, are especially needful for the free cultivation and the perfection of a plant ; the one is *room* to grow in, and the other *air* to inhale, as it were ; and from this, you are aware that every living thing derives a principal part of its subsistence. If a grain of wheat have not sufficient *room*, it must be cramped and unable to exercise its powers ; this is plain enough : and if it have not enough *air*, it will be comparatively sickly, and from this cause its powers of propagation must be in some degree restricted in their office. Now it is evident that both these causes unite their influence in a field of wheat upon the common plan ; since the entire occupation of the ground by seeds must throw them close together, and the thickness of their growth, if it do not diminish the quantity of air in circulation among them, which I think it must, leaves a less proportion for each plant to absorb, because of the number among which the entire quantity is divided. From this reasoning it appears that could the plants have more room, they would be at liberty to occupy all the ground necessary, and at the same time they

would have larger supplies of air to imbibe, the moisture, and caloric or heat, of which, are essentially necessary to their growth and fruitfulness; for these reasons, as the roots of grain do not extend themselves without shooting upwards, a single grain, spreading its roots and at every proper place sending forth a blade, will in the end throw up a much larger number of stalks than it could, were it more confined.

On this principle then, Mr. B. cultivates;—he turns up ridges of earth about eighteen inches distant from each other, and about eighteen inches wide in themselves; upon these ridges, flattened on the top, he sows two rows of seed, three or four inches the one from the other; and by his sowing machine apportions about 130 grains to a yard of earth; so that from the centre of one ridge to that of the next is a distance of about three feet. Thus then the ground is occupied, and there is plenty of room for the grains to spread, and plenty of air to feed them; and thus are even larger crops on the average produced, than on the common method, and thus too the ground can never be exhausted, but it can at any time be manured or ploughed between the ridges, and by occupying the space between those ridges, the next year the farmer may go as it were into new ground.

The relation of an experiment which Mr. B. made in his garden will give you a better understanding of what has been said than you will otherwise secure. He took three or four fine ears of corn, rubbed out the grains and planted them 12 inches apart in rows 4 feet from each other, these all grew and produced this last harvest most astonishingly; the rows were entirely filled, so that the grains singly occupied a space of 12 inches in diameter, and raised from 50 to 100 stalks, each of which of course produced an ear; so that some of the grains must have produced at least a thousand fold. I myself saw the stumps after the wheat was cut, and pulled up several branches to satisfy myself that they were from but one root. Mr. B. told me, though I have now forgotten, the quantity of wheat produced by the whole three or four ears, but it must have been immense.

How strikingly does this illustrate the munificence of the Divine Creator! The prolific powers with which he has endowed the various agents,—the embryo—the body of the seed—the earth—the air—the water—the sun—all combining in the propagation of plants, are capable of a production almost indefinable and altogether unascertained. But especially, how striking is the illustration thus given, of an entire dependence on him! The seed, in all the progress of its growth, needs his careful management and constant observance, since the nip of the frost, or the invasion of a bird, or the insinuation of an earth-insect, that destroys a single seed, may in that one seed annihilate the energies that would produce a thousand. Besides, there are secrets in the art of cultivation which he can, if he please, for ever keep from human investigation, but which he can reveal to whom he chooses,

and thus lessen the toil and better the condition of his rebellious, yet depending creatures. So great is the wisdom and the power of the great Artificer, Him who has 'created the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire, and that brought forth an instrument for his work!'

But to return to Mr. B.: his habits and manners are peculiar. You know the difference which I make between habits and manners? By the former I mean those methods of *private living* which either dispositions, or events, or both, determine; and by the latter, those peculiarities of *behaviour to others* which habits produce: the first relates to the treatment of *self*; the second, to the treatment of *other persons*.

Mr. B. is, what would in many cases be termed, careless of his person, but he is rather studious of convenience in his dress; and his notions of convenience differ in many respects from those of other men. He is reflective, and does nothing without thought, and he can assign a reason for every thing that he does. He is resolute too, and therefore persevering in plans that to him appear reasonable: on this account he has remained firm in the pursuance of his own views, when his conduct in this respect has brought upon him the scoffs of his neighbours. This firmness of mind has been of incalculable value to him, as some of the most important of his plans in business have required its exercise; and still more than any of these, the pursuit of salvation has rendered it eminently necessary.

What a pity it is that the estimate of the worth of many well informed and amiable persons must be lowered by an indecision of mind, which more or less prevails in all their engagements! It arises from an inglorious shrinking from the toil of meeting, and opposing, and surmounting difficulties, and with this there is always a corresponding inclination to invite pleasure at any expense. It is a shivering effeminacy that will sink and hide itself in a bed of down, when honour, duty, and religion point to the post of danger, and call for unyielding boldness in the severest exposure.

Yet I have never met a person more really solicitous after truth and propriety than Mr. B. is, nor one more tremblingly alive to the sensations which are excited by the pressure of apparent reason. To me he seems wonderfully freed from the dominion of prejudice, willing and even desirous to hear arguments opposed to his own opinions, and ready to admit the conviction which sound reasoning, when discovered by him as such, would carry home to his mind. But I think that Religion chiefly has produced this in him; if I mistake not, he was once conceited; but the clear discoveries that he has made of the insufficiency of his own mind for directing him in the pursuit of solid felicity, an object which he has always been endeavouring to attain, have mortified his views of his own wisdom, and blasted the expectations which he had originally raised upon it. He now sits at the feet of his Lord with the Bible in his hand, praying for divine light, and

teaching, and guidance, and simply looking for and enjoying 'the peace which the world can neither give nor take away.' About every part of his dwelling sufficient evidences exist that no 'one of woman-kind' presides over the domestic concerns of his family, distributing order, and dispensing *extra* comforts, cleanliness, security, and needful economy. He is not a Batchelor. I can scarcely think mercifully of the man who, either from penuriousness, or inability to confine his affections and to settle them, as well as his person and property, on *one* female, remains voluntarily in a state of seclusion and celibacy; selfish and unsocial, he is fit for scarcely any thing; and seldom does he much beside sink his own ponderous and useless weight in the fluctuating sea of human business, and in the whirling eddy thus caused absorb and injure the money or the morals of his neighbours. It is to be hoped, and I readily believe, that all Batchelors are not of this description. There are some whom the most social soul would find no difficulty in pardoning; he, for instance, who loved with ardour, and with purest purposes, whose heart glowed with expectation on which heaven and earth seemed to smile approving; but who suddenly had the object of his affections snatched away by some unlooked for dispensation,—a dispensation of Providence, to which he bends with all the submission that he can exercise, but retires to cherish in his memory, to weep over, and to improve. Or, he whose heart, fixed on some favourite object, indulges a secret, fond, but anxious hope that circumstances, at present unfavourable and absolutely forbidding, will one day prove more propitious; but who, amidst his speculations and his strivings, sees the treasure he longed to possess borne off by one more happy than himself; and therefore, finding that he cannot love another equally, is unwilling to render a partner unhappy by yielding her only the half of his affections. Or, he who loves, but is not able from his circumstances to make a competent provision for a partner's happiness; he burns with a noble resolution to accomplish his object, he strives to get forward in the world to make room for one whom he values more highly than himself; but he is disappointed in his efforts, his strivings are all thwarted, and still he lags behind contending with hopeless obstacles; yet still, with true greatness of mind, he determines not to make the object of his fondest affections the victim of complicated misfortunes and distresses, *because he loves her*. Such persons as these, instead of meriting ridicule, scorn, and obloquy, rather stand the monuments of their own virtue in misfortune; and the tale of their sorrows is the inscription fastened to them, which calls forth from the feeling peruser the tear of sympathy and the prayer for support.

But Mr. B.'s is, if possible, a worse case than either of these: he is a *widower*. He was united to a young lady whom he tenderly loved, and who returned an equal affection; the union was however of but

short duration, she was soon attacked by consumption; and in a short time, a few months only, she expired in his arms. His heart was formed for friendship, and a shock like this he could not prevent himself from deeply feeling; the strong marks of sorrow are even now fixed in his face, never, I suppose, to be erased but by that process in the grave which shall raise the body in newness of appearance as well as life. This event occurred too while as yet he had no God at whose footstool to lay the account of his sorrow; and of course he had no support from the consolations of real piety. Never have I seen an instance in which the wreck of promising expectations has a more striking monument reared to perpetuate its memory, than there is in the appearance, and the house, of this once afflicted, but now happy man. He had laid out about £2,000 in additions and repairs to the original dwelling, and he had spared no expense in fitting it out for the comfort of his intended spouse; two parlours, which I particularly noticed, are elegantly finished and furnished with beautiful accompaniments. The house was yet incomplete when he married, nor was it finished when death deprived him of her for whom it was all intended; in that very condition it remains to this hour; like one having received a blow which stupifies him, he has not suffered a stroke more to be done to it; it is abandoned to the rats and mice: he seldom enters the beautiful part of his mansion, except when it is enlivened by the presence of unusual company; but he lives in the kitchen part, surrounded by his ploughmen and boys. Full five years have thus elapsed; and whether any alteration will take place is quite uncertain, as he is now forty years of age, and there is no appearance nor probability of his being inclined to marry again. He gave me much of his history, for we conversed without reserve, and I strenuously urged him to procure the help of an elderly woman as his house-keeper, to preserve his beautiful abode and furniture from complete ruin; and I also expressed a sincere wish that Providence would send him another affectionate wife, who might be the partner of his later comforts, and the soother of his remaining sorrows.

To add however to the gloom of the sad picture which I have sketched, another circumstance must be mentioned, the death of Mr. B.'s Mother. This happened little more than twelve months since. She was the only one beside himself remaining of the family; having resided with him since his marriage, and governed for him since the death of his wife, she was as it were a second time a Mother to him, and a second time endeared; her too he was compelled to resign, and that under circumstances truly painful, since his almost only natural tie to earth then seemed rent asunder. The result of these successive strokes in their influence on his mind was most gracious; and a concise detail of the most important particulars of the change effected will relieve the painful sympathy into which you are perhaps by this time sunk.

Mr. B. was not favoured with pious Parents, nor with a good education, either as it regards religion, or the elements of literature ; with the various follies and sins of youthful days he partially mingled the avocations of business and the pursuits of pleasure ; he engaged in pleasure, because it interested his attention by the promises of gratification which it set before him ; but it was only a partial engagement, because his understanding revolted against it, and the taste which he had ventured to try quickly disgusted him. But then, as he himself frankly and properly acknowledges, this was not to be ascribed to any peculiar goodness of natural propensity, but to the early impression on his mind, by the Holy Spirit, of two things especially,—a regard for prayer and the sabbath-day, and an insatiable desire after real happiness. The one kept him from many flagrant breaches of the Divine laws, which were common among those around him ; and the other excited the spirit of investigation, which perpetually haunted his private as well as his public walks in life, and it never could be laid asleep again by all the charms of criminal joviality, or the appeals of a qualifying and deceptive sophistry. In vain he sometimes accepted the invitations of his less cautious and less enquiring companions to join them in their sports ; to him those sources of enjoyment afforded no consolation equal in power to the too smarting accusations of a guilty conscience. He was compelled, though he wished and laboured to avoid it, to come to a conclusion at once humiliating to his pride, and apparently opposed to his temporal interests ; it was that the felicity, which he had been so long endeavouring to secure from any other source, is to be derived from genuine religion alone. ‘ I saw myself,’ these are substantially his own words, ‘ disappointed like a fool after a tedious pursuit of many years. I was possessed of every advantage to facilitate my enjoyments. I was thought almost a prodigy of wisdom in the country, even in early years ; hence my company was courted, and I could see myself every where admired, I was esteemed almost an oracle by the ignorant, and as my agricultural knowledge augmented and improved, the intelligent thought me ingenious. I could go into any hall of common respectability in our neighbourhood, and select any partner, and lead out her whom I chose without hazarding a refusal or even a dispute ; and I was in circumstances that would allow me to look any where around the country, and choose for myself a partner for life. But amidst all I was wretched, for nothing was sufficient to satisfy a conviction that something else,—something spiritual,—was wanted. I looked at the Clergyman of the parish where I lived at that time, and often attempted to justify myself by his example, but this effort was futile. I knew that he was a wretched man, who had taken upon himself the office he sustained merely for the profit which it brought to his purse ; and that he did not believe the doctrines which he propounded from the pulpit ; for he

would commit any vice with me and my companions : I concluded, therefore, that in real religion there must be something that he knew nothing of.'

This he resolved to obtain, and he sought for it as the way opened before him, or as spiritual light was communicated to enable him to understand the way of salvation; not indeed with *perfect readiness*, for every point was contested in his own mind, and repeatedly considered before it was yielded up: this necessarily occupied much time, since no external means were employed by the Holy Spirit to directly strike conviction to his heart; but from the beginning it was accomplished by reflection matured from a first thought into sentiment and resolution. The death of his wife certainly tended to loosen his affections from the world, and gave an opportunity for the deepening of former impressions, and the excitement of new ones; so that before the removal of his Mother into another world, he became sensible that a change of heart was necessary, that a reconciliation with God was essential, and that real spirituality of mind was indispensable to his happy exit into eternity. Thus then, a truly interesting state of moral feeling was induced; and this, instead of fixing immediately on his own mind as its first subject, was transferred to his dear Parent, whom he saw daily declining, and who was at the same time utterly unfit to pass through the awful change that awaited her.

Pharisaism and worldliness held this unhappy lady in the severest mental bondage; she was 'alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that was in her;' and what was most injurious to her own mind and painful to the feelings of her son, was, that when he introduced the subject that lay near his heart, and talked of the insufficiency of earthly things, and the danger of dying unpardoned and unrenewed, she would suffer her anger to arise, and she would repel his remarks by the charge of unkindness, or the imputation of ingratitude for her labours in his behalf. Thus he endeavoured to inform her of the danger of her soul, until hope of success was almost extinguished in his breast. But here his natural resolution came in to his aid, and a plan at once decisive, difficult, and singular, suggested itself, was approved, and adopted at the expense of every thing which seemed to oppose: it was the introduction of Methodist preaching into his house. This was expressly designed for his Mother's benefit. He fitted up a room, brought the Preachers to conduct the services of public worship, and set them especially to encounter his Mother's prejudices. This act of real filial piety was approved by Heaven, a blessing followed, and the tears which flowed from the eyes of the son at the death of his Mother were of grief and joy commingled; grief for his own loss, and joy from a reasonable hope that the change put her into the possession of unspeakable gain.

But wherever grace is exercised toward men by their beneficent

Creator, He is not satisfied with merely gratifying their wishes, He exceeds their desires: there is a quality of benevolence in that grace which makes it *perpetually restless to communicate good*; it may be known from all other principles of benevolence by its always abounding. The means employed by Mr. B. for the purpose of effecting his Mother's salvation were made through the super-abounding grace of God, the instrumental cause of his own; the preaching of the Methodists discovered to him the privilege of present pardon and acceptance by believing in Jesus, 'Him that justifieth the ungodly;' as a helpless sinner he did cordially receive the Saviour as thus offered him, and 'his faith was then immediately accounted unto him for righteousness;' he felt relieved from his burden; not only was he saved from condemnation, but blest with the fruits of faith, 'joy and peace through believing,' and the super-added testimony of the Spirit to his adoption, and the various fruits of the Spirit as concomitant evidences. Now he found that for which, during thirty-five years, he had been unsuccessfully seeking: here, therefore, his decision of mind was supremely valuable; he at once joined the Methodist society, met in class, separated from his gay companions, endured and despised their opprobrious ridicule, and boldly confessed the Lord when in their company, invariably enjoying the satisfaction of being able to confound and convict them when drawn into an argument on the propriety of his conduct. I was much delighted, and rejoiced to hear, that my dear friend P. Turner was made the honoured instrument of communicating the glorious intelligence which led Mr. B. to a believing view of Jesus.

Mr. B. is now a leader of a class, a steward, and a main pillar in the visible church of the Circuit in which he lives; and he has likewise lately begun to speak in the name of his Lord, to those who in the deepest ignorance are perishing around him. He now, in his own view, lives in the world rather for others than for himself, and from this conviction only he makes numerous and weighty sacrifices to obey what he esteems the call of God. Although he goes, as yet, no farther than to *exhort* his hearers, his good understanding, reasoning mind, real piety, and ardent love for dying souls warrant the expectation that he will be, at least in a local capacity, an excellent and useful *Preacher*.

Sunday, 24th. — It was fully my intention to leave Gloucester yesterday; but Mr. W. having received intelligence from a distance that a relative had experienced an apoplectic seizure, and was then lying dangerously ill, it was judged expedient that Mr. and Mrs. W. should leave G. on Friday, and that I should stay till their return, which they thought might be deferred for a few days. It took place, however, yesterday, and they were highly pleased at having found their relative somewhat relieved, but enquiring after a preparation for

another world. Mr. Byron having invited me to assist him in the public duties of this day, I preached in the afternoon from John xvii. 25.; but I was agitated with a fear that my soul was not in simplicity designing the glory of God; and this tended, in some measure, to intimidate and cramp my mind; yet, on the whole, it was a good time, and I was blest: but the improper length and loudness of the sermon, combined with a good deal of talk afterwards, at the house of a friend with whom I took tea, greatly exhausted and even distressed me, so that I fear my health will suffer from it. I suppose you are ready to exclaim against my folly, as I myself did: you wonder that I have not learnt more prudence, and are ready, if distance, and your own *sisterly kindness*, did not prevent you, to *box my ears*. Very well, I readily accept the will for the deed, set it to your account as duly performed, and acquit you of all further obligation.

The conversation turned upon a subject of some considerable importance, and this involved me, before I was aware, in a disputation which so much the more diminished my strength than would otherwise have been done. Some observations on the morning's discourse relating to the extent of diabolical influence in the commission of sin, originated a cautionary remark from one of the company, inculcating the exercise of diligent care lest that which is strictly chargeable on *self* should be placed to the account of *Satan*, and thus the due conviction of *self* be improperly parried. This drew from a gentleman present a declaration of his belief that all sin is chargeable on the devil; that, in fact, the terms are almost synonymous, and that sin is the devil in action. Another expressed his accordance with the sentiment just uttered, and added his opinion, that to the commission of sin the presence of Satan is necessary; and that, were the devil annihilated, it would not be in the power of man to commit sin. A third avowed his conviction that such sentiments are utterly incorrect, and intimated his persuasion that his friends would find them untenable by reason, and opposed to the Scriptures. With this conviction your brother concurred. The challenge being thus given the contest commenced; it was of course managed with affection, and closely pursued, but with evidences sufficiently numerous of deficiency of logical skill in all the parties concerned. I shall not give you my own observations, but content myself with sketching the argument as it was conducted by two of the other combatants.

The *onus* resting on Mr. A. of stating reasons for differing from his friends, he wished to enquire, 'Whether his friends believed that Satan possesses a personal and separate existence; and then, whether sin likewise possesses a personal and separate existence?'

Mr. B. replied to this effect:—'Both terms are expressive of the same spirit; and that spirit has a personal existence, separate from all others.'

Mr. A.—‘Have the goodness then to account for the origin and progress of evil, moral and natural, in the world, on the hypothesis that sin, which we all admit is the instrumental cause, and Satan, are terms expressive of a spirit having a personal and separate existence.’

Mr. B.—‘Sin was introduced into the hearts of our first Parents by the presence of Satan, and maintained there by the dominion which he usurped in their hearts; the act of sin, as it met the concurrence of their will, was criminal in them, and punishable by the divine law; but all sin originated with Satan. That his influence is known wherever sin is committed, is evident from the universal prevalence of temptation, a prevalence so entire and constant that no one, in a state of natural alienation from God, is divested of proofs every moment arising of the presence of a superior, spiritual, and demoralising influence. And there seems too additional evidence of this in the struggles made by a true believer, often unsuccessfully, to be freed from the power of sin which reigns within him.’

Mr. A.—‘Your principal arguments then are drawn from the facts that Satan is the author of sin in the human soul, and that his influence is universally felt nourishing and maturing it. Will you yet satisfy a doubt in my mind as to whether you regard sin as expressive of the person of Satan, or as some quality residing in his nature without which his existence is incomplete, or as some attribute which has fallen out to him since his creation?’

Mr. B.—‘Certainly as that which has fallen out to him since his creation.’

Mr. A.—‘I perceive that you have resorted to this definition in order to avoid what must be consequent from the other; for if sin were a quality essential to his existence, the principle, as well as the results of its operation, would be chargeable on the Great Creator of all beings. But, as you adopt the other definition, you give up the point in hand; for if sin be not essential to the nature of the spirit we call Satan, but have become resident in him since his creation, it follows that sin is separable from him; consequently that it is something distinct from him; and therefore, that sin and Satan are not terms synonymous and expressive of the same thing or person.’

Mr. B.—‘Please to observe that, although sin is not essential to the existence of the person of Satan as part of his original nature, yet it is essential to him in the character of a devil.’

Mr. A.—‘With this I readily coincide, for the remark favours not your opinion, but my own; since you admit by it that sin is no person at all, but that it is something the reception of which by a spiritual being, or its attachment to him, has altered, not his person as a spirit, but his moral principles and character. This agrees well with the clear definition of sin given by the inspired Apostle,—“Sin

is the transgression of the law." Sin then is not a person, but an action of the mind or body by which some divine precept is wholly transgressed. A distinction of importance must however be made between the act which is properly *sin*, and the evil principle which excites to that act, and which, on account of its moral evil, is termed *sin*,—"It is no more I that do it, but *sin* that dwelleth in me." It is evident that this principle is not Satan himself, because they feel it in whom the dominion of Satan is destroyed: a justified person, who is of course liberated from the slavery in which he was subjected, and put in possession of grace, by which he is freed from all condemnation, has yet a principle of evil remaining in him, which Satan may solicit without its obtaining dominion; that principle is a depravity of moral motives and actions,—a corruption of affections,—derived, it is true, through the agency of Satan, but residing in that spirit which commits sin, of whatever order it may be; and therefore sin, being neither a person nor a spirit, but either a principle or an action, is not the devil, and may exist independently of him. So that whatever views you, my friend, may have of your own heart, I have no more charity for you than I have for myself and all the rest of mankind in this respect; but I must conclude that were there no devil from this moment to present a temptation, or to be any more near you, your heart, of course taking into the opposition the absence of all assistance of a corrective tendency, would still be governed by sinful principles; and conduct, leading to the breach of every Divine precept and to inevitable misery, would be the result. For, unless this be admitted, the most dangerous doctrines are deducible from the opinions which you have broached: let it be allowed that Satan has absolute dominion of the heart, and that sin is the devil in action; or, in other words, that the power which holds possession of the heart irresistibly draws to the commission of every act of hostility against God; and it follows that no sin is chargeable on the human agent. Again, admit that sin would not be committed but for the presence and influence of the devil controlling the human subject; and it follows that there is no innate moral depravity,—no corruption of the heart, such as is implied in the doctrine of original sin. Once more, admit that the devil, Satan himself, is the author of every sin committed, and that without his presence no sin would be committed, and yet that sin is at every moment committed in all parts of the earth; and you ascribe to him an attribute of Deity—omnipresence: in denying this, if you ascribe sin to the agency of a number of devils, you give up your original point, that sin is inseparable from Satan himself."

Eastington, Saturday, 30th.—My friends here think me worse than when I left them for Gloucester, and they appear to regard me as approaching the confines of another world. Well! what shall I do

now? Suppose these apprehensions should be realised, a change is coming upon me, which is at once strange, and infinitely momentous; all my dreams of creature-happiness vanish as despicable illusions, before the dawn of eternity: there is something extremely penetrating in that light, and the representation of things which it gives, is widely different from that given by carnal and depraved reflection. But whence the coolness with which I contemplate these things? I stand and look at my soul, with the light of eternity blazing full upon it;—a light which darting from the eye of Divine Omniscience, pierces through all things;—and yet I am not terrified! Nor is this because I perceive no stains of pollution, nor traces of guilt upon that soul, for it is covered with moral depravity, and guilt claims it to devour, with ceaseless gnawing, as its lawful prey. Is it then because I am sunk into an insensible apathy? I think not, for I cultivate the most searching recollections; I pray for a deliverance from all delusion, and for a clear though painful discovery, if needful, of my real state, as the knowledge of Jehovah comprehends it. But I love God, sincerely, though feebly, I do love Him. All my soul tells me this; He Himself will acknowledge it. I have ‘fled for refuge to the hope set before me’ in the gospel; and now ‘strong consolation’ is ensured to me by ‘two immutable things,’—the word and the oath of God. I believe that it is *ensured*, for that faith which is revealed as the condition of salvation, I do exercise with all my power. Why then should terror be felt? Faith, though poor in its degree, is yet exerted; and hence though guilt demands me as its prey, yet it does not prevail with Jesus; and corruption, though it covers me still, and is felt pervading my moral system, I am persuaded shall be overcome and entirely destroyed; for the grace which I expect will accomplish this work, has already produced some miraculous changes in awakening and justifying me, and I conclude its ability to effect this other in addition, and thus to completely prepare me for heaven and God.

Sunday, 31st.—My weakness of body is considerable and increasing; the weather to-day is damp and gloomy, and for the first time, during a long period of my life, am I compelled to stay from the house of God, on account of illness. My soul however is not inactive; as though anticipating its removal, it seems anxious to make every requisite preparation; the indispensable need of its possessing a clearer evidence of the stability of its faith than it has hitherto enjoyed, leads it this morning to wrestle earnestly with God for satisfaction on the subject. A delightful view was given me just now, of the sufficiency of the Saviour’s atonement. What shall support me, I cried; in the consciousness of deserved wrath, when I feel that no self-righteousness can avail any thing, and that I have no righteousness at all? Nothing,—nothing, will avail but the sacrifice of the Great Mediator. But this is sufficient;—that sacrifice was satisfactory;—God Himself ordained

it!—God Himself offered it!—God Himself accepted it! The resurrection of Jesus from the dead, His ascension, and His admittance into heaven, have set the broad seal of demonstration to the validity of His priesthood, and the perfection of His sacrifice. Oh! this is an atonement! My guilty soul raising its dejected eyes at the Divine Justice, and fearful with reason of meeting an everlasting repulse, sees not the lowering clouds of wrath, nor the fearful purposes of vengeance, but the smile of infinite complacency darting and penetrating into its inmost recesses a peaceful serenity, and an humble, thankful, joy. Thus does my blessed Redeemer save me; and I feel a ten-fold pleasure in knowing that I would not part with my salvation for that which would arise, were I put forcibly into possession of Heaven-Glory,—glory be to God that He may be *just*, while I am a *sinner saved*! Yes, the sacrifice of Jesus, is an *atonement*: my own fears meet there the Divine purposes of grace, and are *at one* with them. It appears amiable to me, not merely as the only alternative from condemnation and death, but I can desire no more than is there supplied; every thing is there that should have been taken into account. Yes, it is an *atonement*, it has made the divine throne accessible by me, it draws me in the most forcible manner by the powerful representation which it gives of the first love of God to love Him in return, it brings me into communion with the infinite Sovereign, it emboldens me to speak to Him, it enables me to hold converse with Him, it draws me into contact with God, so that I know Him, and feel Him, and see Him ever and everywhere present; it unites me to Him, it brings me to the place where He is, and as it were plunges me unhesitating into the ocean illimitable and unfathomable of His fatherly and loving presence, where I am swallowed up in Him, truly and really *at one* with God!

All this I have more than usually felt this evening while approaching the throne of God, in company with a young and an aged saint; the latter prayed so sweetly that I was delighted, so powerfully that I felt a present God, and so believingly that I was almost overwhelmed with a blessing from above. Our souls mingled with each other, and we were altogether wrapped in the presence of a forgiving, quickening, purifying God. Jesus is already made of God to me my wisdom,—from Him, I derive all my valuable information respecting another world,—respecting pardon, peace, holiness and God:—He is my wise Instructor. He is made of God to me righteousness too,—His blood as the meritorious cause, is the ground of my righteous pardon and adoption, upon believing in Him, and this I do at the present moment; if I never believed before, I do now believe with all my heart; this appeal has saved me a thousand times from sinking into despondency; God the Father attests the truth of my acceptance with Him by pouring His love into my soul, and God the Spirit continues the enjoyment

of it, by quickening me to a further watching for increased power and holiness. Jesus shall be made of God to me my sanctification, and 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my first change come' from mortality to corruption, as it respects my body, and from faith to vision, as it respects my soul; and when my second change arrives, from corruption into immortal glory, and from the vision of Paradise into the full fruition of God, then shall I prove, that Jesus is 'made of God unto me not only wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, but also full redemption.'

And now the sabbath closes! During the time of divine service, the evening has been spent in interesting religious conversation with my kind friend Miss H., who is evidently growing in grace, and in whose heart the Lord is graciously reviving His work. He has shown her the evil of living at a distance from Him, and of endeavouring to be satisfied with obscure and doubtful experience; she sees and laments her past unfaithfulness, but now rejoices in the knowledge of salvation, and in the clear witness of the Spirit to her adoption; she thirsts for usefulness, resolves to be wholly dedicated to God, and believes it her privilege and feels it her duty to be entirely sanctified. These circumstances, accompanied by evidently increased spirituality of mind and conduct, are convincing evidences of the reality and the progress of the gracious work, which God has begun in her soul. May she 'follow on to know the Lord;' and may every step of her advance, more fully confirm her in her attained grace, and more strikingly form her into the likeness of God!

But the sabbath closes! It has indeed been a day of rest to my soul. Truly gracious was the appointment of a seventh part of our time to holy services, recollections of the utmost importance crowd upon the mind devoted to admit them; the brevity of human life, the obligations of a dependent creature, the greatness of a rational mind, the value of an immortal soul, the privileges of revealed religion, and especially the emblem of those celestial enjoyments, which are the sabbath that remains for the people of God, are topics, which with all the variety of contemplation that each of them affords, may transfix the Christian mind through the successive hours of the day, and guide it into a train of profound and profitable meditation; how can it be possible that while subjects of such unequalled moment wait for the minds of men, they can have the folly and the hardihood to trifle away the moments allotted for investigation? Good God! pity,—Oh, pity those who are under the dreadful infatuation which produces a love of sin, contempt of thy word and the ordinances of thy religion, and the most ungrateful use of all thy countless blessings! Pity especially the wretched creatures, intoxicated even to madness, by the potions which the fiend of hell administers, who endeavour to hurry with impious hands the ordinances, altars, and various institutions of religion,

and even thy throne itself, into one common undistinguishable ruin! Oh, pity and forgive their guilty souls! But rise to defend thy own cause, and blast the dreadful designs of these disturbers of thy Church and the world!

But the sabbath closes! Its moments, though so precious, linger not, but follow close upon the heels of common time, whose rapid wings with ceaseless efforts clear away their path! They are gone for ever, and with them, the opportunity which they presented of adding to my stores of spiritual knowledge; the power which they gave of applying to practical purpose the knowledge previously gained, is likewise withdrawn; the permission which they offered to go to a throne of Grace, to cast my soul before it, to wrestle for needed mercy and assistance, and to prevail for special, as well as for common supplies, is now, together with every other advantage borne to me by those moments, for ever placed beyond my reach. Should I cast my eyes toward futurity, it is possible, though not certain, that the means of grace gone with this day will be repeated in their kind; they were certain in the moments which put it into my power to realise them, but now, they are mine no more and similar to them I perhaps shall never again possess. Nothing then can exceed the folly with which I am chargeable, if these moments have been suffered to pass unimproved. Let me look then at the present; and I see that—

Although *the sabbath closes*, it is not to be forgotten. Its moments would certainly have made an impression on my soul, had they been unimproved; but it would have been one, the gloom of whose appearance would be far more dismal than the shades of the cloudy night which now draws its sable horrors all around me; the stain of their impression would be too deep for the rolling floods of rivers to efface; the guilt would be too lasting for the drops which fall in quick succession from the overcharged clouds to wash away, even if all those drops collected were to supply the fountain of my tears with streams of penitence. Nor would this be all;—moments misimproved are abused;—they would not only leave their own impression on me, but go bearing on themselves the marks which I had inflicted; and whither? They would hasten to give in their report at the throne of the God who gave them, they would lay their accusations, and for proofs would shew the marks of my abuse upon them, the wounds, inflicted by me, in order to murder them. But is all this in truth the case with this day's moments?—No—no—it is not; conscience, which I have not bribed to deceive me, here acquits me. Some of them have been too much slighted, and the measure of holy attainment which I have made, compared with what I might have secured, while they gave the privilege, is not sufficiently large; but the day has been improved: with penitential feelings, I have appeared before reconciled justice, and confessed my past misconduct and my present worthlessness; it has

seemed to reply, that though penitence would be insufficient to avert its merited stroke, yet the sacrifice of my Divine Redeemer is accepted, and the account of it stands recorded as sufficient for me before the throne of Jehovah himself: with augmented pleasure have I approached the place whence I procured a mental vision of 'the Lamb as it had been slain;'—how sweet the views of His interfering grace!—how worthy of His love the return of my strongest confidence!—how boundless the benignity with which He stands as my Mediator, to remind the Almighty righteous Creator and Sovereign of the world that He died for me! I have learnt to-day to love Him more, and to praise Him in nobler and more fervent strains; and this day's moments are gone to give in *this report!*

Thus then while *the sabbath closes*, it is mine to bear witness of the goodness of my God; often have my painful apprehensions been excited from the view however distant, of the season when illness of body would compel my absence from the public means of grace; but God has been better to me than all my fears, and this day, which has brought upon me privations in this respect more extensive than I have ever before known, has afforded an opportunity for the condescension of Jehovah to follow a worm into its fearful and faithless retirement, and to assure him of his changeless attention, unbounded power, and affectionate fidelity. This act of wondrous goodness compels conviction and fills my soul with increased confidence.

'Should nature fail, and darkness hide the stars,
'And cover with a sable veil the sun,
'Unchang'd and fixed the truth of God remains,
'Nor knows the least decay. Here will I rest
'With full assurance and unshaken faith.'

Once more I have to break off the narrative of my Brother's Journal in order to insert the following affectionate letter to his second sister.

Eastington, Nov. 2, 1819.

MY SISTER P.

IT is a pleasure to me to answer your short, but truly affectionate epistle; with feelings correspondent to those with which you regarded me when writing, I can say that it is truly delightful to have any intercourse with those to whom affection has peculiarly attached us; while engaged in this exercise the mind feels at home, and freed from the restraints which paralyse its efforts and repel its extensive

movements in all its *common* intercourse; it breathes, as it were, a pure and bracing atmosphere, which redeems its enjoyments from suffocation by disgust of less pleasant scenes of occupation, and stimulates its powers to action, while in striving to communicate pleasure to the object of love, it reaps real advantage for itself, and treasures up with care the recollection of an engagement so profitable. Such intercourse, if it be maintained only at a distance, must however be productive of this double advantage; while it gives pleasure to the correspondent, it secures profit to self; and this advantage will be great in proportion to the importance of the subject of communication and the depth of interest felt in promoting the correspondent's benefit. Where too the subject is more mental than physical, more spiritual than earthly, or more celestial than sublunary, this advantage may be obtained with great additions; because such subjects, as they relate to the formation of the mind, or its preparation for another and a better world, are unequalled, yes, *absolutely unequalled* in their interest and importance.

Truly then there is evident propriety in denominating such a correspondence, as you do, *a retiring to converse*; the mingling of the spirits in affectionate regard seems to give real presence even to absent friends, and the interchange of sentiments by means of paper and ink is as really an expression of thoughts as any words can possibly give. One advantage which writing possesses over conversation is of considerable importance; it must make the expression of sentiment more deliberate than the rapidity of speaking will allow; and the sentiment thus expressed stands as a continuing memento of what was the deliberate opinion of the mind at the time it was penned. On this account I set a value particularly high upon the assurance which you have given me of your conviction that *substantial bliss is to be found only in the service of Immanuel*: this is a truth of the utmost importance to your felicity of feeling and of state, in time and through eternity; a conviction too that it is a truth is scarcely of secondary importance, since conviction deeply laid is the only sufficient *stimulus* to a successful pursuit of the bliss itself; and it should make our very souls weep to reflect, that the want of this conviction is the reason why our fellow-creatures, by thousands and millions, spend their best years 'walking in the vanity of their minds' in practices, deemed by them, in their thoughtless infatuation, sources of true enjoyment; while in reality they are visions in the extreme, and 'treasure up for them wrath against the day of wrath.'

How thankful then should you be, my dearest P., that this conviction is produced in your mind so early! The grace of God has taught you in the outset of life that which many around you spend their lives in learning at the dear rate of heart-rending experience; nay, at the expense of what is infinitely more valuable than their own feelings,

the purity of their consciences, the holiness of their lives, the blamelessness of their characters, and the safety of their souls !

I should wonder indeed, my P., if with this conviction influencing your own mind, you felt no solicitude that it should likewise possess your brother's ; and it produces no surprise in me, but it increases my estimation of my sister, to hear, that while she is pleased and thankful for the partial amendment in her brother's health, she rejoices more abundantly that he is still 'walking in the good old paths ;' this is the natural effect of your own conviction of the propriety and necessity of such conduct.

I do not hesitate to acknowledge that my firm conviction is similar to your own ; and thus we mutually rejoice in happiness derived from the same source ; we rejoice over each other, assured that such a commencement will if carried on, reach its own consummation,—'*eternal life* ;' we do yet more, for as we have thus deliberately expressed our opinion to each other, we have given an additional pledge to act according to our principles, through the whole of life. Oh ! let us be careful, by 'walking in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless,' by submitting to all the teachings, whether pleasing or disagreeable, of the Holy Spirit, and by living in the habit of resorting to the blood of sprinkling,—oh ! let us be careful to redeem that pledge.

By such an adherence to the truths of God we shall indeed secure happiness in an eminent degree, for the joys arising from communion with Him, will be most satisfactory ; yet so far from satiating the mind it will derive fresh vigour to desire, and fresh power to attain such joys. But joyous feelings will not be the only advantage secured by such a mode of life ; patience, that grace so peculiarly needed in such a world as this, will grow spontaneously, an evergreen of Paradise, in a Christian soil ; this will be ours in order to lessen the fatigues of labour, to diminish the excess of bitterness in suffering and distress, and in application to our greatest native weakness, to afford an evidence of the power of the grace that enables to 'endure as seeing Him who is invisible.'

But you say, in a manner, that at least intimates discouragement, that you sometimes take a view of your circumstances and temptations in the bloom of youth, when the world presents its alluring charms, and you are surrounded by the gay and thoughtless ; however it is this religion that will supply you with motives to induce, and with strength to enable you to surmount such obstacles, and, while you maintain your integrity, to prove more than conqueror. That which would lead you to draw discouragement from your circumstances is only a temptation ; you are placed in no circumstances whither the eye, the presence, and the sufficient grace of your Redeemer do not follow you, and then 'if God be for you, who can be against you ?'

It is this same conviction working effectually on your mind, (and this is experimental religion,) that leads you to 'long to be made useful,' and, in conformity with this desire, to labour to impress the minds of your companions with a sense of their duty, and the beauties of piety; and the partial success with which you have been favoured should be to you a most convincing evidence of the propriety of the endeavours you make, as well as a proof of the Divine approval; so that though the measure of your success may not equal your wishes, it should excite your gratitude, and be an effectual barrier against discouragement.

Upon the whole you have the greatest reason to abandon yourself, 1. To the grace of God, which has begun to work in you and for you; 2. To the pursuit of a larger degree of his love, and to the practice of applying more frequently, nay, incessantly to his free goodness in Christ Jesus; 3. To labours of usefulness in any way that Providence may open to you; and 4. To the conviction that you are the Lord's, that He has redeemed you, and that He is carrying on a work of grace in your soul which shall result in your eternal salvation. These things I would press upon you as necessary for the emboldening of your faith, to render you useful to others, and to enable you to exemplify in your experience the sweetness, and in your appearance the beauties of the religion of the adorable Jesus; they are necessary to give you sufficient vigour in opposing your adversaries, and especially to give you dominion over that terrible propensity to despondency, so natural to you, but so dishonourable to the grace and love of your ever-blessed Lord.

My health is not now quite so good as it has been, so that I am almost an entire prisoner; well, good is the will of the Lord! so have I hitherto found it, and I will not now repine; but in bonds or in freedom, in health or in sickness, in life or in death, in the present state or in the future, I am still

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

Journal Concluded.

Wednesday, Nov. 3rd.—By a person despatched from Gloucester I received a note communicating the very painful intelligence that Lydia, the infant daughter of my dear friends Wheeler, is no more. This note was written by Mr. W., and bears evident marks of severe perturbation; no wonder, I am sure they must feel their loss exquisitely; it was an only and a first-born, a beauty delicate as wax-work, and one might have taken it for the model on which the dolls sold in toy-

shops are manufactured ; it was very engaging, just able to distinguish things and persons ; when it smiled it seemed, but *only seemed*, a cherub ; yet, now it ceases to smile on earth, it is in *reality* a cherub. The exchange then, as far as its own state is concerned, is a happy one, inasmuch as the substance is more important than the shadow,—a reality more substantial than a mere appearance. But who can resist the grasp with which loveliness itself lays hold on the heart ? Or who can guard the avenues of his affections against the pleasing insinuations and the artless innocence of a smiling babe ? I cannot, nor do I envy the undomesticated sternness of him who can. Little Lydia made me feel as though I were—what ? I had almost said, her Father,—but I know not a Parent's feelings,—yet certainly as though I were her brother, and now I feel as though I had lost a sister, as though some string which nature had formed, and twined, and fastened round my heart, were not only *cut*, but *torn asunder and away*. What then must the Parents' feelings be ? At this moment perhaps wishing to regale themselves with the sight of those smiles that carried thrilling gladness through their souls, they check themselves half-asking where she is, or feeling as though they would impress upon their darling's face kisses similar to those which they had for months been able to give with a sort of rapture which *Parents only know* ;—then suddenly recollecting that those cheeks are cold,—those smiles are lost in death,—the feeling more than filling their hearts, bursts from their eyes in almost ceaseless torrents ; and scarcely are they thus relieved from the heavy surcharge which swelled and almost broke them. I do not,—cannot wonder at their grief. Were I near them now I would not tell them to dry their eyes,—I would not lay a *cruel interdict* upon a Father's or a Mother's feelings, for Heaven itself does it not ; the Lawgiver of heaven and earth, when incarnate and possessed of human affections and human passions in a human heart, expressed his distress by evidences, not to be mistaken,—‘ Jesus wept !’

Of all classes of men, my dear friends at G. have a right to weep, for they are *Christians* ; and the grace which they already have within them, and the Sacred Spirit who beholds them with ineffable benignity, who is pledged to be near to their assistance, and who is even thus accomplishing his own purposes in them, their sanctification and final glory,—these will preserve them from *insupportable* sorrow, and from murmuring imputations on the paternal care and affection of their God and Saviour. Oh ! Thou eternal and glorious Spirit, who *will* be, as it is thy *right* to be, the *only* Ruler of the heart of man, the *only* Object of his *largest* affections, the *only* Source of his *chief* joys, the *only* Boundary of his *best*, his *widest*, his *most animating* wishes and hopes, hear the fervent supplication of a friend for the intimate partners of his thoughts and regards,—hear him imploring for them that

patience under privation, which shall demonstrate them to be Christians,—that triumph in affliction, which shall abash the adversary of souls, and *glorify thy name*,—those abounding consolations, which shall make them lose their sorrows in the tide of spiritual enjoyment, that flows from thee, the exuberant Fountain,—that increased measure of self-devotion, which, while it *sinks them entirely* into the arms of thy disposal, shall be the means of their deriving from thee an *omnipotent* strength, by which they shall rise refreshed from this *labour of their souls* to yield their all to thee,—by which they shall rise superior to toils, to anxieties, to afflictions, to privations,—by which they shall rise above the power of spiritual adversaries, and thus be rendered more and more fit to receive the impress of that seal which shall secure them to thyself unto the day of redemption!

Oh! my dear Sarah, who would be a Parent, if such be the trials, the exercises, the distressing separations to which he is exposed? Or rather, who would *not* be a Parent if such be the privileges, the honours, the profits to which he is entitled? A Christian Parent raises a family that shall call him blessed; if he *lose* an *infant*, he *gives* a *child* to his God,—could Abraham give a surer evidence of his love? if he *lose* a *darling*, he *gives* to heaven a *favourite*; if he *lose* a *treasure*, he *studs his own Redeemer's crown* with a *spotless jewel*; if a *rose-bud wither* in his hand, while he delighted draws its fragrance, he *plants a flower* in the paradise of God which *shall live* with unfading bloom *for ever*. And exercises, however painful, sent by the great Head of the Church to his members, are designed to promote their spiritual profit, and some such exercises are necessary; the untried soul is too feeble to obey the Lord's command, couched in such emphatic words, because no others would express his meaning so fully; 'strive'—*αγωνίζεσθε*—'*agonise*' (a word borrowed from the prize-wrestlers in the Isthmian games, who were termed '*Agonistæ*,' from their straining every muscle even to *agony* in their contentions,) 'to enter in at the strait gate.' Or that of the inspired Apostle, who spake by the same Spirit; 'work out,'—*κατεργαζέσθε*,—'*labour intensely for*'—'*your own salvation*.' These exercises, duly administered under the careful observance of the all-wise and benevolent Captain of our salvation, are spiritually *athletic*; by habitual *exertion* they *inure* to *labour*, they teach to conquer, they give the power to triumph, and they add our trophies to our Captain's glory.

Scenes, my Sarah, like this, of prospects blasted, and of earthly pleasures the dearest and most innocent snatched away, are full of instruction to the mind of a Christian. From the eminence of observation to which his piety elevates him, viewing even at a distance the

changes which transpire in the busy world beneath him, he learns to rejoice that this world is in any measure put under his feet, and he sees the absolute necessity of treading it down yet more securely. Those changes in the course of their heedless round may involve his own concerns; a shock, convulsive as the agonies of quaking nature when she labours to disgorge the furious *passions* laid beneath her bosom, may shake the strong pillar of his own joys, and the firm foundation of his own hopes; then, how interesting the question,—Will they stand? He has passions which nature has collected and hidden beneath his bosom, furious indeed, and they must be expelled; and in the midst of the operation of those means, so *painful*, so *more-than-rending* as they sometimes are, which God employs to effect this desirable, this *essentially-necessary* object, if his faith penetrating futurity lay hold on the *altar* or the *throne* of God, and enable him to ‘endure as seeing Him who is invisible;’ happy—happy is he!

Nor is this all, while he is looking at those vicissitudes from the station which he occupies, they involve no impenetrable mysteries to him; though to those persons engaged in them, and suffering from them, they are unsearchably mysterious, to him *the whole*, if not *all the parts*, are quite intelligible,—the whole combination of movements, however intricate, are regular and determined; his faith perceives the agency which secretly moves the whole, and discovers the agent whose impression excites the causes, and whose will draws out the effects; while they who are in the midst of the tumult perceive no agency, but that of second causes, and no will but that of lot or fortune. The reason is, that they are beclouded by the dust which rises from the terrible confusion; while he is exalted on an eminence above them, from which, as disorder subsides and the dust is blown away, he penetrates unmolested; he refers all to God, whom he knows as his Friend, and feels as his Father; and thus enjoys the unutterable satisfaction arising from a full confidence that ‘*all is well.*’ Oh! my dear Sister, let us open our hearts to the influence of that piety which so elevates, let us feel its exalting tendency; it will infallibly raise us in our *state*, and at the same time so sublime our *feelings* as to put that moral miracle within the accomplishment of our own faith, by which we shall be able to

‘ Sit calm on tumult’s wheel,
Midst busy multitudes, alone!’

Here the Journal abruptly concludes.

The following Extract is addressed

To his elder Brother.

Eastington, Nov. 8, 1819.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

AN almost insurmountable objection to be the bearer of my own communications induces me to drop you a few lines, although they should arrive at B. only a few hours before myself.

Clear penetration into the future is not the prerogative of humanity, perhaps not of finite minds; it is well for us that the case is thus, or the future would engross the whole of our attention; and the past not affording sufficient interest to fix our review, would produce no effective lessons for conduct, nor would it furnish any powerful excitements to gratitude: it would only leave us reason to congratulate ourselves for one escape from danger in the moment of its occurrence in order to give place to apprehensions, fearfully roused, respecting another fast approaching. It is much to be regretted that any mortals should take it for granted that they know more of the future than they do, and then, from their uncertain calculations, as though from established *data*, draw terrors to themselves which they are perhaps not designed to feel. This may have been the case with some of my dear friends at home, but I do not say that all the circumstances of the case are applicable to them. In reference to the illness of a relative, or his restoration to health, the best way is not to be sanguine, but resigned; and happy is it for the individual who is the subject, not only of illness itself, but of the various speculations agitated around him, if while he is supported by the abounding consolations of the gospel of Jesus, he can bear up against the influence of circumstances calculated either to animate his hopes of life, or to revive his fears of their frustration. He may then prove himself a saint indeed by the resignation of all to God, by entire acquiescence in either decision of His will, by the unreserved consecration of his powers to Him while living, and by the cheerfulness with which he sinks under the power of disease, breaks away from the endearments of life, and drawing near the confines of eternity is ready to depart into that land of blessedness, the expectation of which already sheds upon his pallid and dying countenance the smile and the glory of 'the hope that maketh not ashamed.' If this will ever be the case with me I know not, but it is with this view that I embraced the religion of Jesus which I profess, and it is with this view, added to others more directly referring to the glory of God in my salvation, that I confirm myself in the profession of that religion, and pray to be led into all its sacrifices and all its enjoyments. I thank you sincerely for your kind anticipation of my inward conflicts, and for the remedy

which you propose against the poison of Satanic discouragement ; the latter has been blest to me, and will yet be the means, I trust, of my triumphing again and again. Afflictions are certainly times of necessity ; it is the necessity which they induce that constitutes them afflictions ; and for this they are sent, that the urgency of the necessity being felt, it may lead to an application for relief : may I always be preserved from the folly of striving to bear my own burdens !

I have read with regret the account of my old friends at ——— ; may the Lord in mercy recal them ! They will think very differently from the loose notions which they now entertain of experimental religion, when sickness cools their ardour after the world, and death tells them that they must entirely leave it.

The information which you wish on the subject of the revival in this Circuit must at present be deferred. I can only say that in every part of the Circuit there is a considerable increase to the Societies, that the increase is almost weekly, and that during my stay in Gloucester seven or eight have been added in this village. The converts remain steady, no backsliding of those particularly convinced has as yet appeared, some very striking conversions have transpired, and the instances are numerous in which a change is most apparent ; there is an indescribable power in faithful preaching and believing prayer.

I rejoice to hear that James Mowat is going to the East, though I do not rejoice that he is going without me. On this subject I feel more than I can express, but my way at present is very plain ; at least, it is most evident that my way now is not to the East Indies. Here I sometimes ask—‘ Lord ! what art thou going to do with me ? ’ but the only answer I can obtain is,—‘ What is that to thee ? Where is thy faith ? Follow thou me. ’ In the times of my nearest access to the Divine throne, I can obtain no light upon my own life or death from the disorder under which I labour ; but whenever I propose the subject in prayer, I am at once shut up, for I find no liberty except in giving myself up entirely to the Lord, resolving whether in life or in death to be His—His wholly—His alone. Should I get well, would these purposes be fulfilled ? Suppose especially that I should not be a Methodist Preacher ? What have I to do with to-morrow ? I purpose it to-day. I am in health somewhat better ; but feel very much troubled with deafness, and sensible of the least fatigue.

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

It was not long after the receipt of the last letter that we had an opportunity of observing that our keenest anxieties respecting the health of my dear Brother were not without the most alarming foundation ; his visit, so far from having produced the desired effect upon his

constitution, had been to all appearance, notwithstanding the unmitigated kindness of all his friends, really injurious to him. Indeed, we were all so much agitated when we beheld him, that for some time we could hardly persuade ourselves that it was possible for him to recover. Our medical attendant was soon summoned, and he immediately ordered the invalid to his room, strictly prohibiting at the same time, any kind of intercourse with him, by conversation, except what was absolutely necessary. To these directions we were obliged to submit in melancholy silence, and thus William was confined, almost exclusively, to his chamber for several months, alternately exciting our hopes and rousing our fears respecting his ultimate restoration.

CHAPTER IV.

Providential Escape from the effects of Fire—Revival of Health—Remarks on Spiritual Conversation—The Penitent described and encouraged—Visit to Chew-Magna—Affecting Case of Distress—Reflections on Eternity—Second Visit to Gloucester—Reflections in a Stage-Coach—Observations on Evil-speaking and Calumny—Important Advice to a younger Brother—Remarks on Marriage.

IN this state of painful suspense we were kept, until a circumstance occurred which gave a fearful preponderance to our gloomiest apprehensions. It was either in the latter end of February, or the commencement of March, in the following year, that the family were suddenly alarmed at about ten o'clock at night by the intelligence that a fire had broken out in the house immediately opposite our own. The street in which we lived, though one of the most central and public in the city, was extremely narrow; a circumstance which placed our dwelling in the most imminent danger: as it was, however, the house was so completely scorched as to render it impossible to remain in the front rooms; and we feared that in consequence of the vast multitude of fiery particles passing over us, and lodging on the top of the house, and on some stables situated immediately behind us, there would be very little chance of our escape. In these circumstances it was necessary to adopt some measure to extricate the family from their perilous situation; but, not having the convenience of a back-door, it only remained for us to make a large hole in the back-wall, through which my dear Brother, together with the rest of the family, was obliged to

creep; and thus, after having been confined to the house since the preceding November, he had to walk, in the midst of the night, through several streets, wrapped up in a blanket, to the house of a friend. We then thought that his death would be the most probable issue of this dangerous exposure; however, by the good providence of God, he escaped without material injury. After remaining for some short time at the house in which he had taken refuge, he was conveyed to a cottage, in the neighbourhood of the city, where he was again detained a prisoner, until his health, through the influence of the returning spring and the blessing of God, seemed again in some degree improved. However notwithstanding the general debility of his frame, and the painful depression of spirits from which he usually suffered so much, it is evident from the following Extracts, that he was determined not to be idle in his Master's cause: the former is to his younger brother; and the latter to a young friend at Eastington, to whom there is reason to believe, he had, during his late visit, been made useful.

April 18, 1820.

DEAR SAM.

THE natural reserve of our family toward each other on the subject of experimental religion is by no means favourable to mutual edification, nor to the glory of our adorable Redeemer. It is wrong to appear to treat that which is indeed the greatest business of life as though it were the least. But the great business of wisdom, as employed on this subject, is to discover the proper seasons for particular thinking and speaking on it. There is indeed with some persons, a commendable readiness to enter on the subject, and their manner, because it is so amiable, so modest, and so inquisitive, is to be admired and imitated. And the most successful mode of imitation is to gain and to preserve the spirit which animates them. They feel the importance of religion. I prefer saying, 'they *feel*,' to 'they *know*,' because the former phrase expresses more, much more, than the latter. To *know* that it is a duty to serve God is a far easier attainment than to *feel* the obligation, so as to bind the soul to devotion. To *know* the acceptable way of service, *viz.* through the 'faith, that worketh by love,' and to *feel* that love which is an animating, zealous, Christian principle, produced in the heart by a believing contemplation of the riches of Jehovah's goodness, and by motives derived from that goodness impelling the soul to a course of simple and sincere obedience; are widely different conditions of the mind: many who attain the former, are miserably defective in the latter; nay, it is to be feared that vast numbers sink into perdition, while they thus 'hold the truth in unrighteousness.' You are well assured, my dear brother, of the difference between *knowing* that God has sent His Son into the world,

and that Jesus is that only begotten Son of God, and *feeling* that Jesus is in truth the Saviour from the condemnation under which every sinner lies. Now to keep this feeling perpetually awake by unceasing applications for assistance to the throne of grace, is the best way to attain a proper readiness to think and to speak on the highly interesting topics of the redeeming love of God. In other words, in order to have a becoming boldness in the cause of Christ, and to live in the habit of exemplifying the impression which religion makes upon our minds, it is chiefly necessary to keep alive the flame of genuine piety, and to nourish into perpetual prosperity, the graces of Christianity in the soul.

It follows of course, that a backwardness to think and speak of Jesus on proper occasions, is an evidence of some deficiency. I have often found on having missed such an opportunity, that it was because my love had waxed cold, and then this has made it colder still. Indeed in all parts of experimental religion, there is this re-action discoverable: he who is zealous, becomes more so by exercising his godly zeal; he who is simple and modest, becomes more amiable as these graces, nourished and corrected by others, are allowed to operate on his mind and conduct: but on the other hand, he who is timorous, becomes a coward, and the coward a deserter, and the deserter an apostate, if the first advances of this unworthy principle be not checked and overcome. You will remember, that this is consistent with the representations of Scripture and the law of God:—‘For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance, but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath.’ And that terrible denunciation confirms this statement:—‘He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still!’

I have written the above, as the thoughts occurred to my mind, as much for my own admonition as for yours, and to induce a resolution in both of us, to be on all occasions becomingly bold for God, and especially to suffer no opportunity proper for the purpose, to pass without exchanging some sentences which shall strengthen each other's hands in the Lord. Let us however remember two things: 1. That the little which we *know* and *feel* of religion, if it be genuine piety, (and of this I think, no doubt is reasonable,) will keep us constantly in the eager attitude and humble spirit of enquirers: 2. That to make any truly and increasingly valuable attainments in religion, we must make up our minds,—we must be firmly resolved,—to be *truly* and *deeply* pious. The opportunities of conversation with you are very few, but you are often thought of with increasing affection, by

Your Brother

WILLIAM.

May 8, 1820.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR affectionate and interesting epistle has lain by reproaching me for the neglect which it has experienced, and claiming a speedy reply. I regret the delay that my weakness has occasioned, and entreat you not to attribute it in any measure to indifference. The perusal of your letter gave rise to a mixture of feelings in my heart; the painful was so blended with the pleasing,—joy, yes, real exultation of joy, was so mingled with unaffected sorrow, as to render it difficult or impossible to separate them: yet there was no difficulty in determining to which the preponderance would be given; that was decided at once. However painful on some accounts the state of your feelings, the indications of approaching blessedness were so plainly discoverable as to hide present suffering from the view, by carrying the eye forward to the boundless prospect of pleasure before. The re-perusal just now, has awakened similar sensations, and at this moment no others are, I hope, applicable to your case; unless indeed it be those of unmingled delight, arising from your having blessedly entered into the liberty of God's children.

I am struck with the correspondence between the state of your mind, and that which the Apostle personates in Rom. 7th chap., and from the 7th verse. I believe your case is there precisely and particularly described. You lament your inability to answer in a satisfactory manner the enquiries suggested to you; now those enquiries arose from a consideration of the requirements of the law of God and the only method of fulfilling them, and your dissatisfaction arose of course from a consciousness that you did not fulfil the will of God, and consequently that His anger must be kindled, and that you must be in danger of the inflictions of His righteous displeasure: compare this with verse 7th,—‘I had not known sin but by the law,’ *i. e.* as applied to our condition,—‘unless the law of God had come to my heart with such power as to work conviction, I should not have known myself a sinner, nor should I have discovered the amazingly spiritual criminality and defilement which sin produces.’ Now although it is to be lamented, and deeply deplored, that you, my friend, and every sinner to whom the convincing grace of God has been so manifested as to shew the evil of sin, should ever have been so deeply fallen as to be ‘alive,’ (see verse 9th) *i. e.* in all the vigour and boldness of unterrified sinfulness ‘without the law,’ *i. e.* before it was spiritually applied; yet it is matter of unfeigned rejoicing and thankfulness, however unprepared you may feel under such circumstances to be either joyful or thankful, that the law has been at length so applied to your heart, as to discover to you the contradiction which has existed, and which still

remains, between itself and your life ; and, (however appearances may flatter you, and the men and things of the world delude you,) the consequent danger as well as wretchedness of your condition.

Nor is this the only cause for rejoicing ; for Sin, which has been the occasion of the dreadful breach between yourself and your God, is by this means dragged forth before your view, so that you cannot help seeing it, and, seeing it as contrasted with the law or will of God, you cannot help in some degree hating it. Now it is very obvious, that the discovery of all this was essentially needful to lead to salvation ; for the man without the law, esteems himself ‘ alive,’ *i. e.* in no danger from within or without, and consequently he is presumptuously sinful and careless ; but no sooner does the commandment come, than ‘ sin revives,’ *i. e.* lives in its proper form, and appears to the mind ; or, in other words, it discovers itself as sin subsisting in the soul ; and ‘ then the sinner dies,’ *i. e.* sinks in his own estimation, convicted by his conscience, under the sentence of death, of separation for ever from God. His circumstances are now truly paradoxical, there is a seeming contradiction in them ; in himself he is wretched because under condemnation, but this wretchedness brings along with it the first dawn of hope ; now that he has died to himself there is reason to hope that he will live to the Lord, but without this, he must infallibly have continued ‘ alive,’ in sin, till death had consigned him to eternal reprobation. It is true, there is a possibility of his not being immediately delivered, for most convinced persons are not at once liberated from the guilt and power of sin, and this my friend is your case ; yet this is not necessarily so, there is no written rule, nor indeed any rule at all existing, to prevent the convinced from believing the very moment after their conviction takes place ; witness the three thousand on the day of Pentecost, the crucified thief, the jailor at Philippi, the eunuch in the chariot, &c. : but the day of liberty is frequently postponed through a want of mental simplicity and readiness to receive the truth as it is in Jesus ; advantages, which in general are most especially deficient where the gospel has been much heard without effect. The consequence is, a continuance of distress, and conflict, and struggling, till the soul is fairly beaten out of all its sinful pleasures, often one by one ; and during the whole of this time, whether a month, or a year, or seven years, there of course remains condemnation, and sin frequently reigning triumphant ; thus aggravating the guilt and distress of the soul : for until redemption is found in the blood of Jesus, the power, as well as the guilt of sin, always does remain in a greater or less degree. And there is another consideration tending to shew the wretchedness of such a state : as there is no proper union with Christ, nor happy communion with the Father, nor actual enjoyment of the consolations of the Holy Ghost ;—indeed nothing of a comforting kind, except occasional lifts by the way graciously given

to preserve from utter despondency ; so the soul is in imminent danger of being again allured by the attractions of the world, and again lulled by Satan, into the repose of imagined but awfully delusive security. It is true that a perfect removal from danger is not to be expected in the present life, as all the way through, it must be a life of probation ; yet the danger is amazingly diminished when the soul is delivered from the guilt and power of sin, and filled with ‘ the kingdom of God, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost ;’ and the reason is plain, Omnipotence is then so united to the soul, as *invariably* to protect it from all danger, through violence ; and the enjoyments of piety, and its further attractions, have an influence and a hold upon the affections, which they never can have, while the soul is in a state of condemnation, and through its indecision and weakness comparatively the sport of contrary and contending principles. Now I repeat, my dear friend and fellow-sinner, with the same mingled feelings as before, of pleasure and regret, of hope and almost, but not entirely, overwhelming fear, that unless you have entered into the liberty of the sons of God, I am persuaded this is your case. You will observe that I do not speak as to the precise measure of your conviction, neither does the Bible in the case personated by St. Paul ; it is enough that your conviction is sufficient to produce in your mind a continual warfare between two opposite and conflicting principles ; the one drawing you toward God, and seconding its efforts by every mode of persuasion which your mind can admit ; the other impelling you to the commission of sin with a vigour and a force which you are too feeble to resist, and with a craft and a subtlety which you are too uninstructed to discover, until you are roused, and astonished, and dismayed by the additional smart which conscience, urged by the law, inflicts for new offences and repeated sins.

Your language most plainly indicates this to me, and I am too deeply and too painfully experienced in the woful wounds of a conscience often urged by transgression to sting without mercy, not to understand and sympathise with your keen disappointments and distresses. You say—‘ I have been seeking happiness in the world where it is not to be found. How many times have I resolved and re-resolved to forsake my sins, and to cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart ! But when I am engaged in worldly concerns all my former resolutions have been forgotten, and I have fallen into the temptations of the enemy. Thus have I been stifling the convictions of the Holy Spirit of God. What a mercy that I am not cut off in my sins !’ Oh ! my dear Brother, ‘ thy heart is indeed as my heart ;’ and I am sure that Mercy, while she drops a tear over your misery, cannot help smiling out a benignant beam of pleasure on your state, the sure signal of her being about to claim you as her own, and to anoint you with ‘ the oil of joy for mourning,’ and to array you with the ‘ garment of praise for

the spirit of heaviness.' Look attentively, my friend, at Rom. ch. 7th, and downward from the 13th verse, and recognise the exact features of your case; do not be afraid of presuming, but with truth and boldness see your feelings put most strikingly into words:—'the law is spiritual, but you are carnal, sold under sin,' *i. e.* entirely under the power of it; 'for that which you do, you allow not; but what you would do, you do not; and what you hate, that you do.' Go down regularly, and through each successive verse see the progress of your own feelings toward the clear conviction of the utter wretchedness and helplessness of your condition. Again, I entreat you not to be afraid to admit the conclusion, that all your striving cannot possibly prevail without the grace and liberty of the Gospel. Think of this till you cry out: 'O wretched man that I am beneath this body or burden of spiritual death! who shall deliver me? I cannot—oh! no—I cannot possibly deliver myself. I have tried it very often and very long, but as sure as I try I am always disappointed. Oh! I am still under condemnation; in my present state I cannot be saved. What shall I do? Oh, wretch that I am! who will deliver me?' Your feelings must have been much like these when you wrote:—'In what a miserable situation shall I be if I should miss of heaven at last! After sitting under the sound of the Gospel for so many years, after having been the subject of so many prayers offered up at the throne of grace, and after having lived for such a length of time with an affectionate and pious family; I should at last be separated from them, and hear that dreadful sentence pronounced against me:—"Depart from me, thou cursed one, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" Oh! I cannot bear the heart-rending thought!' No, my Brother, nor do I believe that you shall ever bear the reality; so far from this, I doubt not that you shall be united with them, first in the bonds of the gospel-fellowship, and then again in glory everlasting. Look again at Rom. 7th and you will see that as soon as the soul becomes self-desperate, JESUS appears in view, and through him God graciously bestows the answer which the wretched enquirer wanted. And then in the 8th chapter immediately follows:—'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' What a beautiful representation! Imagine the case your own, my friend: a soul is plunged into the defilement of sin, and wallows a long time in the mire of his own filthiness, until apprised of the unfitness of his condition to remove to an eternity of happiness; frightened he immediately sets about cleansing himself, but to his severe disappointment finds that his washing is only to 'fouler stains,' he becomes more and more clogged, and in his own view more and more filthy; and yet so intent is he on *cleansing himself*, and being beholden for help to none but himself, that he scarcely thinks of looking round for external aid; at length wearied and almost desponding, he wrings his

hands, and cries out :—‘ Oh, wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me ? ’—at that moment his uplifted eye catches a glimpse of the Fountain of the Redeemer’s blood, and sees inscribed on it.—‘ Open for sin and uncleanness ! ’ he immediately springs enraptured with hope toward the inviting Laver, and as he shouts :—‘ I thank God ! ’ plunges just as he is into the deep, the boundless deep in which it is impossible for any to be lost : he soon rises above the flood, and the very moment he is able to speak distinctly, his happy changed condition compels him exulting to exclaim :—‘ There is now no condemnation to us who are in Christ Jesus, who walk no longer in bondage after the flesh, but in glorious liberty after the Spirit ; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! ’

With this, my friend, I leave you, commending you to God and the word of his grace. Remember that nothing can harm you, except indecision and willingly allowed sin ; for no commission of sin past, of which you sincerely repent, nor indeed any dominion of sin present which is lamented and opposed with resolution, is sufficient to prevent your being received and saved by Jesus ; on the contrary these are the very things which make a Saviour needful. Go to him and try ; and may he make you perfect in every good work to do his will, in order that he may glorify his own grace and fully save your soul !

I am, with sincere affection,

Your Friend and

Servant in the Lord,

W. BARBER.

P. S. Please to present my Christian respects and love to your very kind Parents, and rejoice their hearts by telling them that their amiable Anna seems to be drawing her mind to the happy conclusion of securing the glory of a better world. She has begun to meet in class ; and I trust that the moment is rapidly hastening when power from on high, descending on her and on you, shall make you altogether Christians in heart, in conversation, and in appearance. Do not forget me to your Sisters at home. I owe you all much for your Christian tenderness and sympathy in affliction ; but the Lord is your reward. I will add one thing, it is a request that you will write me, if you can soon, freely and fully an account of the state of your mind, for ‘ I long after your salvation in the bowels of Jesus Christ. ’ Adieu.

As the summer was now rapidly advancing, our hopes respecting my dear Brother’s restoration to health seemed to be afresh invigorated,

and having just about this time received a kind invitation from his old friend, Mr. Wm. Clarke, at Chew-Magna, to try once more the effect of a change of air, he gratefully accepted the offer. During this visit the following Letters were received.

Chew-Magna, June, 1820.

MY DEAREST PARENTS,

COULD I by any means lighten the load upon your minds which so constantly presses them down, it would be a privilege which I think affection, even without all the additional impulse of gratitude, would lead me eagerly to embrace. But there would be no small addition to my own distresses from the consciousness of my being the means of increasing yours, were there not something to forbid it in that scriptural doctrine of the blessedness of those who mourn, so strangely taught by an Apostle when writing to the afflicted primitive saints;—‘My brethren, count it *all joy* when ye fall into divers temptations.’ You will perhaps enquire,—how is this consistent with the tenor of your manners during your stay at home, when not the most affectionate solicitude for your welfare could soften a ruggedness of temper, which ill became you, and most sensibly pained us? Alas! it is an inconsistency for which I cannot but greatly reproach myself; but forgive me! it belies the best feelings of my heart, and has often been the subject of painful conflict; it is one proof among many others of the deep hold which sin has taken of my nature, and of the stubbornness with which the sweetest workings of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ have been hitherto resisted.*

But you want to know how I am: well; I am not worse, but on the contrary my spirits are considerably better, they are indeed much relieved; the continual cheerfulness of all around me greatly invigorates my mind and body. I am not of course much better radically; the time is so short; let us stay till this day week, then there may be room to judge. As to family comfort, I am completely at home, sur-

* It was with unfeigned pleasure that in the original letter I perceived at the end of the above sentence, in the hand-writing of my honoured Father, a strong contradiction of this charge brought by my Brother against himself. I am persuaded that it must have arisen solely from the influence of an imagination disordered by gloom, and too prone by far to dwell upon circumstances unfavourable to his own character. That William might occasionally have felt powerful temptations, or even propensities, to fretfulness and impatience, is neither to be wondered at, nor denied; but we all had opportunities enough of observing that the grace which he possessed was not merely effectual in repressing such antichristian feelings, but also in displaying others of a very opposite cast; a circumstance which at least had its weight in inducing my dear Parents to regard him with feelings of peculiar affection.—A. B.

rounded by most affectionate friends, and treated with every attention. How is this, I may well say, that the Lord so graciously provides for me? It is not to me that any credit is due; thousands perish in obscurity who, were they only brought forth and favoured with my advantages, would in all probability be far more useful, more holy, more obedient to Divine teaching than I shall ever be; but Jehovah has reasons of infinite wisdom for what he does, though in a great degree the favour shewn to me is, I believe, honour put upon the faith and prayers of those who kindly interest themselves about me. My greatest grief is, that while so much has been done by the Lord himself and by others, so little spiritual benefit is perceptible in me; and my greatest fear is, that the event will prove all to have been wasted upon a worthless rebel. Of this however I am confident that not a single pain or privation could have been spared from that which has been laid upon me. Nothing less could have reduced me, and I do sincerely thank God for what he has done. I am sure that I can, and that I do 'kiss the rod;' though not with all the feelings that would enable me to do so *most happily*. I do therefore affectionately invite you all to join me in putting up thanksgivings for my affliction; for the Lord himself hath done this, and that with a special view to my eternal salvation.

I have felt myself obliged to pray as earnestly and as often as I could, that you may be saved from excessive anxiety about me, which, unless it be guarded against, will rush in like a flood, because you will be likely to dwell with foreboding apprehension upon what you fear may be the result, without being able to witness as they arise those little incidents which, in the variations of an unhealthy state, occur for hope or fear to fix upon in its course toward consummation or disappointment.

I look as well, and I think I feel as well, as I have for some months past; and Mr. C. is full of confidence of my perfect recovery. Be that as it may, if he be interested through life in the Lord Jesus, and possessed of Him, the hope of glory, you never can, you never will *lose*

Your Son
WILLIAM.

Chew-Magna, June 16, 1820.

MY VERY DEAR PARENTS,

You will be expecting pretty frequent communications from me, and pretty long ones: the luxury of writing much to you is however at present attended with such formidable labour as imperatively forbids my frequent indulgence in it; it is not pain, but weakness that does this. I was going to say, I am sorry that Divine Wisdom does not see it fit to suffer my bodily strength to increase; and alas! it

would have been too true; for I do not feel perfectly at one with the dispensation which makes it burdensome to live, and which places me as a weight, a useless piece of lumber, upon the attention and care of Friends. Yet do not understand that I feel rebellion in the form of murmuring and repining; from this the grace of God preserves me; but never did life appear arrayed in such attractions as now, never did time seem so valuable, or a little more of it so desirable for the purposes of devotion to God and usefulness to men. Alas! he who has been so long a trifler in religion as to confirm the habit of trifling with it, will scarcely have that habit broken by any measures which shall leave it possible for him to trifle again; and whatever causes human reasoning may assign for my present afflictions, I am fully persuaded that this is the true one.

But I am ashamed to think and talk so much about *my affliction*; the privation of full health, and the visibly premature approach of death, are the only circumstances of importance which can denominate what I have to bear, an *affliction*. By comparison with the sufferings of others, what I feel thwarting my inclinations dwindles into absolute insignificance. Last night a truly good man, a member of Mr. C.'s class, fell in my way; his head was bound up, and his meagre countenance, rendered more distressing by the sallow complexion which it bore, gave a certain indication of his being the subject of complicated bodily and mental suffering. He had rented of a Clergyman, who has property in the village, a small tenement in which himself, wife, and family, had resided for a considerable time; and he had supported himself with credit from the profits of his daily labour. Many months ago personal disease was permitted to seize him, and he was disabled from working, his only means of support therefore became the parish allowance and the donations of charity. His rent of course ran behind; and a few weeks since his inhuman landlord, 'neither fearing God nor regarding man,' distrained his goods, and wrested from him every thing. 'I was,' said the poor man, and at the same time a smile of forgiveness and of resignation, which infallibly proved him to be a follower of Christ, sat beaming on his pale but placid brow,—'I was lying down upon my poor bed, ill as I was, and they came and took it from under me, and sold it; afterwards I sat upon an old chair by the little fire, and then they came and took that from under me, and sold that too; and yet,' added he, 'I did find that the Lord enabled me to bear it all without anger or murmuring.' Oh, my God! is it possible that such vile miscreants can be men? surely they must be *devils incarnate*. It is however right to say that the Clergyman is *ci-devant*, having long since renounced all pretensions to religion. But, with such a spectacle before me, I could not avoid slipping a piece of your money into the poor man's hand. And oh, that it had been twenty times

as much! had it been my own and my last, it should have gone with gratitude to God for the favour of such an opportunity.

Continue your prayers, along with those of my kind, attentive friends here, for

Your affectionate Son

WILLIAM.

To his eldest Sister.

Chew-Magna, June 23, 1820.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH,

How swiftly do the minutes and days roll away! and this, if we knew all its importance, would be an occasion of drawing tears of deep contrition and regret from our eyes, because there is not a corresponding succession of improving strokes put to the features of our moral character, toward producing in us the mind and the image of Christ. Sarah, we are nearer, much nearer, than when we saw each other last, to the most important crisis in our existence, of which we have any knowledge. Dying has something in it which belongs neither to Eternity, nor to Judgment, considered abstractedly, for it puts the seal of finished probation on the character of our souls, it fixes an impression that must be exhibited at the Judgment, and will be worn through Eternity. It is truly amazing that this impresses our minds so little. How is it possible, I frequently ask myself, that even while I desired to tell all I that I knew, with faithfulness, to my hearers, these inconceivably weighty subjects scarcely at all impressed my own mind, and that often in the very act of preaching? Surely, considering the little thoughts which even professors have of them, it is a wonder that any, rather than so few, obtain salvation; especially taking into the account the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, the infatuating pleasures of sin, and the indescribable activity of our spiritual enemies. On the other hand, looking at man as a rational, immortal, instructed, and in many cases enlightened, creature, it is most wonderful that the momentous interests of his present and future state of existence do not effectually wean him from the contemptible trifles which commonly engross his attention. Alas! my Sarah, how strangely dreadful is the depravity of our nature! Even we, who are led by the grace of God to cultivate in some degree the convictions which would direct us to a fit preparation for death, are greatly under the power of a worldly spirit. Is not Eternity thrown with us into the back-ground? And do not its concerns occupy only the distance of our prospect? And diminished in appearance by the very remoteness in which we occasionally view those concerns, have they not ceased to possess our minds and our feelings correspondently with their immense relative importance? Among all the causes which operate against our progress in piety, there is not a more for-

midable or detestable obstacle than the worldly spirit which occasions this disproportionate and criminal devotion of our thoughts and affections to things present. Oh! my Sarah, *we* are not free from this hideous, disguised foe. *Even I*, attended as I am by disease, the shadow of death, and pointed as I am by my weakness and uselessness to the future, which seems to have advanced very near me,—*even I* have to lament daily over the injury which it does my spirit. I often come off not more than conqueror from fierce contentions and temptations that astonish and distress me by their power and violence. And should I eventually recover my health, and mingle with the living in the engagements of the world, there is no other probability of my being at all more devoted to God than I have hitherto been, than that which is founded on the operation of the grace which accompanies afflictive providences to render them spiritual benefits. So great are the deceitfulness and corruption of human nature, that ‘he who trusts in his own heart is a fool.’ It cannot be a small mercy to be saved from such a dependence.

You may be desirous of knowing the state of my mind under the present aspect of providential dealings with me; well, you have it before you, for the reflections I have put down on paper for you in the form of a letter are the impressions made on my mind at the time of writing; they would have passed off in thought perhaps less distinct, though really existing, but for the occasion which offered itself to put them on paper. Every thing around me wears a shaded and *sombre* appearance. I feel toward every thing as though it does not really belong to me. I have not the interest of possession and enjoyment that used to mix with every occurrence, in which I felt myself an actor; but every thing about me seems by Him, whose tender mercy is over me, charged to remind me of the rapid advance which I am making toward an unchangeable state. Really, Sarah, there is more truth than I ever imagined in those representations of human life which describe men, and especially the people of God, as strangers and pilgrims; they are indeed sojourners in a strange land.

You will naturally suppose my mind easily led through such subjects of thought to ‘the only hope set before me’ in the Gospel; it is thus only that such contemplations become solidly useful, for there can be but little benefit in those philosophical speculations in which some indulge whenever the recollections of Death and Eternity force themselves upon their minds, and which stop short of the deep inward feeling of the absolutely indispensable need of Jesus Christ, that great, that only Saviour. I assure you that I feel the little I know of Him and of His power to save, to be of infinitely greater value to me than a thousand worlds could be; though these are a mere trifle, for there can be no comparison made. It is only this little that I know of Christ which keeps me from the most awful despair. It is only

this which keeps me from feeling a hell already begun in the consciousness of unfitness to be with God, and of a consequent alienation from Him. The mercy of God without this, would afford me but little solid consolation. I am sure that if it were announced in a general way, and not distinctly directed to the condition and the wants of fallen sinners, I could not trust it in any satisfactory manner; because, while I am assured that in any possible scheme of salvation for sinners God must positively 'be just while He is the justifier of the ungodly,' I can by no means conceive how it can be accomplished, except as they are believers in Jesus, and rely on His all-atoning blood and mediation. Nor in reply to the query,—'Shall I be happy with God for ever?' could I feel any substantial satisfaction, if I could not perceive a certainty of being made perfectly fit for such a state; because all the wretchedness that I feel arising from other causes is as nothing when compared with that of reflecting that I am not holy, and that I am very far from being so. The truth of this assertion, respecting the superior greatness of pain arising from a sense of unholiness, is confirmed by the experience of every day. I do lament it before God, and often have power to pray for such a manifestation of his power to save as shall realise to me what the Prophet saw in a vision, see Zech. iii. 4, 'And he answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, "Take away the filthy garments from him." And unto him he said, "Behold! I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."' And while it is frequently the source of much bitter regret that I have not lived and walked in the glorious liberty of the Gospel, which its copious dispensation of the Holy Spirit would bestow on any humble, praying, believing, patient soul, yet I cannot help hoping that I shall hear the powerful word,—'I will; be thou clean!' and then, feeling the blessed result, that I shall be enabled 'before I go hence, and be no more seen,' to testify of it to the Redeemer's glory. I know not how to account for it, unless as the consequence and the punishment of my great versatility and unfaithfulness, that so little of the confidence and joy that seem to have marked the closing experience of most Christians has been my happiness. All the consolation to me flowing even from hope in Jehovah, as a Covenant-God, faithful to His word, is only received after fierce struggles and conflicts of mind, nor is it kept but at the expense of contending and the vigilance of watching. I may, it is true, have formed notions too frivolous and too light of the deeply momentous work which God must effect in the soul. I may, in the ardour of a faith untried, and hitherto assaulted by comparatively mere shadows, have founded expectations too cheaply and too triflingly elevated of the Christian's superiority, and security of success and triumph over his spiritual adversaries, especially that of his own deeply-depraved

moral nature. And I think it is most likely that this has been the case; but, oh! that I should have enjoyed so little sensible support from that Jesus, of whom I have spoken so confidently to others as a Friend in need, has greatly alarmed and distressed me. Yet observe, I impeach not His faithfulness; on the contrary, I confirm it; for as I have often said in connexion with this subject,—greatly as He loves the Christian's soul, He must and He will cause an unfaithful follower to bitterly lament his instability, by making him smart under a painful conviction of it during some period of distress. But after all how unspeakably merciful are the measures pursued with respect to me! God has not abandoned me. I do still feel myself connected with Jesus, surely therefore I am saved by Him, for I cast my guilty, trembling soul on His precious atonement. And in the work of the Holy Spirit, which I am still sensible is carrying on, I feel the pledge of that blessing after which I long: 'faithful is He that calleth me, who also will do it.' And now observe,—I am thus particular in relating my feelings, not to gratify your curiosity, my dear Sarah, but to give you warning and encouragement.

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

It was now easy to perceive that the delicacy of William's constitution was such as to preclude all hope of his being, for a length of time to come, employed in the regular work of the Ministry. Indeed it was the decided opinion of his medical friends, that in the event of his entire recovery from the dangerous disease under which he had been so long labouring, such would be the susceptibility of his lungs and the general weakness of his frame, that there was but little hope of his being fit to undertake the fatigues of a Methodist Travelling Preacher before he should be 30 years of age; though at the same time they expressed their conviction that should he be permitted to reach that period of life, there was a high probability of his becoming a stout and healthy man.

These circumstances ultimately decided him, after much prayer to God and converse with his friends, to look about him for some sphere of action in which he might be usefully employed. But as nothing satisfactory occurred for some time, it may be well to fill up this chasm in his history with his epistolary correspondence. His health continued gradually, though slowly, improving, till about the middle of September in this year, when being pressed to spend some further time with his friends at Gloucester, he readily accepted their kind invitation. During his absence from home the following Letters among others were received from him. For the great length of the first perhaps no other apology will be thought necessary than the importance of its contents.

To his eldest Sisters.

Gloucester, Nov. 1820.

MY DEAREST SARAH AND PRISCILLA

‘How astonishing! From William at last! He seems to have left us to conclude, either that we have ceased to merit his attention, or that the fraternal affection, which bore so exuberantly the fruits of attentive concern for his Sisters last year, resembles some favourite kinds of apple-trees, which bear luxuriantly only the alternate year. And now,’ say you, ‘for a long apology!’ No indeed, believe me, for he who is conscious of no fault needs no apology to shield him, while he whom conscience accuses of something wrong will feel an apology insufficient. I have experience, not now for the first time, to sanction the remark, that in a series of things committed to memory to be transcribed, that which appeared too trivial to be written at once will soon appear in accumulation too unwieldy to be written at all; and that which little things seem of sufficient weight to prevent being done now, will soon become so stupendous, that either others of much greater moment must be set aside to make way for them, or they cannot be done at any time. But how unhappy are they, my dear Sisters, who, instead of profiting by the experience of others, and starting into a new track of life directed by the grave truths which the sufferings of others have proved as by established principles, live only to verify what has been repeatedly verified before! And yet, if there be any propriety in this remark, are there not many persons existing on whom, for the greater part of life at least, it would rest all the weight of its censure?

But to return to myself: how much these observations apply to me in reference to letter-writing to my Sisters, it would be useless to enquire. I am only solicitous that they should not attribute to indifference what has arisen rather from circumstances, and the general state of my mind, altogether independent of relative feeling. My habits for many months past have been so completely the reverse of studious, that submission to the control of regular application, whenever it has appeared immediately before me, has carried with it an aspect authoritative and repulsive; and regular application is needful to gratify your wishes for communications from me: of this I have been conscious, and it has often recurred to me when I have thought of sitting down to write,—they expect so much from me, it is therefore useless to attempt to gratify an appetite which there is no hope of appeasing; this would be like presenting a pie, decorated with the ornaments of pastry, to a man whose half-famished stomach would be barely fed by a loaf. My Sisters would be as little pleased at receiving a merely cursory or common-place epistle as I should be at writing it. I may remind

you of another circumstance; it is, that in our correspondence I am left to depend wholly on the creative powers of my own fancy, for no business imperatively claiming attention and despatch presents itself, nor does any family circumstance occur to render intelligence of such interest as to employ considerable thought, or to make assistance so needful as to claim deliberation and advice; and as to spiritual and mental occupations, which commonly open great fields of enquiry, I have been suffered to conclude that, if no new discoveries have enriched your stores of knowledge, no serious difficulties have interrupted your efforts or retarded your progress. I do not mean to insinuate that no communication has been made from you, but in your *little notes*, for which I am as largely obliged to you as possible considering your parsimony of ink and paper, there is little information which would require an ampler reply than one line of congratulation and another of hope.

Allusion has been made to my habits, and these, I believe, you are desirous to know, as well as the influence which the different incidents occurring have upon them: there is scarcely any need of my reminding you that these must be trivial; as in a domestic circle abroad there can be but little comparatively transpiring which does not often occur in the domestic circle at home; and between nature at one spot of the country and nature at another, only a very few miles distant, there is little novelty to exercise ingenuity in description, or to repay curiosity in perusal. Of this however I am not ignorant, that there is a difference between incidents as they appear on paper, and as they appear in actual occurrence; as they appeal to the understanding invested with supplementary comments, and as they pass before the eye unaccompanied by any thing to make them distinguished; and this difference justifies the appropriation of time to recal the fading semblance, in order to give it a vivid representation; for the practice of thinking about events of only momentary existence will inure the mind to reflection, and at the same time empower it to meet transactions of a mightier and less perishable character, with the dignity and success of an intellectual and immortal creature; it will give the mind a chemical apparatus by which it shall extract from the digested subjects the most valuable and essential principles, as well as enable it to analyse and resolve the most comprehensive and difficult.

You will perceive that I have here supplied myself with argument, *apparently* to shew that it is not criminal to devote time in the way in which it is now occupied by me; but *really* to lay before my eyes the inducement of a rational and consistent object for the continuance of what is begun from a desire to gratify your wishes; for I freely confess that the mere gratification of a curiosity which would read the sheet, and then lay it aside perhaps for ever, would

be insufficient to create a resolution to expend so much time as I must over these papers.

Letters are generally designed only to produce such a momentary excitement of pleasure, but then they commonly convey information calculated for that purpose only ; nothing is more remote from the intention of their writers than to lead correspondence out into discussion, or to send them forth into the world as vessels of discovery ; they are consistent however in doing all that they propose, which is to acknowledge intimacy, and to keep open correspondence. Of this however, you know, there can be no sort of occasion between us ; our intimacy needs no assistant in acknowledgment, and our correspondence, springing above the confinement of merely scribbled communion, is opened and preserved at the footstool of the throne of grace. Yet, to live without direct intercourse is to live wholly without benefit to each other, and as no events of sufficient family interest require our combined endeavours to control, what remains but to turn our eyes abroad into the world in order to select from its variety of characters and occurrences something to interest, to amuse, and to instruct ? Here is a purpose worthy of fraternal effort, and promising to result beneficially in proportion as it is entered on with vigilance, and pursued with energy. But remember, while I make a comparison and a contrast between what correspondences generally are and what ours must necessarily be, I do seriously protest against the unfairness of making the *onus* of maintaining it rest wholly on one party.

As I threw myself into the coach on the morning in which I left home, a variety of thoughts crowded upon my mind without order and without object ; the past, the present, and the future, succeeded each other so rapidly as to efface, almost in a moment, their different impressions, and on the whole to leave the mind in a state of general disorder, without any very distinguishable symptom. Truth requires the confession that my spiritual condition, though somewhat meliorated, was far from prosperous ; and therefore the chief impression, which either the past or the present could make, was that it was impossible for my soul to be perfectly happy ; and then the future was so shrouded in uncertainty, as to make it appear rather to justify fear than to encourage hope. When some little time ago I was waiting with anxiety for the decision of Conference respecting me, and month after month passed away in preparation for an employment in which it was yet uncertain whether or not I should ever be occupied, it seemed as though it were scarcely possible that *any* suspense could be equally painful, or present a more persuasive extenuation than that in which I felt myself then held. The immensely important results which were pending, appeared to claim a thoughtfulness and a deliberation, which to keep separate from a culpable solicitude would require more than human ability. Upon that decision de-

pended the whole of my after life. I saw that if rejected, I must betake myself to some secular engagement, which would exclude me from the very sphere of usefulness which I was ambitious to occupy ; but if received, on me, a mere youth, would devolve the heaviest responsibilities. The care of the Churches, and the welfare of souls, are phrases which involve each other in their import, and impose upon him, whom it most behoves to understand their meaning, a weight of obligation, to bear which to his own satisfaction would require the zeal of a Paul, the eloquence of an Apollos, and the charity of a John. But there is after all a state of suspense yet far more painful, it is that which to an uncertainty of life adds a reluctance to die, while at the same time reasons for living are multiplied to the mind, as abatements of disorder let in accumulated rays of hope, the power of which the organs of spiritual vision are scarcely able to bear, in consequence of the long darkness that has settled on the views ;—a state in which nothing that was previously important is now lost, but every thing is with new and added uncertainty hidden from the view in a danger that involves eternity as well as time ; and as soon as the greater passes away, it will be to suffer the less with fresh vigour to renew its attacks upon the mind.

Of this character were many of the reflections which rushed, with little intermission, upon me ; it is true, they were occasionally interrupted by others of a less despondent and exceptionable cast, while it should not be denied that the chain was sometimes broken by thoughts which bore the mind almost irresistibly away from doubt into the impiety of unbelief, and from apprehension into the wretchedness of despair. The most pleasing among these different classes of reflections arose principally from a contrast of my present situation with that of the corresponding part of last year ; then I was just plunging into a vortex of distress, which if it could have been foreseen, would have chilled my soul with horror, but now I have a rational prospect of moving forwards into brighter scenes, with the cheering satisfaction that the worst is past ; then I was incipiently an invalid, now I am clearly convalescent. What is hoped is easily believed. Perhaps in no case is the truth of this remark more properly applied than in reference to recovery from dangerous illness. No one at all acquainted with the tediousness of sickness will be at a loss to remember with how pleasing a delusiveness the possibility of restoration grows into likelihood, and this in the *active stillness* of a *reverie* soon augments to absolute assurance ; and then how sweet the transition into those more busy occupations, which were in health perhaps disgusting by their bustle, or palling by their uniformity and perpetual recurrence ! But, to dwell upon the *endearing* relations and engagements in which friendship and affection are deeply occu-

pied,—have you never felt the rapture thus excited, till the glowing, coloured, bubble-like vision, too much expanded to support its duration, has burst asunder, and, if it have not abandoned you to the vacancy of disappointment, has let you down into the unruffled regularity of continued sufferance?

At the time I allude to in the coach, in me this process of thinking, which at one moment made me exult in hope, and the next caused a painful sensation of helplessness, led me, not unwilling, I believe, to a renewal of self-dedication to God. It was pleasing to think that He had interfered to prevent, what my friends agreed with me to suppose, a premature dissolution; and while peculiarly solemn, it was very delightful to believe that this interference, if not *wholly directed* in answer to many earnest prayers, was yet bestowed with far greater grace than I might otherwise have enjoyed. I write it then in order to record another mercy, that it was no difficulty to me to regard entire devotion to the Divine Glory as a ‘most reasonable service;’ the only difficulty was in the execution of such a purpose, and that arose from a knowledge of a guilty weakness of mind, which suspended communion with God had induced and confirmed. There was, however, much of the ardour of desire, which past experience served to strengthen into confidence in saying, while a continuance in life was the object of my wishes,—‘My Father! Thou art the Guide of my youth, Thou shalt be also of the riper years of life. Thou hast been the Leader of my Parents, and Thou hast blest and multiplied them, and they have taught their children thy Name and thy fear, enforcing their instructions by a reference to their own experience, and establishing them by their own pious example. Deplorable indeed is the condition of those who enter the busy occupations of life without thy fear before their eyes; they have passions of the strength of which I may judge from my own; and the violence of the torrent of sensuality that bears them away may be estimated from the difficulty of staying it in me, even while thy Spirit is lifting up a standard against it. Alas! should I, after all, madly leap over the barriers that obstruct my run to ruin; or, what is far more likely, should I be betrayed by my unsubdued corruptions, and fall by little and little,—Oh, God! who seest the end from the beginning, who knowest all my heart, its wants, its weakness, its wavering pliability, pity and protect me! Oh, pity and preserve me!’

You, my dear Sisters, may never have known how painfully the feelings, which such words express, are aggravated by a consciousness of having already prepared the way for that which is dreaded, by withdrawing the affections in some measure at least from good, and by relaxing the sternness of opposition which prosperous piety always presents to evil. May you never know it! But preserving a uniform

devotedness to God, and a constant communion, by faith, with the Redeemer, may you grow in grace daily, and thus not only *be secure*, but enjoy the happiness of *knowing yourselves to be so!*

I suspect that the passing and re-passing of such thoughts must at first have so much engrossed my mind as to leave but little room for attention to the reciprocation of politeness which the presence of a fellow-traveller ought to have inspired. He was an intelligent, middle-aged man, respectable in his appearance, and he therefore secured my veneration; communicative in his disposition, and he therefore generally commanded my respectful attention. He introduced a variety of topics of discourse, perhaps with a view of ascertaining my ability to converse; it is certain that I listened, and, as I could, supported the conversation with the view of knowing him. An observation, which I have frequently made, struck me again with considerable force,—it is not enough, in order to maintain conversation, to have power to think, the mind must also be well informed; and in order to retain information and detail it, as occasions require, an adequate power of memory is very valuable and really necessary. It was, I think, easy to perceive that my fellow-traveller possessed no extraordinary logical powers, though I do not intimate that he was deficient; but circumstances, with their time and place, he could amusingly relate and correctly arrange as the topics of discussion opened up the opportunity. I lay no claim to those powers which I have denied him to have evinced, because I possess not the merit of them; but I felt his decided superiority over me every way, although his pleasing politeness made it impossible to be pained beyond those sensations which could gladly find a cure in the comparison of our respective ages.

No novelty, you know, could be presented by the road, yet I could derive considerable pleasure from occasionally looking forth upon those views which have before delighted me; but the chief pleasure of the journey consisted in recognising the spots which in the ominous return of last year I concluded that I should never again behold. I could not help thinking also of all the Friends whose kindness had been so unremitting. I thought especially of one, and could not avoid feeling great sorrow that volatility of spirits and a love of dress should have thrown a shade on her many virtues. But who that knows enough of the world to perceive that he has much in common with those around him, will venture to cast a stone of reprobation; and not rather send out the prayer of sympathetic entreaty for deliverance from constitutional tendencies or contracted habits, that cloud the judgment while they spoil the beauties of the life?

It is now the Sabbath-day afternoon, and the extreme dampness of the weather confines me at home: taking up my pen to write to you, my mind looks around for a theme suitable in solemnity and its promise of usefulness to the sacredness of the hour

The above allusion supplies me: how far the spirit of charitable construction should be permitted to prevail, or how far it should be guarded by a concern for the interests of truth, is a question interesting enough to claim our fixed attention, and important enough to render a knowledge of its rules necessary. I shall not attempt any thing like a full discussion of the subject, but shall write almost promiscuously the thoughts that present themselves to my mind.

Taking the first five verses of the seventh chapter of Matthew for our guide, we shall find ourselves furnished with all the principles needful for general direction on the positive part of the question. It is abundantly evident that Christians should be predisposed to judge favourably of others; for their most important relations in life are materially affected by the 'manner of spirit they are of.' Vindictiveness is peculiarly the spirit of the world, and that because its god is actuated by it in the course of insidious policy which has occasioned his being distinguished by the appellation of 'the Accuser of the Brethren.' It is indeed affecting to a mind of sensibility, alive to observe those working poisons which produce or aggravate the sum of human misery, to notice how much mischief actually occurs from the mole-hill certainties which suspicion magnifies to mountains of guilt; and to mark the revulsions, and resentments, and revenges, which those, who feel themselves the victims of such suspicions, immediately return. As if in the alienation of the mind from God,—in its pensive solitude in the midst of company,—in its condemnation to wander like Cain a fugitive and vagabond on the earth, unsettled because unhappy, and unhappy because accursed,—in the diseases which torment and destroy its mortal frame,—in the exposure which it feels to the designs and attempts of spiritual adversaries,—in the unavoidable collisions of interest and the incidental misfortunes of life,—as if there were not enough in these things to occupy his attention, and to fix his resolves, and to employ his energies, man busies himself in the concerns of others, and thus gives excitement to *his own* feelings and imminence to *their* dangers, as unnecessary as they are unnatural. Lamentable however, as is such a state of things among those whose souls have never been the subjects of renewing grace, it is incomparably more distressing that such a fatal tendency should be found among professing Christians. That they, whose principles are avowedly the very reverse of those heavenly laws which are laid down by the Redeemer, should disregard his injunctions, is not very surprising; they neither recognise his authority, nor perceive the excellence of his institutions, nor admit the inexpediency, impolicy, and mischievous tendency of their own favourite maxims. But oh! it might almost deluge heaven and earth with the tears of angels to see those who are considered the followers of Jesus 'biting one another, and devouring one another.' Of such conduct as this, when viewed

in a *general* representation, there can be but one sentiment, that of execration and abhorrence ; but a difficulty arises the very moment it is sought to put in the charge for a *particular* application. The injudicious manner in which this is often done by a zeal, which hopes to accomplish more than it has the means to execute, not unfrequently produces an effect the very reverse of what is intended. The attempt, inconsiderately commenced, excites irritation, and terminates in disappointment. By severe and indiscriminate censure it provokes, and is often liable to a retort of the allegation which it proposes to establish, and thus illustrating the very conduct which our Lord so severely censures, in the fourth and fifth verses of the above-mentioned chapter, it is rendered ridiculous. The Redeemer, designing to stay the raging violence of the plague, uses means the most likely of any to succeed ; he recommends the conquest of the disposition to censure, by refusing to allow its operations:—‘ Judge not !’ (Help me, my Sisters, to admire ‘ the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth !’) But instead of declaring the broad prohibition, void of explanation, and standing on the basis of His imperial authority, unsupported by any considerations more likely to weigh with the ignorant and wicked minds of men, he condescends to follow up the mandate by reasons, which at once illustrate and enforce it:—‘ Judge not, that ye be not judged !’ Here the reason is founded on a knowledge of human nature, and of the ways of the world:—‘ for with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged ; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.’ It is every day observable how truly this remark applies to human society ; they whom a cynical disposition prompts to observe with a partial and an impertinent scrutiny the failings of their fellows, become in their turn the subjects of reproach, or the objects of ridicule : while on the other hand, they whom kindness induces to see beauties amidst a profusion of blemishes, and to throw the mantle of charity over the nakedness of an ill-guarded and undefended brother, and to raise a single voice to commend or to extenuate amidst a world of tongues all moving to condemn, are certain to secure the possession of peace, and to derive a tribute of applause from a clamorous and conflicting crowd. The occasional occurrence of an exception to this general rule cannot overthrow it ; but the instance in which purity is dimmed by the breath of calumny, or innocence made the victim of falsehood, or righteousness immolated at the shrine of injustice, serves to illustrate the malignity of human conduct, to confirm the scriptural accounts of our nature, and to demonstrate the necessity and therefore the existence of a higher tribunal than the judgment of mortals, at which integrity, and truth, and immutability shall preside.

Deference to the opinions of men, is perhaps a motive of the very lowest order, from which any inducement to a Christian virtue is

sought ; but as our Lord himself condescended to refer us to them, that is an ample justification of a degree of respect equal to all the purposes for which it is permitted ; and with the same certainty it may be said to reflect disapprobation upon those who affect to be perfectly independent of others, and to act with total disregard of what may be said or thought by surrounding observers. This, I believe, in common with every species of affectation, generally adds to the ridiculousness of extravagance, the vice of falsehood.

But it would be strange indeed, if our adorable Lord had left any positive precept of his, to find its only reason in the opinions of men ; another of far deeper interest, and of much more ponderous weight, is also supplied ; it is a reference to personal depravity and corruptness of heart :—‘ Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother’s eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye ? ’ Allowing the existence of fault in another, still the prevalence of evil in *self* should prevent unguarded denunciations and the severity of reprobation. In this passage there is no intimation that the censured is less really evil than the reprove, but it strongly insists that the sum of evil within the censurer’s heart should make him cautious of severely disapproving individual cases of impropriety in others. There should be always present to the mind, the clearest, and consequently the most humiliating view of the *general* culpability,—of the *universal* imperfection of heart and life ; and this contrasted with the single case of a fellow-sinner’s conduct, which by its impropriety seems to invite censure, should check in its rising the judicial denunciation, and while it suppresses the unlawful motion, it should give utterance to the breath, which may not applaud, in fervent prayer.

But there is yet a principle which promises a still more powerful and productive influence, it is the genius of true religion. The spirit of Christianity demands the exertion of brotherly interference to check the prevalence of improper habit ; but that interference can never be properly conducted, until he who intends it, can see clearly how to apply it ; and in order to this, the *beam* of personal corruption must be removed from the mental *eye*. There is a fatal influence emanating from moral evil upon the understanding, which he, who has never been enlightened by the Holy Spirit, has not ‘ his senses exercised to discern ; ’ nor has he power to ‘ approve the things that are excellent,’ with that certainty which will qualify him to arbitrate on the morality of conduct. To have the corruption of the heart removed, and the soul ‘ renewed in righteousness and true holiness,’ while it imparts ability to perceive, increases likewise the power of sensibility ; and one, so altered from what he was, will not be more feelingly awake to observe the faults of others than tremblingly alive to pity them ; for the natural consequence of being thus under the influence of Christian principles, must be correspondent tenderness and consistent behaviour ;

and if in such a state of mind, the interference be attempted, there is every probability that it will be successful.

To exercise an almost indefinite charity is certainly a duty, for 'charity believeth,—hopeth,—endureth all things;' while at the same time, to 'suffer sin upon a brother' is a crime. The two precepts thus brought into juxta-position, as they approach each other in application, seem to threaten such a jarring interception of both, as to cover the rule of action with uncertainty. To discover that rule in every case will require the closest observation and the nicest discernment. But after all, it may be perceived how nicely these apparently opposing duties can meet in harmony and tell toward the completion of a character; they are different lines in the circle of Christian duties which have one common centre, where their points meet, and are so blended as to be undistinguishable; and that centre is pure, unaffected benevolence,—it is *love*.

Let him then, whose governing principle is any thing but love, never presume to censure. He who is actuated by benevolence, will never lend himself to be the agent of cruelty. This rule however must not be pressed too far; let it have only a literal interpretation, and it will bear itself well out of examination. Not to observe improprieties, when they appear before the eye, is impossible; but were it possible, it is not to be desired; and far less desirable, if that can be, is it to represent errors as virtues, by setting the mind to search for beauties which the eye of impartiality can never discern, or to emblazon faults by ascribing them to motives which could have no existence.

There are very important purposes to be served in personal preparation for another world, as well as in the interests of civil and social society, by the observation and reproof of improprieties. To notice a fault and its aggravations that I may know its temptations and avoid its guilt, is a most laudable exercise of virtuous judgment. And to remark upon erroneous conduct that I may prevent its repetition, or guard others against its imitation, is an act of patriotism. But to tell the story for the gratification of having communicated *news*, associates almost every thing that is mean with almost every thing that is malignant. It resembles the conduct of the petty tyrant, who, because the sword of power is put into his hands, wantonly uses it, in order to sport himself with the agony which it inflicts, and the mischiefs which it magnifies.

If then the relation of that which has occurred, and which reflects upon the agents the disapproval of the hearers, give no occasion for a vent of,—not affected *expressions*,—but commiserating *feeling*, it is to be suspected; if it gratify him who tells the story, or cause him to feel as though he had made himself more welcome to his audience; by sacrificing to their vanity the credit of another's reputation, his conduct is malignant, and his example of a more noxious character

than a pestilence; but if to the sober tale of truth he add circumstances of aggravation, or give a colouring of deeper turpitude to the story than it merits, he proves himself allied by a commonness of disposition to the devil; his rage of appetite to be glutted with the life-blood, the most delicate, and tender, and valuable of all that his victim possesses, is unlike any thing human,—it is diabolical. Here precipitancy can be no excuse,—to be rash, is to be ruinous,—a hasty assault is assassination!

How widely different from the feelings of one thus culpable are the sensations of him who has rushed forward to snatch defenceless innocence from the fatal grasp of a ruffian-like calumniator!

To one who has the interests of society at heart, it is painful to observe the extent to which this kind of predatory warfare upon reputation is carried; and the emotions are quickened to indescribable intensity when it is recollected, that in this respect many of those, who from the weakness and loveliness of their sex, are particularly exposed to the attempts of brutal violence, are themselves eminently guilty of a violence, more wicked because more crafty, and admitting less of apology, because less the effect of imperious passion, than is that of the wretch who forcibly wrests away the honour of a lady, and then, covered with the execrations of all mankind, is righteously condemned to the gallows.

And is not she to be regarded with the highest veneration, who refuses to give credit to evil reports, if there be not absolute certainty;—who, seeing the faults of others, remembers her own weakness, and throws the mellowing tint of a mild interpretation over whatever is blameworthy;—and who, perceiving the errors and the consequent unhappiness of those who transgress the prescribed bounds, shrouds the person of the transgressor from the severity of a public and scrutinising gaze, while she points to the transgression as to a beacon which blazes out at once its warning and its direction to those way-faring through a world of dangers? In such a female, the glories of her sex meet and crown her with a halo of imperishable honour;—she sits like a tutelar divinity enthroned upon the applauses of admiring multitudes.

You may guess then, my dear sisters, where and what I would have you be. I would have you the subjects of a heavenly influence, proofs of the power of Christian principles, and the ornaments of human nature, by filling up your sphere with propriety, and arraying yourselves with those *extra* beauties, arising from circumstances which are not comprehended by positive prescriptions, but which tell with extraordinary worth in the formation of a perfect character.

I will now relieve your attention by informing you that on my arrival at Gloucester, I was received by my dear friends with the frankness and affection of disinterested and durable attachment. Under

all the circumstances of the case, however, I could not prevent a certain hesitancy of feeling as I entered the house: the recollection of the distress which I had endured since I last saw them, and the consciousness that I felt of carrying nothing to recommend me, except my affliction and helplessness to their pity; together with the uncertainty whether I was radically better or not, and the consequent apprehension under which I laboured of presenting by my circumstances rather a claim upon their condolence, than a demand on their congratulations;—all these things combined to make me wish that I could avoid the ceremony of a first introduction. But I soon felt myself at home, although the general appearance of the drawing-room as I entered it, was calculated to strike a stranger with terror; it was almost filled with the emblems of mourning, preparations for a splendid funeral about to take place, for which Mr. Wheeler was undertaker, and which threw a kind of sable horror over the room. But familiarity makes a play-mate of a monster; and viewing the pompous decorations of death around me through the medium of business, I soon learnt to regard them as no interruptions to the enjoyment of endeared society. It was indeed gratifying to receive from every one those unequivocal marks of welcome, which countenances beaming with pleasure, and enquiries full of unaffected interest, could give. I did feel the sweets of gratitude to God for Friendship.

I am now much better, but my chest is astonishingly weak, and my voice has lost much of its power; there appears however a decided superiority in my present condition to that of twelve months ago. If I should return to life, how much grace and direction shall I want! I hope and believe that you often pray for

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

The following Letter is another specimen of the tender solicitude which William invariably felt for the best interests of the junior branches of his family; and when the importance of the observations is duly weighed, it will perhaps be considered a sufficient reason for presenting that to the eye of the Public, which for the most part has already appeared before it in another form.

Gloucester, Nov. 2, 1820.

MY DEAR BROTHER SAM.

AN interesting work which I have just read contains some observations which, as they passed before my eyes, appeared to me so likely to be useful to you, that I could not resist the inclination I felt to put you in possession of them; their being placed before you

in writing will be more likely to make them impressive than if you saw them in print, and the recollection that the hand is that of a Brother, who copies not because he dislikes the trouble of composition, but because he has admired the style of the work alluded to, and felt the pointedness of the remarks which it presented, will perhaps give effect to their impression. Not that I suppose your judgment will differ from mine upon their excellence, but if for their intrinsic worth you would read them once, affection, when it lays the claim, may expect that for its sake you will read them a second time, and then I doubt not that your discovery of their value, increasing in clearness, will urge you to peruse them again and again.

The person to whom these observations are attributed is represented as a young man, who, after having apostatised from 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' has become a re-converted character, and under the blessedness of his present condition writes to a young friend in whose welfare he had made himself instrumental: he writes however not only guided by the regard which such a relative connection imposes, but also excited by a recollection of the mischievous impressions of his former evil example. You will allow this, my dear Sam, to have its weight upon your mind. To the author of this Letter the society of one dissipated friend had been fatal, and he was a melancholy instance, of very frequent occurrence, I mean the futility of purposes which design to admit a little impropriety, and to exclude a great deal. This is a grand device of the devil, of which in the rapid succession of generations the inexperience of young persons renders them the unsuspecting, and therefore, the easy victims. That part of the Letter which I wish to introduce to you is as follows :

'Let me in the first place,' says the author, 'as a point of the highest importance entreat you to *beware what company you keep*. As one stream mixing with another insensibly partakes of its nature, so you will *necessarily* be influenced by your common associates. If you mix with the trifling, you will trifle; if you mix with the gay, you will be thoughtless; if you mix with the wicked, you will become wicked. Do not think it enough to see their faults, and resolve to avoid them; if you seek their society, and delight in it, whatever may be your resolutions, you will be gradually reconciled to their failings, and afterwards adopt them. Youth are too apt to be *rash* in their friendships. They meet together, sympathise on a few common points, and then determine to be *one for ever*. This is not wise. I would not have you basely suspicious of every body; but in forming your connections, I would have your acquaintanceships grow out of a knowledge of character, and your friendships spring from tried and solid merit. This will be acting with prudence. *You must not go by appearances*; if you do, almost every thing will deceive you.

You must go by experience and proof, and then you will go safely. Choose your friend not because he is spirited and witty, clever and daring,—not because he is of good presence or pleasing manners,—not because he flatters your foibles and applauds profusely your excellencies,—but choose him, because you have found him prudent and benevolent, pious and faithful, ready to admonish you of a fault, to warn you of a danger, and to encourage you amidst the difficulties and duties of life.

‘Another caution should be directed to *the books you read.*’ Let me just observe, Sam, that this young man had been craftily beguiled to read some volumes of ‘Moral Tales,’ which created a taste for light reading, and made way for Novels, Romances, and immoral works of all descriptions; he began under the specious pretext of reading before he censured, but he finished by rendering such profane nonsense necessary to his comfort. ‘Books are the companions of retirement, and what I have said on the choice of your friends, may be well applied to your selection of books. Indeed in some respects, the books which you peruse are of more importance than the company you keep. We pay more deference to the Author than to the companion; we have easier access to him, and we are less jealous of his opinions. Here then you should be very careful.—Affect not to read *many* books. This will feed your vanity, and leave you empty and superficial. Let your books be *few*, but *well chosen* and *well read*. Take the opinion of those, whose knowledge and real excellence qualify them to judge, before you decide on reading *any* book. Despise the affectation of a *false* liberality, in reading *erroneous* works. This shews an alarming presumption in young persons. Remember that your mind is naturally inclined to error, and averse from truth. Your character is not yet formed; and if we would venture to “try the spirits,” we must first be careful to “know what manner of spirit we are of.” Reject, as you would arsenic, those books that exhibit sentiments, which you could not read without shame in good society.’

Sam, let me pause to press this upon you; elsewhere I have seen the same admonition otherwise expressed;—‘Read no book privately which you would not like to read aloud to a modest female.’ I know there is a gratification to some feelings in the perusal of even impure publications, but the feelings that can be so gratified are *decidedly bad*, and the state of mind that will permit them to urge successfully a claim for their gratification presents in that fact an omen of the worst results. The Author proceeds;—‘To touch them is to be polluted. If one thing more than another succeeded in blinding me to vice, and *raising my passions to desperation*, it was *improper reading*.

‘Especially I would say, *read and study your Bible*. I can never sufficiently regret my neglect of this incomparable book. Had I taken

heed to it, I might have cleansed my way through the early walks of life. But I was foolish, do you improve by my folly. As Alexander used Homer, do you use the Bible ;—make it your companion all day, and your pillow all night. Nothing can be half so important to you. It is your guide, your counsellor, and your judge. It contains the key to history, the models of finest eloquence, the genuine morality, the conveyance of immortality ! Make it the standard of all other books. Read *them* as a *judge*, but consult *it* as a *disciple*. Knowledge elsewhere is tinged by the earthly channels through which it flows, but here it dwells as in its fountain ; pure, spiritual, living, and life-imparting ! In other works you will find good opinions grafted on bad principles, weak conclusions gathered from just premises, the spirit of the world encumbering the spirit of piety ;—a strange mixture of clay, iron, and gold ;—but in the Scriptures all is gold,—pure, unalloyed gold, authorised by the image and superscription of Jehovah that rests upon it. “ Search the Scriptures,” as the miner searches the bowels of the earth for the precious metals, “ for in them is eternal life, and they are they which testify of Jesus ! ” I will interrupt this beautiful current of thought, by injecting another remark. Depend upon it, Sam, that it is easy to lose a relish for reading the divine word, but difficult indeed to conquer the predilections of a vitiated mental taste ; and this is the reason, our natural corruptions render the excitement of our passions agreeable, and excitement once delightful becomes necessary to our peace ; but it is the business and the uniform tendency of the Scriptures to subdue the passions, and to bring the whole man into a ‘ reasonable service : ’ the results of the two operations are thus directly opposed, but unhappily the former has already become delightful, and the latter in order to be successful must *mortify*.—‘ But oh ! how disgusting to have passion mortified instead of indulged, subdued instead of triumphant ! ’—No ; this, Sam, is a delusion ; to be controlled by passion, is to be ruled by an insatiable tyranny ; while to be subdued by scriptural truth is to obtain a conquest that will cover you with immortal glory !

‘ Let me also beg of you *not to rest satisfied with any thing short of genuine religion*. I know that your dispositions are serious, and that your habits from the cradle have been pious ; but this is one reason why I warn you on this head. Numbers of youth are relying on such privileges, and by so doing have converted them from blessings into curses. Avoid this evil, and give your serious attention to religion. In studying its nature, let this be a governing sentiment to you, that it is a *vital* principle. Religion with some people, and people who are very strenuous on the subject too, is like a fine portrait, just and complete in its outward parts, but *wanting life* ; fair to the eye, but cold to the touch. Now religion must not only be perfect in form, but animated with a *living spirit*. It is not composed of a proper act

or a decent habit, or a sublime speculation, or manual observance;—it is the *life of the soul*, as the soul is the life of the body.

‘ Were I to describe this divine principle, I should say, that it consists of *love toward God, and benevolence toward men*, and is directly opposed to the vanity, pride, enmity, and selfishness natural to us. Yes, the presence of this principle alone will teach us to deny ourselves, and nothing short of this will validate our claim to discipleship. Our worldly opinions, our vain imaginations, our proud resentments, our carnal prejudices, our sinful propensities, must all be sacrificed. The right hand must be cut off, the right eye plucked out,—the useful, the profitable, the beloved sin, must be renounced. The Saviour’s wisdom must guide us, *and not our own*; the Saviour’s will must govern us, *and not our own*; the Saviour’s excellence must delight us, *and not our own*! If born again, we are *not our own, but His*.—Oh! try yourself by this test. I am the more earnest, because I fear that till since I saw you, I had not sufficient views of the nature of religion; and if I had, it never appeared clothed with the importance and beauty which it now wears. See then that you do not err; mistake not slight impressions for indelible ones, agitated feelings for spiritualised affections, a partial change for a total one, or a perception of religion for its actual possession.’ I may add here, my dear Sam, a remark which I think founded in truth and of universal application, that evidence of the possession of religion is doubtful, only when there is really too little of it to justify a positive and satisfactory conclusion. I am aware that a state of doubt will admit no conclusion either way, and hence that in such a case there cannot be clear evidence of a total destitution of religious influence. At the same time were there such an enjoyment of the love of God, such a sway over the heart, by charity toward men, such a subjugation of the affections beneath the yoke of the Redeemer, as a Christian must feel in order to be happy, and may feel without presuming too much; then the state of mind would involve its own evidence, it would make the conclusion irresistible, indeed there could arise no objection to cast even the *shadow* of a doubt. Without this it never was the intention of our God to permit us to rest; while he who wishes to rest without it, or takes no effectual measures to rise above a state of uncertainty, places himself on a high post of danger to be the sport of cruel storms and exposed to a tremendous catastrophe. But hear the Author further: ‘ If you have scriptural evidence to conclude that you are the subject of vital religion, then beware that you do not neglect it. If those who, not knowing religion neglect it, are guilty, how much more the guilt of those who neglect it, with a sense of its value! As you regard your present and your future peace, I beseech you, shun this evil! That you may be assisted to do this, I would say:—

‘ First, watch habitually over all your conduct. Remember that

every thing within and about you is opposed to your religious progress. If you are doubtful of any action or engagement, try it by the following questions. Is it warranted by Scripture?—Will it injure my religion?—Can I ask the blessing of God upon it?—If it will not bear this test, consider it doubtful no longer,—it is a snare of the wicked one.

‘Secondly.—In addition to your daily prayers, commence each day by meditating on a selected text of Scripture, and close it by serious examination. Ask yourself before you sink into sleep such questions as these:—Have I observed my devotions?—Have I performed the duties of my station?—Have I benefited any fellow-creature?—Have I indulged any improper passion,—pride, anger, or resentment?—Have I made any progress in knowledge or holiness?—It is impossible for me to tell from what evils such a practice may deliver you, or what good it may confer upon you.’

I will add one brief extract more:—‘Shall I own to you, my dear John, that in penning this short letter, I have been obliged repeatedly to stop and weep? I have wept because I saw you standing in slippery places. I have wept because every advice to you was a reproach to myself. Similar advice was given to me, but I trifled with it. However I will hope that you may be confirmed in wisdom by my dear-bought experience.’

Here, my dear Brother, I pause and retire behind this last extract to save the necessity of making a more pointed acknowledgment of my own deficiency. I have only to add, how entirely I agree with the writer in the propriety of the observations which he has made, may be judged from the labour of copying them, and the eagerness with which I recommend them. There is, you know, a difference not very material in our respective ages, and we may very cordially unite in proposing to take the admonitory experience of this poor young man as a beacon to our steps in the way of holiness. May the blessing of the great God, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, be with you, my dear Samuel, and preserve you from the evils which have already ensnared thousands, and now endanger yourself; and may it ‘stablish you in every good word and work!’ Such are the fervent wishes of

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

The next is an Extract from a Letter to a young lady, who since that time has been brought into closer connexion with the family.

Gloucester, March 8, 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

INCLINATION, as well as the request of a member of our family, leads me to fulfil a purpose which for some time I have formed of writing you. Do not however imagine that I have no self-interest in the affair; for, though duty might in some cases impel me to do what on other accounts I might perform with reluctance, yet the vanity, which ladies say is universal among men, prompts me to wish for the good opinion of a person, of whom a distant acquaintance has left me room to observe, that I have regretted our acquaintance has been so distant. Flattery, at all times revolting to sensibility, is indescribably more so to a pious mind, for the disgrace of flattering is not nearly so deep in its colour to one who looks upon humility as meanness, and pride as manly feeling, as it is to one who knows that as humility is the foundation of the Christian graces, and the very life-blood of spiritual health, so he who flatters the pride of another administers a cup of poison, and is the murderer of a soul. I will, therefore, abstain from conduct and expressions which may bear the appearance of evil, however they might be the utterance of conviction, and the language of truth. I will content myself with saying that from the little knowledge of you which I possess, and from the *impartial* information of another person, I feel a great desire to be *valued by you* as a Friend. Of this I am the more anxious as I understand that, from some cause which to me is perfectly mysterious, there is around me in your estimation an ominous awfulness thrown in shades thickening over each other, rendering me at once an object of suspicion and of fear, and thus naturally causing you to feel 'extreme diffidence toward me.' Now I do desire you, in the name of all that is familiar in friendship, or faithful in innocence, or fearless in courage, to go boldly up to this same dismal spectre, and to see if whatever is frightful will not soon be dissipated, and if there will not stand confessed before you one who can be honest, open, and cordial.

Human nature makes a large acknowledgment of its weakness and of its dependence, whenever it is reminded that its happiness must result from such a concatenation of circumstances as will make all things flow together with the stream of its wishes. And yet such is the condition of human nature, in this life, that its general felicity must be estimated by its every-day experience, and its every-day experience is made up of incidents which individually are of little importance, and are momentous only as they affect the feelings. I speak now of course, not of the happiness which the soul may enjoy in a close union with God, but of that felicity of condition which

depends on the connection between circumstances and feeling, from which a breath of wind can detract a considerable share, and to which the uncovering of the face of the sun, and his transient smile around upon the earth, may make a great addition.

Independence of circumstances it is vain to expect, for they who affect to have attained it may easily detect themselves in feelings which they may dislike to acknowledge; nor is it difficult in other instances for those around them to detect traces of the same folly as that which originates this affectation of stoical indifference. God has made us dependent, and we therefore, as naturally fall upon things around us for support,—for the maintenance and increase of our enjoyment of existence, — as an ivy branch lays hold upon the nearest tree or wall. It is this, in connection with other important causes, that makes a marriage-life desirable; it is in the blending of interests, in the reciprocation of dependence, and in the community of joys and griefs, that the luxury of union with the most endeared upon earth is felt. It is this too that opens a view of the worth of social intercourse, that makes the smile of a neighbourhood exhilarating, and that renders the frown of a friend or relative destructive of our tone of enjoyment, and proportionally injurious to our state in life.

But enough,—I am not telling you news, for I have no news to tell you: this, however, it is of consequence to remember, even after we have learnt it,—that as man's happiness depends very greatly upon his connections with his fellow-creatures, we are constituted in an important sense the keepers of each other's felicity. And to make a personal application of the whole,—to be able in any degree either to diminish the number of your sorrows, or to add to the measure of your joys, will increase the happiness of

Your affectionate Friend,
WILLIAM BARBER.

CHAPTER V.

Opens his Academy at Longford—His Marriage—Advice to a Brother in the Ministry—Prosperity in Business—Death of his Wife—Dissolution of his Academy—Distress of his Mind—Difficulties of his Situation—Commences a Day-School at Gloucester—Publication of his Wife's Memorials—New Discoveries of Sin in the Heart.

As THE health of my Brother gradually improved, though without affording the slightest reason to expect that he would be able for a long time to enter upon the arduous duties of the Wesleyan Ministry, he at length decided upon commencing for himself a classical, commercial, and mathematical Academy. This was not done merely in conformity with his own views of the will of God concerning him; for, fearful of wandering from the path of duty, he set himself to ascertain the sentiments of his most experienced friends, especially the Rev. Henry Moore, then Superintendent of the Bristol Circuit, and the Rev. Walter Griffith, the Superintendent at Bath; these venerable men, though perfectly unacquainted with each other's views at the time, entirely coincided in the propriety of William's adopting the plan suggested, and thus every doubt was removed from his mind. He, therefore, immediately entered with his whole soul into his work, and having procured suitable premises at Longford, near Gloucester, he opened his school on the 10th of July, 1821, and almost immediately established preaching and a Methodist Class upon the spot.

The encouragement and support which he met in his new engagement, both from his own Friends and the Public at large, were so considerable, that he began to be more fully persuaded he had taken the path which was opened to him by Providence. But his public avowal of attachment to the obligations and services of religion, though it gained him the confidence and respect of the wisest part of the community, was not so universally admired as might have been hoped. There were some few individuals in his immediate neighbourhood who made it the subject of their ridicule and scorn. A

friend informed him that at a public dinner in a tavern, the conversation happening to be directed towards the new occupier of Longford House, a gentleman present, possessed of considerable property, but unfortunately of infidel principles, was asked by some of the company whether he intended to send his boys to the Academy. 'No,' said the apostle of good morals, 'from what I have heard, the young man is polite enough, and able enough, but I understand that he is a Methodist, and I would as soon send my children to ——— as to a Methodist!' Such sarcasms however as these had no weight with one who was determined to 'acknowledge God in all his ways,' and though he soon afterwards found, by the most distressing circumstances, that his cup of suffering was far from being emptied of its contents, he never repented the resolution which he had formed.

Having myself for some years entertained views to the Wesleyan Ministry, which in consequence of a variety of circumstances I had not as yet been permitted to realise, I had begun to suspect it possible that my way was by Providence obstructed to the work at home, in order to force me into the Missionary department. I was in this state of painful uncertainty when I received the following affectionate letter from my Brother.

Longford, July 28, 1821.

DEAR A.

YOU are my Creditor by several Letters. I am glad that you can trust me. I have, as they say, an honest principle in me and a good heart toward you, but this one solitary note of hand must even wipe out the score against me, and debit you a balance in my favour. I admit that there should be something valuable in a communication which is expected to do so much, and I regret that it is not in my power to render assistance by really opening a way before you, or by counsel which has the proofs of experience to recommend it. There is, however, this consolatory reflection, that if attempt incur the charge of incapacity, it discharges the just demands of obligation; the former is an arbitrary imposition, the latter a liberation from claims of duty hitherto neglected.

But to come immediately to your last interesting and important letter, containing statements of your feelings and situation very candid and affecting:—I could not forbear sympathising deeply with you; and that you know I am well able to do, for my situation has been one extremely similar to your own, in reference to your views to the ministry, and your expectations from the now sitting Conference. I can indeed easily conceive how difficult you find it to keep your mind in a placid and unanxious frame: it is almost an impossibility. Here Philosophy would say:—'Of what avail is agitation, where there can be no effort?' But religion, turning heaven-ward her eyes,

exclaims :—‘Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he *trusteth* in thee!’ I see very plainly, or at least I fancy so, that your conflict of feeling must be of such a nature that religion itself cannot do much toward quieting your agitated sensations, unless carried into those exalted attainments of devotion to God, by which nature is thoroughly subjugated, and all its functions placed just at command. That employment, to which you believe Providence has destined you, is an object of ardent desire, as it has been long the pursuit of a holy ambition ; but it would at the same time impose restrictions that are contrary to the feelings of nature. Could you however obtain more of that denying superiority to self, which I am sure the circumstances of a Methodist Preacher will very often demand, you would in a compound proportion prove its efficacy to still the tempest of feeling ;—you would find it act upon your mind as oil upon the bosom of waters ; when raised into waves of lawless and threatening appearances it would smooth them into placidity, and still them into peace, at the same time giving power to reflect the perfect and pleasing image of the bright luminary which attracts them. Do not imagine, my dear Brother, that I am now throwing a censure upon the reality or the fervour of your devotedness to the will of God ; I do not for a moment suspect either. But if you feel at all as I do, you will know the difference between knowledge and feeling,—between a consciousness of what is required and the fulfilment of requirement,—between a wish and intention to be resigned and the habit and sensations of full acquiescence. It is easy with only a little religion, if religion may be ideally measured, to perceive the propriety, yes, and to have a strong desire to experience, resignation to the will of God ; but with only a little, it is not easy to give up even to procrastination a partiality so powerful as is that which affects the destination of a whole life ; but it would be well for us to remind each other, that important as are the great changes of life, the attainment of Christian virtues, which meet together in aid of fitness for the greatest change of all, is infinitely more important ; and therefore, Providence will not hesitate sometimes to throw confusion upon the one in order to realise the other with greater effect.

I cannot doubt the propriety of your *turning your attention* toward the Missionary work, but *est modus in rebus*, you know, and it will be particularly needful for you to seriously consider yours in this affair.

That you may be useful in a department of Missionary labour, I have not a single doubt : but you are aware, that *that* is not the only thing to be considered. Remember, that in making the attempt to go into a Missionary field, you will not be setting about what you already know is the will of God concerning you, but it will be in fact the movement of an enquiry into that will. For my part I cannot give an

an opinion upon the subject : although it would, at least on one side, be probably determined by the feelings of our Parents. Nothing however can be more consonant with my own views than that you should upon every account decide during the present season ; the loudest calls for this, proceed from every duty involved in the consideration. You must either wholly or mainly turn your attention to business or to the Ministry ; if your way to the latter be fairly blocked up, it must be your duty to study the former, to enter into it with spirit, and to pursue it with perseverance, in whatever department your way shall be ultimately opened. Still however *est modus in rebus*, there must be caution, or some known duty will be sacrificed to a strong inclination. I must now leave you ; with great difficulty have I stolen from the boys the time necessary for writing this to you.

I am your affectionate and sympathising Brother

WILLIAM.

He was now so fully occupied with the duties devolving upon him, that it was but seldom we could obtain from him any communications but those on business. The resolution and perseverance which in the above letter he had recommended to his brother, he himself displayed to a degree that justified all our expectations from the well known firmness and ardour of his character. His success in his school was such, that he soon found himself under the necessity of employing an assistant ; and though his eldest sister had hitherto, much to his satisfaction, conducted the domestic arrangements of his establishment, it was hardly to be expected, that as he had already fixed his affections upon the youngest sister of his friend Mrs. Wheeler of Gloucester, a lady every way suitable for him, he would be long satisfied without the consummation of their union. Just before the occurrence of that event he wrote the following letter to his third Sister, then in a delicate state of health.

Longford, Jan. 25, 1822.

MY DEAR MARY,

You are now in those circumstances of mind and body which of course bring upon you much suffering and real trial. I too have been in them, and know them experimentally. It is but seldom that I can write, and our distance necessarily precludes any other intercourse ; but I frequently think of you, and I believe that no one day passes but you are the subject of my earnest prayer to God. My wishes for you at a throne of grace are, that if it may be consistent with the divine wisdom and goodness, you may soon recover ; and that your afflictions, (for pain of body, and sinking spirits, and unfitness for the business of life, are real afflictions,) may be truly blest unto you.

It is one source of great relief to a sufferer, that his 'affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground;' and another that they are designed for some very beneficial purpose: 'When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity;' 'he is chastened with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain; so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat:' all this is to 'withdraw man from his purpose, to hide pride from man, and to keep back his soul from the pit.'

In writing to you, my dear, I feel relieved of an intolerable burden that would rest upon my heart and hand, if I had no persuasion that you have received the grace of God in truth. Of this I think, (and let it be said only to the glory of the Saviour and to your comfort,) there is satisfactory evidence. This then connects you, in a most endearing and happy relation, with God. He is no stranger to you, but graciously gives you authority to say;—'The Lord is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation!' And if trusting in the merits of the Saviour, and believing His promises, you venture to use this language in simplicity and humble confidence, He will, and indeed He does reply to you in such endearing and melting language as that in Isaiah xli. 10, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am *thy God!*' O my dear Sister, hang upon that:—'I am *thy God!* I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'

Let it therefore be your chief care now to get all your sufferings sanctified to you; for this, there are very many reasons;—the longer your afflictions are needed, the longer they will be continued;—suffering imparts no merit, nor even any good but as it is blest to the soul; recovery itself will be worth far more, if in the affliction you become more fitted for life;—and he who is more fitted to live, is surely more fitted to die.

In the present uncertainty of your condition, try to keep your mind calm; for this purpose, habitually have recourse to God. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.' Bear up, as much as possible, under fits of depression, and against all gloomy and desponding views, which are incident to your present state of ill-health; always remembering that however your feelings may vary, 'with Him there is no variableness, neither the shadow of a turning.'

Wishing you much spiritual prosperity in Christ, a good hope through grace, and if consistent with the Divine will, better health speedily, I am

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

His next announces the event to which he had for a considerable time looked forward with his characteristic ardour and hope.

Longford, Feb. 22, 1822.

VERY DEAR PARENTS,

I SUPPOSE you are by this time somewhat solicitous to hear from us ; and though in the society of my dearest Anne I feel just now but little disposition to employ myself in any thing that does not actively concern her, yet a sense of duty to you, and a wish to gratify what I know is parental solicitude for the happiness of your children, urge me immediately to write ; to this I can of course be the more easily reconciled, as I must necessarily write about her.

Mr. Wheeler and myself started at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon for Hereford, which we reached at eight ; we there found horses waiting for us, and arrived at Arkstone between nine and ten. The next day I was obliged to preach in consequence of the indisposition and absence of the appointed preacher. I had resolved, as I thought, firmly against being so engaged ; there were many reasons, and some of them peculiar, for my wishing to avoid it. I was however, compelled to alter my purpose. A little before breakfast Mr. W. gave me as a text ;—‘ Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory !’

I will not fear to say that power was given me to enter into the meaning of the passage ; my views were enlarged very much, and my heart went along with the spirit of the writer. It affected my present situation, and expressed just what my Anne and myself had before uttered in other language, both of resolution and of hope. My hearers it seems had some reason to regret the liberty which I felt, for some of them afterwards told me that I was an hour and three quarters in the sermon, but this, I am persuaded, was an exaggeration. A resolution to be guided in future by the counsel of God was produced, not so much by the view of past errors, nor yet at all by a suspicion of present opposition to the Divine will ; but chiefly by a clear conviction of the propriety in reason, of the necessity in order to success, and of the obligation in gratitude, to make the counsel of God, learnt from His word, His dispensations of providence and grace, His ordinances, &c., the guide of our entire life. My Anne's views were perfectly consonant with my own, and I was glad that the subject had come before me.

On Monday Mr. W. and myself went to Hereford, for the license. I felt very impressively the importance of the coming day, and longed for a clear manifestation of the Divine favour in reference to the momentous and happy business in which I was about to engage. The next morning, (the 19th instant,) I rose early, and so did Anne, and in different parts of the house we commended ourselves, and each

other, together with all our circumstances to God. I carefully reviewed all, and made every thing the subject of direct and earnest appeal to Him. I was very much blest, and the sweetest of all my delightful feelings on that happy morning arose from a most solemn consciousness of the favour and blessing of God. At half-past ten o'clock we went to the Altar, as to a most sacred and delightful ordinance of religion. The Clergyman read the service in the most impressive manner. I had read it several times before, but now it came upon me with great emphasis indeed. The ringers were waiting before we left the church, and immediately, in spite of refusal and remonstrance, struck up their merriest peal. We dined early, and at two o'clock left Arkstone, in a chariot, accompanied by Miss M. Howell, as bride-maid; Mr. Wheeler and Mr. W. Howell, were also with us. We took tea at Ross, and reached Longford about half-past eight in the evening. The weather was remarkably fine, and nothing unpleasant was permitted to disturb the hilarity of the evening. The boys were in a high tone of preparation, they had provided themselves with a Christian song and a poetic address of welcome to the bride, and they feasted like princes on the cake and wine prepared for them by Mrs. W. Nothing but entire satisfaction was visible, nothing but cordial congratulation was to be heard: it was, indeed, a solemn—happy—Christian day, for we had no boisterous nor irrational mirth.

And now, my dear Parents, the event which has given me a treasure, whose value every moment appears to me greater than before, has given to you a daughter, who in nothing is more entirely at one with me than in affection for you. I rejoice that I have no occasion to recommend her to your affections; you know a little of her, and therefore you love her; the more you know of her the more unlimited your love will be. I shall not write to you therefore any more in my own name only; my dear Anne feels and claims her right to be included. Oh! then do not cease to pray for us, that the Lord may bless us and keep us safe in the midst of a world which exposes us to the greatest dangers. If we ever anticipated your blessing while single, we now together put in our claim most earnestly for it. Oh! write us, and tell us that we have that blessing, and that we shall continue to have it; and, for the first time, we subscribe ourselves, and that with feelings of very high delight,

Your truly affectionate Children,

WILLIAM AND ANNE BARBER.

The above Letter may possibly excite the smiles of the dispassionate Reader, who will probably wonder at the reason which induced its insertion in the present Memoir; his surprise however will probably subside when he comes to contrast the expressions which it con-

first regarded as a proof of lowliness of mind that makes the young man think most highly of others, will yet soon be believed in the abstract; and the other, the frequent urging of inability for the work imposed. I am quite of opinion that humility should discover itself rather by a patient endurance than by active and reiterated complaint, and yet a man must never forget his own interest so far as to avoid proper occasions for expressing his views of personal deficiency. But what I contend against is, frequent and gratuitous confessions unnecessary by time or circumstances. * * * *

You will expect me to say something about my dearest Anne and our new condition of life.—I feel that I am formed for domestic life, and thus I am prepared to be very much pleased with domestic enjoyments. My feelings are at rest, and in the reciprocation of esteem and love with the one whom I most regard, I feel that comparatively little of this world's goods is left me to wish. My view of the blessing, of which I am recently put in possession by the wonderful kindness of Providence, is, that every other is subordinate to it. I have now the greatest; and the least, which are needed only as exigencies demand them, are thus ensured to me. I find my dear Anne a greater treasure than I expected, though large my anticipations most certainly were. Her prudence, piety, affection, skill, and diligence; her moderation, carefulness, decision, and firmness, are in my opinion exemplary. I do most solemnly bless God for her. I believe her to be peculiarly adapted to her situation and to me.

The approach of the District Meeting, connected with the step which I have taken, has with some power revived the thoughts of my supposed destination to the Ministry. I have sometimes felt acutely, but never once condemned. I believe I am right, although my feelings on the subject of what made it right for God to lay me aside, humble me very much. The Lord make me in future increasingly devoted, and humble, and faithful! Our religious prospects in this neighbourhood are good; we have through mercy a class of ten persons, many of whom are directly the fruits of preaching in our house. What a mercy!—I must leave you——

I am
Your affectionate Brother
WILLIAM.

P. S. We are going at Midsummer to remove to a larger house nearer Gloucester in the London Road; rent and taxes more than £100, *per annum*.

By the above Postscript some idea may be formed of the surprising success which attended my Brother's efforts to establish his Academy,

but, alas! it was a success which very speedily terminated, and that by means of the most melancholy and afflictive kind.

I shall not however trench upon the account of these painful circumstances, which my Brother himself has given, and which will be found in the Appendix. I shall merely observe, that his wife was taken ill about the middle of the following July, and that she remained so until the 20th of August, when she expired, leaving behind her a glorious testimony of the power of Divine grace. The following Letters, descriptive of the painful scene, were among those which William wrote to Bristol.

Longford, Aug. 19, 1822.

MY DEAREST PARENTS,

I HAVE not seen your note, but I have heard its contents. My dearest Anne is this evening no better, but most distressingly delirious—at this moment it rages.—Her state of soul when calm, is comforting and animating beyond expression.—Her victory is decisive.—Oh! how my heart is comforted and supported, amidst these accumulated and appalling trials!—Glory—Glory be to God!—Now I prove the reality and the power of religion. The scene last night was melting indeed.—She had her Brothers into her chamber, and exhorted them most sweetly to turn to the Lord; and to yield to the influences of Divine Grace. In the event of any thing more occurring, you will receive a speedy communication.

I am, my dear Parents,

Your afflicted, though resigned,

WILLIAM.

Longford, Aug. 20, 1822.

OH! my dearest Parents, Brothers, and Sisters, your minds are prepared for the distressing intelligence—She is gone!—My darling Nancy has left me a widowed wanderer in this wilderness world! The Lord however greatly forgets my sinfulness, and pours his consolations and support into my soul. But O the agonising distress of her death!—I never before saw death from an acute disease; but the terrors of the delirium, and the pains of dissolution after the delirium began, till within an hour of her release, were of such a kind that I, who had thought that nothing could be worse than death, earnestly prayed for it as for a refuge.—Before the delirium commenced, her soul was solidly happy.—I shall sometime find pleasure in detailing.—And when the distresses of the delirium passed away, she sunk gradually,—apparently in exercise with the unseen world,—till she expired without an effort, and without a sound.—I saw her breathe her last, and I saw it with an humble, holy rejoicing in God!—I was supported beyond what I could have thought.—Glory to God in the highest!—But—but I am left!—I have lost her!—We must bury

her on Friday morning. I suppose, my dear Father and Brother Aquila, at least, will not delay their coming. Oh! commend me more than ever to God! My heart at present seems melted by the heat of this fiery furnace. But oh! I dread lest, for want of a deep and changing sanctification, it should again grow cold and callous.

Your very deeply afflicted,
And widowed,

WILLIAM.

P. S. Past 8 o'clock, P. M. Just about this time, on this day six months, my darling entered this now desolate parlour as my Bride. O what a heart-rending reverse!—A few hours before her death, she charged me to give her affectionate love to you all. To this is now added, that of the kind and sympathising Wheelers and the family.

Being at that time on a visit to my friends in Bristol, I of course readily accompanied my Father to the house of mourning, in order to pay the last sad acts of attention to the deceased, and also to administer what consolation we could to my distressed and afflicted Brother. We found him sorrowing indeed; those blessed consolations which, in order to support his mind during the last hours of his departed wife, had been given him in so extraordinary a measure, had now in some degree subsided, and, in consequence, he was gradually coming to a full sense of the loss which he had sustained. It was however gratifying to perceive that, though agonising under the weight of his calamity, and the conviction of having provoked it by a criminal fixing of his affections upon the creature, he was enabled with Christian resignation to 'bear the rod, and Him who had appointed it.' Upon my Father's return to his family, he was the bearer of the following Letter.

Gloucester, Aug. 26, 1822.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,

YOUR thoughts, I am well persuaded, have been for several days dwelling with anxious and painful interest upon your poor bereaved Son. The affection of a Mother, who is really tender, must be exhaustless, but capable of very large acquisitions. It is a peculiar mercy, and one of uncommon magnitude, that in my present circumstances, appalling as they are, I am at once thrown into the bosom of sympathy, and in an almost unexampled way sustained by the arms of relative kindness. I am deeply affected at the tenderness of Mr. and Mrs. W. and the family; and though, as they take me by the hand, I cannot help feeling the difference between the squeeze of

pity, and the pressure of my Nancy's warm and happy love, yet it is very consolatory that I have such a substitute. It is true too, that their embraces, affectionate as they are, often painfully remind me of the more equal and the more precious tokens of my departed Nancy's fondness. Well; I am not as one without hope. But when I follow out reflections like these, my heart quickens, my pulse throbs, and pains increase rapidly upon me, until I am almost urged to murmuring. I sometimes take refuge in the thought, that these comforts are not essential to my existence. 'Woe is me for my hurt! My wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it.'

But these, my dear Mother, are not my best consolations; if they were, they could present a barrier but feeble indeed, against the strong and rapid flow of widowed feeling. I am supported by that God to whom *you*, my Mother, have so confidently pointed me, and so feelingly commended me. It would be difficult for me to describe the surprise with which I contemplate my own feelings; very severe indeed they have sometimes been, but the consolations of the Lord have been poured into my mind, they have been neither few nor small. As I stood by the bed-side of my dear dying Nancy, and saw her incapable of noticing me, being wrapped up in the opening visions of the spiritual world, and I knew and felt she would speak to me no more;—as I watched every breath, and observed how it was more quickened than the last;—as I felt her pulse, and perceived it stop, while it was succeeded by the cold sweats of hastening dissolution;—as I waited, and observed the last breath—the last motion—and then the close of her powerless eye-lids;—it is true, I felt a pang as great as if my heart had been riven asunder; but I could scarcely grieve—I was obliged to pray and praise. And while her dear but altered remains lay cold and extended, how precious were many of the moments I spent with them! they were full of spiritual support in grief. On the day too of the funeral, I could not weep, my soul was blest in an extraordinary manner; and I was indeed ashamed that strangers should see my face, lest they should attribute to me a disaffectionate, unfeeling insensibility.

There are some moments of ebbing consolation, when the enemy rushes in 'like a flood,' but hitherto the Lord has 'lifted up his Spirit as a standard against him.' I now *feel* what before I had *presumed*, that the influence of Christianity has supports adequate to the deepest distress. My earthly happiness is suddenly disturbed and dissipated, and my flattering prospects blighted to the ground, yet I am blest with acquiescence, as well as submission to the will of God. I would not consent to her return, unless infinite Wisdom would assure me that it was best. I have therefore an additional argument in urging Christianity upon the acceptance of my fellow-men. Before I could say, it *must* be a support in affliction from the very nature of

religion itself; but now I can say, it *will* be so, for I have felt it.
With very increased affection for you and all the family,

I am, my dearest Mother,
Your affectionate, bereaved,
Sustained Son,
WILLIAM.

It will be necessary just to state here, that the painful malady, which carried off my Brother's wife, was of so malignant and contagious a kind as to place the lives of all the family in the most imminent danger. In fact, several of his pupils actually took the disorder, as well as the servant and the two sisters of Mrs. B. So that it was absolutely necessary at once to break up the establishment, and to send the children to their respective friends. Thus was that dwelling, which but a few weeks before was teeming with the bustle and the activity of a flourishing seminary, suddenly depopulated and deserted by the whole of its inhabitants! It is much easier to conceive than to describe the effects, which such a complication of unexpected calamities was calculated to produce upon a mind constructed like that of William; and it must forcibly remind the Reader of the picture, which he had before so pathetically drawn, of the domestic misfortunes of his friend, Mr. Bemman. See page 65.

The following I received from him at St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, whither I had been stationed by the recent Conference.

Gloucester, Sept. 9, 1822.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

THE situation, both of mind and of circumstances, in which I found myself when you and the others left me, was one by no means enviable. Till now, I comparatively never knew what distress is; but widowhood is indeed a situation of distress! My Anne gone,—that I have buried my Anne,—that I shall see her no more,—hear her no more,—write to her no more,—receive epistles from her no more!—Oh, there is a dreadfulness in these recollections, which cannot be communicated, except by similar occurrences!—There was pain enough in the separation previous to marriage,—it was often most intolerable,—then I had an aching anguish at my heart that embittered every thing else; but every painful sensation was then alleviated by the occasional visits which allowed us to converse,—by the regular correspondence that held us in delightful connectedness,—and by the yet more animating prospect of being speedily united to fear no further separation till death; but then the expression *till death*

meant to us, a space of time to the end of which neither the eye, nor scarcely the imagination, could reach. But now what is my situation?—All sensitive connection with her, and even sympathy, are at an end; for of what nature can the sympathy of a glorified spirit be?—She is too glorious,—too blessed,—too far removed from the corruption and the sufferings of human life,—to be capable of woe; but the sympathy of my dear Anne used to be my greatest alleviation in distress. 'Tis almost an insufferable thought, that she can now administer to me no consolation, unless indeed, as my attending and guardian spirit, she applies to me in a spiritual manner the consolations of religion; but if she do, I cannot see her,—cannot hear her,—cannot be certain,—and therefore, cannot feel the assurance so strong that she is with me. Besides, if she do, I am a creature of this world, I am flesh and blood, and my spiritual partialities are modified by these; she is flesh and blood no longer,—these lie inanimate,—corrupted,—putrifying,—perishing a few yards from where I write; were I to go to them they would be aware of it no longer,—were I to repeat those kisses, which I was not long since accustomed to impress with so much rapture, there would be no consciousness, nor any return of those endearing tokens of affection, which so very lately ran thrilling through my frame with exquisite delight. But it is useless to attempt description where it cannot possibly succeed, or where, if it could be adequate, it could produce no such sensations as are produced within myself. I ponder over the past with a miserable pleasure, and though I feel the mournful contemplation poisonous to every thing which the world has left, I yet indulge it with increasing eagerness and more insatiable appetite. Oh, God! I am a widower! I have buried my dear Anne!—I have sometimes a difficulty in believing it,—all seems such a dream;—I would fain persuade myself that it is a dream,—that I have in reality lost nothing, but a pleasing illusion of my senses, which flattered and delighted but deluded me.—Alas! alas! oh, would to God it were a dream!—then I should find my Nancy by my side,—then at least she would be alive and well at some distance, where a little labour would let me find her,—then I should call her and hear her answer,—I should hear her say 'William!' with the same ineffable sweetness with which the syllables so lately dropped from her lips,—then * * * * *

Oh, the unutterable cruelty and anguish of the thought! My brain takes fire,—my eyes redden,—my heart glows with a conflict of passion within, and sickens at the thought of the impotence and uselessness of grief!—When I go to lay myself down at night, the recollection darts through me, from not finding her there,—mine is a widowed pillow!—a widowed pillow!—Can it be possible?—am I a widower? at twenty-three?—married only six months ago?—is Anne dead?—Oh! yes, she is!—I saw her sicken!—I saw her in convulsions!—

I saw her die!—I followed her to the grave!—My prospects are all ruined!—My hopes are cut off!—My Anne hears me no more!—‘My life is smitten down to the ground!’—Oh, Aquila!—what is to save me, but that religion which saved her?—what would prevent me from freeing myself at once from so wretched a situation by some means of self-destruction, but that religion which restrains by the force of its admonitions, and in spite of the storms of grief infuses its peaceful consolations?—Oh! thank God, I am not abandoned!—Though I have felt some of the horrors of excessive grief, yet mine has been a grief that could not weep. Oh! what a relief I should often feel it to shed tears for an hour together, but I cannot! * *

Well,—I feel myself reproached,—it is wrong thus to give way;—you will challenge me perhaps for my reliance upon God’s changeless goodness,—for my strong, at least Christian, dependence upon the Saviour’s intercession. In justice to myself, and in honour of the grace of God, I must say that I am not always thus. My soul often takes the happier view of the heavy, heavy dispensation under which I am suffering. It often feels comfort where it cannot feel joy, and it still oftener feels the awe of silent, astonished submission when I cannot feel comfort. Sometimes indeed, a new and freshened view of my deplorable loss and my affecting situation comes upon me with a most vivid clearness, and my spirit, fretted almost into desperation, bursts away from the restraints which virtue and piety impose, and vents itself in the bitterest feelings and the strongest expressions of distress. Oh, how willingly I could die!—But then I am chased away from the hope of relief from death by the thought, that such a motive for wishing to die evidences a state of feeling unfitted for the change. Alas! alas! there is no relief for natural distress,—perhaps it is as much physical as spiritual,—it may be restrained,—it may be circumscribed,—but it will not be kept down,—it must spend itself. How could it be when my dear Anne was dying, though I knew it, that I did not think so painfully of it?—I did not recollect, or rather I could not feel, that she would soon be taken finally from me,—that I should see and hear her no more. It was well that I did not,—it was a mercy that I could not,—for what would it have availed? I must have been distracted, — I must have injured her peace as she died. But oh! could she not have been spared?—would nothing do but her dying?—I do not,—indeed I do not intend to impeach the wisdom or goodness of God; but what shall I do?—Alas! alas! ‘Truly mine is a grief, and I must bear it!’

I drew up an account too extended for Mr. Collier to use in preaching the funeral sermon. He found it too long for reading at once, and therefore he preached the Sermon on Sunday night, the 1st inst., and on the following evening he read the account in a special service. Many country friends came on the Sunday evening, and were griev-

ously disappointed; however, on the Monday there was a most respectable congregation, and, among them, the wives and families of the mayor and sheriff, together with a truly genteel selection from the Church and the Dissenting Meetings. There was a general wish to see the account in print; several came forward and begged that it might be published, and two offered at once to join the expense. I have consented to have a hundred copies struck off, merely for private distribution. I would not at all consent to a general publication. I will send you a copy or two, if you will tell me how. Perhaps the Lord will be pleased to render it a blessing. Oh, that he may!

An expression in one of her letters is salutary and profitable:—‘I now find more delight in pleasing my God, than I do in gratifying myself.’ Oh! how painfully does the Lord teach me his will! And yet I do feel it sweet to bring my reason,—my understanding,—my soul, in spite of my feelings, to yield, and to be prostrate before Him. Oh! let Him occupy a heart that He takes such pains to win!—I have again resolved to devote myself to the Ministry, if He shall permit it. I cannot be happy at all otherwise. The very thought of entering again into business, is as opposed to my conviction of duty as it is revolting to my feelings. Housekeeping and marriage I cannot think of without abhorrence. I must be devoted to God. I wish to be as spiritual, and as abstracted from earthly things, as is possible for an inhabitant of this forsaken world. But how suspicious are the movements of human nature!—I would however rather die than not be devoted to the Ministry. I pray God to fit me, and to open my way, and especially to preserve me amidst the terrible temptations of my present condition. O what shall I do?—Whither shall I go?—My Anne was formed for me,—she was—she was *my Anne*,—and the world itself cannot give her to me again!—But why this raving distress?—Where and what is religion?—Well,—I must,—I will more fully yield myself to God. Oh, that I may find help!—I do—in some degree.

Mr. Dixon having been taken unwell, I preached last night, totally unprepared, at five minutes notice, from Job xxx. 23.:—‘I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living!’ My soul was blest and my prospects cleared. I felt it a pleasure to adopt the language of the text. I have now filled my sheet, but I have not emptied my heart. Farewell. Commend to the God of all comfort

Your very afflicted Brother

WILLIAM.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Arkstone, Sep. 18, 1822.

VERY DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

YOUR welcome and interesting letter reached me last night. Though straitened for time I hasten to reply to it.

Lest I should forget it, or leave for it too little room to allow its appearing important, I will state the business part of my epistle first. I have received a letter from Mr. ———, mentioning his intention to relinquish all thought of connection with Longford. I have therefore no further plan than to sell off: this will be a serious sacrifice to me, and that in a condition the most ill calculated to bear it of any imaginable. My debts prey upon my spirits with a most painful gnawing, in addition to the great calamity which has left me a widower.

Oh, my Nancy! my dear Nancy! had you lived, I should have been far more than able to pay every farthing, but now, as my comforter and my help-mate in difficulties and perplexities, I have lost you for ever; and with the ruin of my prospects, as I have no conception of any method to discharge my debts, there is sealed the ruin of my peace. Well; what shall I do?—I feel myself but ill capable of bearing the sad reverses which have come upon me. I am a husband no more,—I am a lover no more,—I am a house-keeper no more,—I am a tutor no more,—I am an ostensible and valuable member of society no more,—and to add to all the rest, I am in debt without the probability of paying, or at least of being able to pay in any reasonable time. Oh, my God! my God! I cannot tell how it is, except for the consolations of Religion, which sometimes drop their balm into my spirits, that my reason, which has several times been on the verge of the most deplorable confusion, has maintained her seat. But I am suffering and trying to submit to the *will of God*. I have merited,—richly merited all, and more than all. I have deserved to die in despair of that saving grace, with which my affections and my habits have trifled so much. I will be thankful that it is not so. And though the gay, and flattering, and delusive vision of happiness which I enjoyed, and in the midst of which I gazed with such ineffable fondness upon her who was the centre and the brightest ornament of the whole, is dissipated for ever; I will yet be thankful that I am rebuked and chastened, because I am loved, and in order that I may 'be zealous, and repent, and do my first works.' I look back with dismay upon those moments when, in the bosom of my precious Nancy, I felt the accusations of conscience, that I loved her in an idolatrous manner, that my love for God was declining, that my example of the light of Christian experience was becoming less brilliant and less perfect, and that there was a less and less clear perception of the

vanity of earthly things, and of the frailty of human nature, and of the fragility of human happiness. But I refused to believe the evil, extensive as it was, and I promised myself, that the warmth of a newly married affection would soon subside, so as to admit a revival to supremacy of the love of God; indeed I flattered myself, that it was already beginning to subside. I however told my Nancy, that I felt reproached, she reciprocated the acknowledgment, and we mutually wept and confessed it at the throne of grace. We both looked for ability from God to get free from the growing evil, and we were blest. We hoped that we should conquer, but we did not; and while our minds were thus in a state of struggling and indulgence, God has cut down all possibility of further transgression. Oh! I am lonely,—I am solitary,—I am left a prey to sorrows, of which I never had any conception before; and there is superadded the perception, that my own folly and worldliness have brought upon me this awful visitation! My Anne is no more,—she is gone, beyond the reach of sorrow! And, while it is to me matter of joy that she suffers no more, it is bitterly—oh! cruelly painful to think, that I am suffering more than I ever did before,—and that alone! 'Tis true, it is a matter of Christian hope upon which to dwell with some degree of delightful contemplation, that I shall meet her again in glory; but then *as she was* I shall never see her again, while it was *as she was* that I knew and loved her, and received from her the returns of an equal and a virtuous affection. To the dispensation, however, as it comes from God, I am trying to become *fully reconciled*. The propriety of the measure I cannot doubt, I can even go so far as to feel convinced, that it has been adopted with tender reluctance, and, speaking after the manner of men, upon the principle only of a plain necessity. I can imagine, that when I quit this vale of tears, I shall rejoice, and, as you observe, 'perceive a most prominent mercy' in that mysterious providence which has deprived me of a treasure that the whole world can never supply; but I can find nothing to take away my present sorrow, and scarcely any thing to preserve me from excessive grief. To this I feel I have given way, and consequently I have suffered what language was never meant to describe. My dear Anne's dying words have sounded with a ceaseless reiteration in my ears. I am to-day in some degree relieved, but yesterday I was more painfully nervous than I ever was in my life. I would not, however, for the world part with my sorrow. I would have it always putting me in mind of the salutary lessons which it is designed to convey, and of her whom I have irretrievably lost. I would have it dwelling upon my mind with a light that represents the vacancy of the world, and the folly of trusting in its possessions. I would have it stay with me, to put a proper force and a pungency to all the admonitions, which I may in future have to urge as the Minister of Christ. Oh, happy—

happy—happy William and Lydia!—I do not envy you, though to you is continued a felicity that is wrested from me to give place to the keenest regrets. Envy is a bad quality, and I do not harbour it. But I do say to you, that, favoured as you are to be continued to each other, all your trials are comparative trifles, and beware—oh, beware!—oh! see to it that you are holy,—and that you love God supremely,—and that you put no trust in man,—and that you withdraw your affections from this worthless world,—and that, while you transact its business with the spirit of persons lawfully and properly connected with it, you likewise do it with the spirituality of Christians connected with Heaven!

But I have again forgotten the business of my letter. My thoughts at short intervals return to her whom I have lost, and who is now almost infinitely my superior: and then I could talk and write as long as utterance is left me. Well; it is a serious question, what shall I do now? Oh! if my debts were paid, how greatly desirable it would be that the Lord would perfect me in holiness, and remove me soon to Heaven!

I commend myself to your earnest prayers, that the Lord will thoroughly sanctify me, and prepare me for all his will, whether living or dying.¹

Your affectionate,
And very afflicted Brother,
W. BARBER.

Some surprise may possibly be excited at my insertion of letters so filled, as the foregoing, with the bitterest language of distress; but I should hardly have considered myself justified, in withholding what appeared to me so necessary in a genuine portrait of my Brother's character; especially as it will enable the Reader to perceive, that the religion which William had so long professed, was not forgotten in the midst of his awfully severe affliction and bereavement.

The resolution, however, which he intimated in the above letters of giving up all further thoughts of house-keeping, remained permanent in his mind; and indeed, considering all the circumstances of the case, it was one, out of which none of the family felt strongly disposed to reason him. Upon the whole, we thought it better for him to direct his attention for the present to something else. The following Letter painfully describes the numerous difficulties in which he was now involved.

To his two eldest Sisters.

Gloucester, Oct. 7, 1822.

MY VERY DEAR SISTERS, SARAH AND PRISCILLA,

YOU at home have not, I am sure, forgotten your William at a distance, nor have you ceased to feel interested for him. Perhaps there would be some difficulty in proving to you, that he feels he neither forgets you, nor ceases to be interested for you, though this is as true as that.

I have seen re-acted, in the case of our dear Bess, all the sad scenes of my precious Nancy's illness, except the last terrible catastrophe; the symptoms have been almost exactly similar, and had she been in a situation similar to that of my dearest Anne, the same result would certainly have followed. I had anticipated this event, and so had her doctor. God has however been merciful to us, and now I believe that she will be restored, as she is most decidedly better, at least if any dependence at all may be placed in appearances which have already so dreadfully betrayed us. The state of her mind throughout, has been very, very good, calmly waiting upon God, and, like her departed Sister, realising, in the influences of His holy Spirit, the sanctifying presence of her glorious Redeemer. These dispensations have been greatly blest to the old gentleman, who is evidently ripening for glory, nor will he very long be restrained from it; he is exulting in the prospect of meeting his dear wife, whom to this day he seldom mentions without tears, and his endeared daughter, who was always somewhat a favourite; she was his youngest daughter, and was in his eye, a little, fat, chubby cherub.

All around your Brother seems comfortable and prospering. He is glad of it, though the contrast of his own condition and circumstances is deep indeed. There may be, and that there is in reality is the only consolation left that can reach his case, a 'working together for good,' which shall ultimately appear in another world; but in this life suffering, disappointment, and sorrow are allotted to him in successive strokes. Eight weeks are not yet gone by, since my dearly loved Anne expired before my eyes. It seems more than an age, since I saw and conversed with her. Oh! to think that I have lost her, and that I shall see her no more, is almost too much to bear. Alas! alas! I know that I have no right to complain, and that complaint is useless; but though I try to resign myself to God, and do feel it supporting to reflect, that I in a peculiar manner am suffering His will, and that in heaven I shall so see the reasons of the dispensation, as from my very soul to praise the Redeemer who has ordered it; yet, oh! my heart is now torn to pieces,—my mind is filled with astonishment, as I look in silence up to heaven,—my affections are shattered, as if violently 'smit-

ten to the ground,'—the cup of happiness from which I was lately, so very lately drinking, is dashed to atoms from my lips; and in its stead, is given to me a draught of bitters, of which I must drink the very dregs!—Oh my Anne! my Anne!—In what a condition am I left!—A thousand nameless pangs prey upon my very soul, and make it writhe within me in agony, which could be heightened by nothing but a sense of utter abandonment by God! That I am not so abandoned preserves me, although, if I did not know better, I should certainly feel as if I were.

I must sell off at Longford, there will consequently be great sacrifices. My landlord insists upon the whole half-year's rent,—there is another dead loss.——The sickness and funeral of my dearest Love will cost me a considerable sum of money. My business is lost, and I have not a farthing of income. It is very unlikely that——will ever pay me the money he owes me. And added to this, the property which I expected to receive, is so involved, that I believe not one penny is tangible, without a law-suit, which I have no means to support. I am consequently incapable of paying my debts, and you know that I shall be unable to enter into the Ministry till all is discharged.—*Three months ago I had a wife, to me the most suited that imagination could conceive,—a wife who esteemed and loved me more tenderly than language could express. I had a flourishing business, a good name, and a credit unsoiled. I was increasing in public estimation, and confidence, and usefulness. I was one of the very happiest of men. I enjoyed, as much as a mortal could hope to enjoy in a world of probation.*—Now, bereavement, disappointment, sorrow, suffering, perplexity, and uncertainty, all thicken upon me, and surround me so deeply, that I can see no way out. Oh! what will the Lord do with me, or for me?—I feel that I do, and that I will trust in Him through all. It is my only consolation, that I confide in Him, though in almost perfect 'darkness, and having no light,' for my mind has not those bright consolatory manifestations which produce happiness. Oh, that He would graciously give me leave to go to Him! Oh, that He would suffer me to sink into the grave beside my endeared Anne's perishing body! for there is so much within me and without me of evil, that I have little,—very little hope of being able to live in a way that will be suitably devoted to Him,—to the requirements of such dispensations as those which have 'smitten my life down to the ground.' Even a life of ministerial labours, the one I should choose beyond all others, will expose me to temptations which I sadly fear will be too strong,—far too strong for my steady and persevering resistance.—Ah, me! I am thrown out again upon the wide world's temptations, and that too, with a heart aching with anguish, which even friendship fails to alleviate. I console myself however with the confidence, that God knows all my circumstances, and that even the bitterest of all

my sorrows are duly estimated by Him. I therefore throw myself upon Him, at the same time solemnly protesting before Him, that I would far,—far rather die at once, and be with Him on the very lowest scale of servitude or enjoyment, than live to yield to temptations, or to struggle unsuccessfully against them.—I can take no view of life, which is not very afflictive ; and that space of time, which, to my precious, glorified Anne, will seem but as a moment when I once rejoin her, must roll over me in the tediousness and trouble of wearisome days, and nights, and weeks, and months, and years!

I hope that nothing which I have said will distress you. I know indeed, that you will sympathise with me, and that you will wish it were otherwise. But sorrows like mine cannot be forgotten in a day. I shall, I hope, recover myself so as to fulfil all the will of God, and I wish that holy will may be exemplified in me. I hope that no one will think of coming up to me, for I am often apparently cheerful and free, and I am in the hands of God, who, though he seems to have resolved to try me to the very uttermost, is yet unchangeably good.

I have been so circumstanced as to be unable to complete the Memorials, they will be in the Printer's hands next week. I long much to hear from you, and especially to know how my dear Mother is. I commend myself to your increasing affection and prayers, and am—

Your very affectionate,
But deeply afflicted,
And widowed Brother,
WILLIAM.

Eventually the Memorials of my Brother's deceased wife made their appearance, and such was the eagerness with which the hundred copies were engaged, as well as the impression which they made upon the minds of all who had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, that he was immediately assailed on every hand by arguments and entreaties to induce him to give them general publicity; but the painfulness and delicacy of his feelings on the subject were so powerful, that he could never be prevailed upon to comply. I rejoice, however, to be able now to give them that circulation which their intrinsic merit deserves. In the Appendix, the Reader will find them, with a few omissions and alterations, as they were originally printed.

The following letters will shew in the most gratifying manner, that after the few first months of William's distressing widowhood, though the wound which his mind had received was far from being healed,

his feelings had assumed a character of much greater tranquillity and confidence in God.

To his elder Brother.

Gloucester, Dec. 9, 1822.

MY DEAR AQUILA,

YOU complain of neglect, and I confess not without the appearance of reason. It is indeed grievous, that I should ever feel in such a manner as to need being urged to write to you. Yet he who feels what deep sorrow is, and at the same time exercises his reason, must wish to conceal his feelings; and to conceal them, he must be silent. However valuable the sympathies of near and valued friendship may be, there is something revolting in the thought of violating the peace of one's friends by an intrusion of griefs, which, if they know, they must share; besides, the sadness of death and of temporal ruin, as it is irretrievable, cannot be duly estimated; he, who feels it, knows that others cannot feel as he does about it, and he does not like that even his sorrows should be under-rated. No blame is to be laid upon others for this,—far from it, they cannot act otherwise, and this is a merciful ordinance of God. For my part, if any thing of a temporal nature in my affliction and destitute solitude creates in me a sensation analogous to joy, it is that you, and my other endeared relatives and friends, cannot know what my sorrows are. I will add only one thing more, and then, if I can, I will have done writing about my distresses. The consciousness of bearing, or at least of having borne, the weight of those distresses but ill, that is, in a way calculated to create rather an accumulation of pain than a diminution of it, must greatly enfeeble any wish to write that might otherwise exist. I do not think, that this feeling in me proceeds from a desire to screen myself from any merited reproach, or even contempt, or pity; but as I seldom either write or speak on the subject, without being afterwards sorry for something which I have stated, I am afraid lest my feelings in these deep—deep waters should foster in another either a distrust of God, or a suspicion of the reality of experimental religion; for, though I believe that I could not bear to tell a deliberate falsehood as to the state of my religious feelings, even for the sake of confirming the faith of a world; yet, greatly as I think that the best interests of the world would be promoted and secured by faith in the Gospel, and much as I long for such an object, I had much rather suffer *in silence* the consequences of my own ignorance, or inexperience, or perverseness, than, by a needful importunity of disappointment or grief, impair the reliance of a single sufferer in the promises of God,

or bring even a causeless imputation on the Name, worthy to be adored, of our great Redeemer. Him I love, and to him I pray and labour to fully submit, even in feeling ; though, in His sovereign authority and wisdom, He has yielded me up to the most unusual and distressing chastisements of His providence, and to the appalling reflections and affrighting consternations which in this solitude are the unrelenting consequences. To others, my dear Brother, it appears only that W. B. has lost a wife at his early age, and that now he is a widower,—a sad thing for him, poor fellow ! but 'tis past now, and there's an end of it. To some, who calculate a little more closely upon what may be, or what may appear to be, his feelings, there seems indeed something really afflictive in his situation, they feel for him, and at some moments of pre-eminent sensibility they almost feel *with him*,—but then, there is something so interesting in his case, and something so romantic in mourning for a young love violently wrested away, and tragically sunk into the grave beyond the reach of his arms or his voice, that it is quite a picture ; and thus they lose the pungency of his condition in its prettiness. But alas, for me, Aquila ! it is not so much a grief that I have lost a wife, as that I have lost—utterly lost, for my whole life, the society of my Anne ; and the mere condition of widowhood is nothing to me, in comparison of the pain of reflecting that I cannot—no, I never can—be the husband of my truly endeared and most affectionate Anne ; while the truth flashes upon me, that God has seen it fit and necessary—even my Saviour has deemed it essential,—and my own mind at the same time testifies of the guilty condition of idolatry into which I had sunk, for surely I loved Anne *more than* God my Saviour : all this preys upon my soul, in reference to its relations to the Redeemer, and opens wounds as painful as the sense of loss. There is a deep habit of anguish settled within my breast, my dear Brother, which I am greatly mistaken if time or changes will ever remove. I talk, and smile, and sometimes laugh. I wonder how I can do so, though I do not try to prevent it. But my talking is no longer the expression of tranquil ease or animated hope, and my laughing is no more the result of unsuspecting confidence or transported joy. * * * * *

But amidst all, I love the Saviour, and try to fix my eye where he sets his, alternately upon my heart and upon heaven. It grieves me very much, that I have rendered it necessary for Him to deal thus severely with me, 'for He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men ;' but I fully and cheerfully subscribe to His wisdom, and to His goodness, in the dispensations which have stripped me of my beloved Anne, and of my business, and of my happiness, and of my hopes in life, and of my prospects of entering the Ministry. Oh, Aquila ! Aquila ! I try, without a revolting or reluctant heart, to kiss with my lips the rod, and to acknowledge Him that appointed it ; but

I feel the smart of it more acutely than I could have imagined that affliction was to be felt. But in the midst of all these things, Christ loves me. He is a gracious Saviour, as well as a resolute Physician. I will by his help yet more fully yield to his prescriptions, and at the same time implore him to secure me the benefit of his mysterious proceedings.

I find, on making the necessary calculations, that it is utterly impossible for me to clear out my way for some considerable time to the Ministry. I must enter into business and be successful. Is this ever to be possible for me, *l'infortune pauvre*? Oh! will the Lord pity and bless me? Happy I cannot be, but peaceful in soul and sufficiently successful in business, oh, let me be! I have taken a room for twenty-five boys daily, at ten guineas per annum. If I can obtain them, this will do; but I fear every thing, hope for little, confide in nothing, but in getting ultimately to heaven. My circulars go out this evening. Thus it appears, that I am to be consigned to the painful, toilsome, disgusting drudgery of keeping a day-school, instead of Longford Academy with my dear Anne, or in the Ministry for the salvation of souls. Oh! had I in my late illness died—But there, I cannot wish it, as in glory I shall regret nothing. * * *

Your afflicted, bereaved Brother

WILLIAM.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Arkstone, Dec. 17, 1822.

VERY DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

I WILL, by writing a short letter, endeavour to avoid laying any grievous impost upon your sympathies. I may certainly secure your cheerfulness from any extraordinary contribution by telling you, that all here are in tolerable spirits. * * * *

As to myself, it is a matter of little consequence where I am, or in what engaged, as sorrow is my element of existence, and I sometimes entertain hopes of rendering misery cheerful by familiarity, amidst its deformity. However you, and my other friends, must by this time have learnt to regard me as the subject of some mental disease, and like a poor, bed-ridden, hospital sufferer, the object of perpetual pity, because the subject of incurable malady. I resemble the Psalmist when he said,—‘I am weary with my groaning!’ and if it weary me, how much more must it weary others? You, however, like others, I should think, will wish to know what religion does for me. You will ask me,—‘Are you like others without hope?—Is there no Saviour?—Is not Jesus “a Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother?”—Is He not nearer than a Mother?—Nearer and more affectionate than even a wife or a husband?’ I reply,—Yes, He is;—He is all that you think Him; but it is He himself, who has done all

this;—oh! '*had it been an enemy*'—But my principal unhappiness is, that the state of my mind has rendered it necessary for Him to deal with this terrible severity toward me. My Anne has not only died, but she has died under such circumstances as to make the displeasure of heaven more than commonly distinct, and my reflections more than usually bitter. Yet I am fully persuaded, that if it were needful to chastise and rebuke me thus, and needful it certainly was, for He cannot do wrong, then I am very mercifully dealt with; indeed I can and do approve. I dare not wish it otherwise, but I am too deeply a sufferer to rejoice. I must leave it, and endure it. If my salvation be ultimately accomplished by it, I fear that without it my salvation could not have been accomplished at all. Oh, my God, my God, what a thought! Oh, sin! sin! what hast thou done for me?

* * * * *

It will be two years exactly to-morrow, since I sat on this sofa and told my precious Anne that I loved her, and also drew from her the distinct and most cheering avowal of her reciprocated affection. Since then I have married her,—I have seen her the brightest ornament of my earthly existence,—I have seen her sicken and sink into death,—I have myself been the means both morally and naturally of her premature dissolution,—I have buried her,—I have lost her entirely,—to see her,—to hear her,—to embrace her no more!—I am a widower, but that of itself is nothing to the loss of such a *friend* as was my most amiable Anne. Oh! Is it for this that I have lived through affliction and sickness?—Is it for this that I have anxiously laboured and strove?—For loss,—suffering,—death,—sorrow,—disappointment,—poverty?—Oh, my God! my God! what am I, that all this was indispensably needed? I feel myself very much enfeebled, and almost unfit for business. Every thing pains me. I am becoming nervous—irritable—fearful—pusillanimous—desponding. Oh! how fatally unhappy is the worldly existence of

Your still bereaved and distressed,
 because widowed Brother,
 WILLIAM BARBER.

Gloucester, Jan. 22, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR PARENTS,

AT last I am enabled to hand you the copies of my dearest Anne's Memorials, all that is now left of her to her families, and the only representative of her which, even I possess. I neither must nor will enlarge. I look mournfully at these relics of one, of whom the loss has left me, (and I cannot help it,) to feel creation comparatively a blank. I contrast my present circumstances with my situation twelve months ago. O how different! And yet I am now evidently suffering the will of God. It is indeed suffering, of which the only alleviation is, that it is the will of God concerning me. I feel painfully my want of faith and patience. Oh, how difficult it is to see God, although I know that He is here! And how difficult sometimes to confide in Him when I see him! I do not wonder that you suspect me, for I suspect myself, and often pause over the question, whether all this is not to shake from me a delusion that has made me imagine myself saved; but you know not what I have lost, your estimate of my Anne's worth was your own, not mine, and your feelings toward her were your own, not mine; hence I wonder not, that you should be surprised at mine being so very, very deep. But God has done it, and it is done well, I know. I feel assured, that it was needful, and that it is well done. The time will come, when all the attending terrors of the dissolution of our earthly union shall appear merciful, aye, tender accompaniments. And I wait with expectation for the moment, even in this life, when I shall rejoice that I have been thus led through scenes of darkness and horror almost unparalleled. My present business is to exercise faith, to force myself to a patient waiting till all these calamities be overpast, and to urge myself to such necessary activities as shall discharge my debts, those gnawing worms of a disordered heart. Though I have but few pupils, I think I am less anxious and distressed than I was under a far, far more flattering commencement at Longford. I sometimes hope, that this arises from a growing trust in Providence; but perhaps there is reason to fear, that it is more the result of a frigid heedlessness of consequences, because I have less at stake, indeed hardly any thing to lose. Oh! what will be the end of all these things? I throw myself upon the 'mercy which endureth for ever,' and upon your fervent supplications, and am amidst the darkness of providential sufferings

Your Son

WILLIAM.

P. S. I am attending weekly two young ladies, the daughters of an East India Captain.

Gloucester, Jan. 22, 1823.

MY DEAR SARAH,

SINCE my last, I have often been going to write you, and now I have no time for more than a mere note. Indeed I have no inclination for writing, as my feelings retain their melancholy tendency; and my faith in God, though I would not part with it for a restoration of all that I have lost, is yet often much tried in my present distressing state of bereavement. What have I left of the very great happiness which I lately enjoyed, but its indistinct recollection, the consciousness of present pain which seems as if it had mixed itself with the springs of life, and the heavy—heavy pressure of debts which I know not how to pay? Oh! what am I now? I scarcely myself know how I came here,—what I feel,—why I feel,—when I shall cease to feel. I am sometimes astonished at my cheerfulness, and even levity, of manner and appearance. Alas! alas! Is this your Brother William? He who so lately was so different? Well; he is in the hands of the Lord, who will now assuredly perfect that which concerns him. Help him by increasing prayers, that He may find a balm for those wounds which the world, and the medicines of creation can never, never heal.

A copy of my dear Love's Memorials I have assigned to you, and another to Priscilla. O that God may give his blessing, and sanctify every copy, as it is distributed, wherever it goes! I could almost consent, aye, I think, I could quite rejoice to have suffered all this for the sake of the salvation of one soul. Follow the distribution with your fervent prayers.

Your afflicted,
Widowed Brother,
WILLIAM.

The following is addressed to the young Lady to whom allusion has been already made. See page 116.

Gloucester, Feb. 3, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

———— I WOULD not have you suppose, that I act upon the impulse of an unwelcome compulsion in writing to you, for to say the truth I have felt, in reference to you, great regret that I should

have apparently neglected your affectionate and judicious epistle, which came like a word fitly spoken in the midst of my overbearing sorrows. I acknowledge, however, that I have often felt regret of this kind, but alas! with me no evil is readily conquered; however small, it is inveterate when once it seizes me, and it often gives me pleasure mingled with unaffected distress to think, that the hearts of others are not so deeply depraved as mine. I do not mean, that others by nature are not wholly sinful, and entirely children of wrath, but that they are sinful without such tenacious obstinacy of sinfulness as mine, and polluted without being so invincibly polluted as I am; they conquer evils so much more easily than I can, and triumph in the redemption of Christ Jesus with a delight and a fulness, at which I gaze with astonishment and pleasure. It is indeed a painful view to take of myself, that if there be any superiority in me to others, it lies all on the side of evil. If ever I am so happy as to be where our adorable Redeemer is, and where in humble and rapturous adoration my glorified Anne casts the tokens of her eternal triumphs at his feet, my case will offer an interesting question,—whether divine grace is most glorified by a difficult, or an easy, conquest. It often diminishes the worth of an attainment in human estimation, that it has cost too much, and it is certain that a willing, and a ready, and an unbroken obedience is more according to the will of God, and the duty of a creature, than a constrained, and hesitating, and imperfect submission. Yet ‘where sin hath abounded, grace doth much more abound,’ and ‘grace abounding to the chief of sinners,’ are favourite topics in earth and heaven. Illustrations of the forbearance of God, of the persevering efforts of His grace, of the long, and ultimately successful, struggle of the Spirit of Jesus over ‘the Spirit that dwelleth in us lusting to envy,’ must be valuable to all eternity.

The causes, which drew forth your interesting letter, still continue to operate very painfully on my heart. I will guard myself now from writing freely, much less fully, on this subject, because by so doing I should be only repeating what I have too often said and written. My heavenly Father has been righteously angry with me, for the state of mind in which I have passed much of the seven last years of my life; and He has chastised me very sorely indeed. To him I have not lived in any degree comparable to that which was due from me, a sinner redeemed and borne with almost beyond example. The self-righteousness, the selfishness, and the deep hypocrisy to myself of my deluded and carnal heart, of which I have been lately convicted in the most painful manner, have utterly amazed, and nearly overwhelmed me. I had no imagination that my heart could have been so base, as the scrutiny of the light of God has represented it to me. If the experience of others tally with mine, how little—how very little is the

real evil of sin understood and felt ! and then, how often is it, in some degree, felt without a hatred deep enough to be always decisive in its avoidance ! As to the conquest of it, I fear that I must reproach myself for having often conquered sin, or rather for having avoided its commission, from some selfish principle, either the fear of judgment, or the apprehension of some temporal evil, rather than from a truly spiritual abhorrence of its nature. It is a mercy to have access to the people of God, the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, in order to acknowledge those hideous faults, which almost destroy faith, and which quite impair the integrity of serving God. I lament, my friend, that the dispositions hitherto produced in me are far from being the most amiable. Should I confess to you, that I am disappointed in my expectations from the results of my dearest Anne's judicial removal from me ? I had expected that the Lord would treat me far otherwise. I had anticipated that my lovely, affectionate Anne being gone—torn violently from me, and all the benefits of her society and counsel being broken up, the Redeemer would open for me abundant consolations in himself, and support me with the most sensible supplies of His heavenly grace. Alas ! I have never felt my heart more dry, and barren, and rebellious than since that time. My soul has had to sink under the double terrors of my irreparable loss, together with many heavy subsequent afflictions, and the horrors of discovering such hitherto concealed atheism and turpitude of soul as I had not in the least suspected. I have not had that assistance in prayer, or that refuge in the strength of God which, if my condition had been different, I might have enjoyed. I have had only just help enough to keep me free from utter despair, and the apostacy of denying the faith. Oh ! shall I, even in heaven, be able to look back upon these dreadful months without trembling at the recollection ? Had my Anne known what her William was about to endure, how much more terrifying would her tears have been for 'her poor husband !'

However, let nothing which I have written discourage you, my Friend ; had I known myself better, I should not have been so surprised as I have. Live near to God, and use—oh ! 'use the world as not abusing it.' Accept the accompanying copy of my dearest Anne's Memorials ; these are all that I have left to represent her, who was so lately my almost all. I commend to your earnest prayers

Your very afflicted Friend,

WILLIAM BARBER.

To his elder Brother.

Gloucester, Feb. 3, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER A.

I RECEIVED your affectionate letter this morning, and because I will neither keep you any longer in suspense about my dearest Anne's Memorials, nor precipitately reply to your enquiries, I will write you a note and despatch the parcel at once, and then in a few days I will send you a letter. Neither my afflictions, nor my sorrows, are at an end. I am still in the midst of fiery trials both within and without.——I am perplexed and distressed almost out of my life. In almost every possible way I have been disappointed and distracted. I have scarcely any relief, except that from an eternal world. As a minister, as a Christian, and as a sojourner upon earth, I suffer very, very greatly. My soul groans incessantly to God, and is sometimes relieved and sometimes blest; but I am generally answered as by consuming fire, which tears my heart to pieces, and reveals to me such depths of almost invincible depravity, as sink me stripped, and wounded, and half dead with terror to the earth. What will be the end of these fearful revelations? I sympathise deeply with Job, and sometimes almost wish that I had never been born. I often long for death, which, however, I fear that I am not prepared to meet. Meantime I give myself into the hands of Him, who has thus torn me in pieces; and I sincerely entreat Him not to spare me, till He has 'fulfilled in me all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power.' I depend on you for your affectionate, unwearying prayers for

Your abased, and
Sorrowing Brother,
WILLIAM.

CHAPTER VI.

Remarks on Preaching—Consoles his afflicted Mother—Her peaceful Death—Comforts his widowed Father—Leaves Gloucester—Review of afflictive Dispensations—Remarks on Friendship—Opens a Day-School at Bristol—The Maxims and Spirit of the World frequently the Cause of Spiritual Declension—On the Trials of the Ministry—On the Employments of the Blessed—On the fatal Errors of Unitarianism.

To his elder Brother.

Gloucester, Feb. 21, 1823.

MY DEAR AQUILA,

WITHOUT knowing when I shall finish it, or what I shall write in it, or whether what I do write will be worth transporting to you at such a distance, I take this large sheet of paper, determined at least to have room enough to convince you, that I feel interested in your labours, and concerned for your comfort in discharging them. I do not at all think it a circumstance which you will have reason to regret in future life, and much less in eternity, that you are so situated as to be compelled to apply so diligently to your studies, as is necessary to meet the frequent demands of the same people; but I think it matter of real joy, and of hearty congratulation, that you cannot be contented to meet the wishes of the indolent and inapt around you, by talking to them in a way that shall give them no trouble to think. There is a wide difference between talking so as to render it impossible to be understood, and talking so as to be easily comprehended by any that will take the trouble to put thoughts together, or even to attend to one at a time, in order to mentally digest it, as it is laid before them. And I have no doubt left upon my mind, that one of the grand causes of the low piety of many who profess religion, as well as of the plain self-deception and danger of many who make no profession at all, is that wretched indolence of mind by which they will not take the least trouble to investigate the truth, either as it is in themselves, or as it is in Jesus. But here it is that the question pro-

perly arises, How shall I preach? For after all that can be said in blaming or in extenuating the condition of men and their habits, we must take men and preach to them as we find them. To be understood by them is essentially necessary, if any good is to be done them, but to be barely understood is almost as bad as not to be understood at all; for the mere system of Christianity, whether preached as a Methodist Preacher delivers it, or as it is taught by an elaborately working Court and City Preacher, is nearly as powerless, as to truly good practical effects, as any system of heathenism or ethical philosophy; the only superiority of the one to the other is, that 'the letter killeth,' for it is 'the Spirit that giveth life.' I am sure, it is utterly impossible that either your mind or mine can be too deeply impressed with the persuasion that our labours, however we arrange them, must be useless without the Holy Spirit's influences, and that with them they must, they will be useful. I lately somewhere heard of a Minister, who had preached for sixteen years without any noticeable fruits; a very few of his Church then resolved to pray for a baptism of the life-giving energy of the Holy Spirit, and they met weekly for this purpose; the consequence was, that the Lord heard and answered, and sixty-eight persons were added to the Church during the following year. The minds of the evangelical Clergy have lately been very much drawn to this subject, they are always praying for it, and preaching about it, more or less, in every sermon; and the consequence is, that their labours are blest, and very many are converted through their instrumentality. My heart therefore very cheerfully responds to your conviction, that nothing will do but a copious measure of Divine influence. With this impression, deep and abiding, if you, my dear Brother, ask for the Holy Spirit, while you confide in the faithfulness of God to His own purposes and promises respecting it, you will have very gratifying evidences of usefulness all around you. I greatly regret and sorrowfully acknowledge before the Lord, that with me the impression has been far less deep and abiding than it ought to have been; it has been so little with me, that it is almost a wonder I should ever have been surprised at my uselessness.

All means of usefulness beside this are only collateral, and I am persuaded that much less importance is to be attached to style and method of preaching than many are disposed to admit. The grand rule is, that a Minister should himself live continually under a copious measure of Divine influence, and then do his best. The great Head of the Church has not given a diversity of gifts with the same Spirit, intending that they should be all reduced or raised to one general standard; but the objections of many, respecting style and method, are founded, though perhaps unconsciously to themselves, on the principle of fixing some standard above or below which nothing is right. I do not apply these remarks to your excellent Friends, for whom,

though unknowing and unknown; I feel a sincere esteem for their friendship with you, and a real affection as Brethren in the Lord.

After all however, of this I am sure, a man may talk very plainly and yet be very useless, for it is not his language, but his spirit of faith, and prayer, and zeal, that produces effect. I knew a Preacher, a good man, of very moderate talents, though not of contemptible intellect, who preached away, and laboured hard to be plain and simple, as if unless by striving he could be otherwise; and after all he did nothing,—almost literally nothing. I never in my life sat under a Preacher by whom I felt it so impossible to profit. I do not think he ever said any thing which was not common place, and yet, with one or two exceptions, I never heard a sermon from him which I could at all understand, nor could I find an individual who was not in the same predicament. If any one had asked me the cause, I should not have been able to tell, except that there was no unction; there was in him liveliness enough, but no power of the Holy One. On one occasion only when I was a witness, was he ever blest to the people. I was grieved and distressed for him perpetually.

It seems as if the fault of your preaching, has arisen from some family complaint; for precisely the same is urged against mine. The subject has certainly interested me, and I am sensible that I have far more need to seek for a physician than to commence as one. I would not however be understood as meaning, that it is a matter of small importance what style or method a Minister employs. His duty is to do his best, and this he cannot possibly do without thinking closely, and striving to ascertain the best manner that lies within his reach. My opinion respecting the general question of preaching, whether what may be termed the observational or paraphrastic method, or whether the doctrinal, is to be preferred, you already know. A text of Scripture generally means some one thing in particular, it teaches or illustrates some one important doctrine, which to fix with clearness and emphasis upon the mind must be a matter of consequence. Now if a Minister can give any thing like an enlarged view of a single doctrine, and a lucid statement of it, together with its proofs, as connected with the great business of individual salvation, every time he preaches in such a manner he may be considered as accomplishing, as far as his efforts can avail, the object for which he is employed as an ambassador for Christ: *viz.* to beseech and persuade men to be reconciled to God. More than one doctrine he will seldom be able to manage, and at the same time preserve that perspicuity and collectedness which will leave the fewest doubts to be unsettled, and the fewest suspicions to be satisfied. It should not, however, be forgotten, that the judicious and pious discussion of a subject in this manner will certainly involve a great many other doctrines, of which it will be eminently advantageous to be reminded, and which, in their

proper connections, will pour their contributions in the course of proof to the leading object, like the flow of so many tributary streams into some powerful confluence of waters. But here I think it is, that the very interesting question arises,—How shall I attain this? Shall I lay open the doctrine of the Text, and then go laboriously into its proofs? Or, shall I make assertions, and then exhort upon them as if they were already proved? To answer this question is most difficult; because so much must depend upon the precise views which the enquirer has of proof and argument, of assertion and illustration; so much too must depend upon the genius of the enquirer himself, and upon the tendency of his mind. Yet it is evidently best to mix the two methods, because first, Every assertion does not need proof; secondly, A judicious arrangement of propositions often precludes the necessity of illation, for their evident connection and well-known importance will secure admission for them in favour of the subject in hand; and thirdly, There are but few minds that will not tire upon protracted pursuits of argument and plain didactic theology. Here indeed is the test of a Preacher's ability, to distinguish where illation is necessary, and there only to use it; and to perceive what propositions connected with the doctrine of the text would present themselves, and in what order they would come.

I pause here just to observe, that I adopt it as a maxim; that the Preacher is himself to know well what he is about, whether the people know it or not. If there be another test of ability in addition to the one above, it is in the selection of topics for illustration. Here, if any where, it is that a Preacher will meet the taste of multitudes; and here too it is, that his doctrine will be the most powerful, for it is the exhibition of a doctrine in a palpable and tangible case that makes it come with the most forcible appeals to the conscience and the heart. Why, but for this, have the Scriptures given so much larger a proportion of illustration than of argument, inventing innumerable parables and figures, where living cases were immediately wanted?

For excellence in the former of these, *viz.* a strong and instant perception of the connections and bearings of a doctrine, our almost inimitable ——— is the most striking example that I have ever known; and for eminence in the latter, *viz.* a judicious and well suited taste in the selection of topics of illustration, our incomparable ——— is the most splendid instance that I have ever heard.

There can be but few such men; this is encouraging. Let us, my dear Brother, learn to be contented with our own plain names, because such is the will of Him, who willed them to be what they are, or at most to be only piously emulous to collect around us the pure rays of that glory, which cometh from God alone. This is a

great attainment of piety,—to be humbly and thankfully satisfied that the Lord has assigned to us those qualifications and opportunities of usefulness which we possess, without looking with regret at the higher honour put upon others. To me it is matter of immense importance to learn this, for though I am not much troubled with a bold, unblushing envy of those around me, yet there is good reason for my being most deeply abased before the Lord, since I am confined here to a very narrow sphere of action, disappointed, rebuked, and chastised, with my heart bleeding with sorrows far beyond my years. Oh, for greater submission and patience! But alas! my soul has needed all this, and merited much more.

You will perhaps scarcely approve of my being so very prosy, and taking no notice of your examples; but the truth is, my dear Brother, that I have nothing to say about them but this, that I heartily coincide with the method of selecting that which appears the doctrine of the text, and strongly urging and carefully illustrating that one point; but then care should be taken not to do this in an intricate way,—not to leave the reasonings too deeply involved or too protracted. I know there is great difficulty in always preaching acceptably, or at all unexceptionably. I see that it is high: I cannot attain unto it. The Lord, however, assist you according to your need. I am very much inclined to think that a change of method is occasionally very desirable; a Sunday morning's congregation, for instance, would often be much profited by an exposition or paraphrastic review of a larger portion of Scripture than it is commonly advisable to take as a text.

I was in Bristol on Sunday last, and left on Monday morning. Our dear Mother is very poorly indeed, and has been considered in dangerous circumstances. She has been so long ill, that I cannot persuade myself she will very long be an inhabitant of this world; and indeed she has been so long a sufferer, that I do not think it desirable beyond the Lord's will. I believe she is in no immediate danger, but it seems to me as if the Lord were allowing her to sink gradually. The state of her mind is very perceptibly ripening for removal. Her constitutional and habitual tendency to doubt and despondency sometimes perplexes her, but she often rises above it, and I have not one doubt that she will be 'for ever with the Lord.' All else are much as usual. Father bears up under all, submitting to the will of God, and devoting himself to Him. Oh, Aquila! Aquila! It will not be long ere we all meet around the throne of God and the Lamb. All hail the moment when rejoined to the spirit of my dearest Anne, and those of my own family, I shall be with Him for ever!

As to myself particularly, my situation is a painful one indeed. This week has cost me many a heavy groan and a flood of tears; it has brought the first anniversary of my marriage, and the completion of six months

since the death of my fond and amiable Anne. Twelve months ago I was one of the happiest and most enviable of men, and now—— but, oh! it is the Lord's doing. I try every day from my heart to say, 'Thy will be done!' I am looking out for a full sanctification of the trial. To know all its meaning in this life I cannot hope, but the words of my Anne console me,—'By and by He will unfold to our astonished sight the multiplied dangers from which we were rescued, and the invaluable blessings which we secured, even by circumstances which, when they occurred, made us almost doubt whether God was really so kind as he was represented, and as we had before thought him.' But what shall relieve me now? Nothing but entire holiness, and the nearest possible communion with my Anne, by the nearest possible communion with God.

My health is by no means good. I still have the expectoration undiminished, and often spit blood. I sometimes think, that it may be the Lord's will to remove me soon; for this I cannot feel any regret, because 'to depart would be for me far better,' if the Lord should see it fit. At present I have no prospect before me, at least for several years, but that of poverty, comparative uselessness, and debility both of body and mind. Mr. Cooke, my medical attendant, forbids my preaching at all; but in this I do not think it my duty to regard him, for there are not such powerful reasons to render extreme care necessary now, that lately there were. The Lord direct me, and save me from self-will, and obstinacy, and blindness! * * *

The contrast between the present time and this time last year, almost overwhelms me. In every view of it, I am scarcely able to bear my present circumstances. I get relief from one hope only, that I am thus reaping spiritual and eternal advantages of which my dear Love and myself should otherwise have been for ever deprived. I do pray and strive for patience and resignation, but my heart feels as if it could never be healed; this however I leave with God.

I expect your observations on the Memorials. They are most kindly received in Gloucester, particularly among the pious Church-people. God graciously blesses me with the confidence, that they will be made useful. Let me beseech your prayers for your Brother, who amidst the water-floods, or the scorching flames of affliction, thinks of you affectionately, and prays for your spiritual and temporal happiness and usefulness.

WILLIAM.

Gloucester, Feb. 27, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,

IN what state of body this will find you, I am of course not able to tell; but though I hope that you are much more comfortable in your spirits, and in your expectations from our gracious Redeemer,

I can scarcely anticipate, but that your extreme weakness must still in some degree preclude enjoyment, and keep you rather in the condition of one waiting on your Lord's holy and righteous will, than of one who sees it clearly and rejoices in it. You have, my dearest Mother, been very much upon my mind for a long time lately. I have thought of you with some gratitude on my own account, and with much more on yours; for the life of a tender and affectionate Mother has been prolonged to children greatly needing and greatly valuing her presence among them; she has lived to see most of them become decided followers of God and lovers of His Son; she has long harmonised in those saving views of divine truth, on which they rest eternal hopes, with a husband who has loved her only less than he has loved God; and she may cherish with fondness and security the expectation of for ever enjoying all that has been dearest to her through a somewhat protracted life. Oh! I rejoice that, by the grace of God, my Mother has not lived in vain. Her own soul, with all its immortality, is for ever redeemed with the precious blood of the Son of God, and saved by the free grace of the Holy Spirit. In addition to this, through the kind providence of God, she has been the instrument of giving to the universe a number of immortal spirits, who shall for ever glorify the same riches of the Divine goodness, and raise her joy to higher raptures as she presents herself with them before the throne.

What pleasing prospects are these, my Mother! Surely they are such as might well lighten your sorrows in that affliction which oppresses a frail and care-worn body; and to your relatives they must administer the richest consolation; and oh, Mother! let it cheer you that they are our very brightest prospects,—existence itself presents to us nothing in comparison of these. How happy will that moment make us, when all the weakness, and toil, and suffering, and business, and care of life shall have passed away for ever; when the very last pain, that our breasts shall feel, shall through eternity itself have gone by; and above all, when

‘ Sin, our worst enemy before,
Shall vex our eyes and hearts no more !’

We have indeed need of patience, that we may endure as ‘ followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises ;’ but, oh! let us wait and suffer a little, for by and by, and perhaps soon, we shall triumph.

But now, my dear Mother, shall I say that my pleasing expectations on this subject are mingled with some anxiety? Oh! do not be alarmed; I do not mean respecting your final safety, for of that I cannot entertain one doubt. ‘ God is faithful, by whom you were effectually called ’ into his service, and kept in it so long. But my anxiety arises from reflecting that, while such prospects are before us,

and my dear Mother has such good reason to feel her deep interest in them, she does not properly *enjoy* them. By some unreasonable hesitation her mind is kept down, demurring with reference to her security of possessing them. Strange indeed, that when she deeply feels that no dependence in any possible way can be placed upon herself, and Divine mercy meets her on that very ground, and tells her that she is not at all expected to depend upon herself, but upon Him, on whom help is laid for the express purpose,—*strange indeed*, that she should yet fear to rely on Him; and, as if His word were no better than her own, or that of her fellow-mortals, that she should feel no rest—no confidence—no persuasive peace in His endearing and condescending assurance! Oh, my Mother! I have heard one, (ought I to restrain the wish to be with her before even you meet her again?) who, amidst the alarms of a most unexpected and rapid call to the presence of her Redeemer, most sweetly said,—‘I am sure that He is faithful, and I know that He will prepare before He removes me!’ What made her say and feel thus? Faith; that is, a firm persuasion in the truth of that word, in 2 Cor. i. 18—22. I am very sure, that it was said with an equal persuasion that her guilt and helplessness must ruin her without the Saviour; but here was solid ground,—she saw and stepped upon it, and refused to doubt the fidelity of God; and then He, as it pleased Him, administered to her the mingled sanctification and comfort. Now the result of her so believing was a thinking somewhat thus:—‘Perhaps He will remove me soon. I must be baptised with his Holy Spirit, and fully fitted before I go. Now then, no time is to be lost. He will do it, for He has promised that He will, and that in answer to prayer. O let it be now! I will—I do ask it now. I will thankfully receive what He gives me, and bless Him for it, and instantly ask for more.’ Then ‘the power of the Highest over-shadowed her.’ And now she has long been with Him, and adoring Him; and for you, my dear Mother, and for me she waits to hail us as we reach the haven where we would be. Oh, my dearest Mother! try thus to believe the word of God, and to hang upon his faithfulness for a fulfilment of it *now*. It is by pleading the individual promises, and expecting a present accomplishment of what is essentially necessary, that you will feel ‘joy and peace through believing.’ Then shall our souls be confirmed and strengthened, and we shall indeed rejoice to see how faith can triumph over sin, and pain, and death, and all the powers of darkness. Oh, my dearest, dearest Mother! may grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied unto you! But then you *must* boldly trust Him, and leave Him to do all the pleasure of His will. Farewell.

Your affectionate Son

WILLIAM.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler in London.

Gloucester, April 18, 1823.

DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

IN the present extremely relaxed state of my body and mind, for I seem to have almost all the bodily infirmities, and more than all the mental feebleness and indecision of very old age, I am but ill prepared for the prolonged employment of writing you 'an essay-like epistle,' as a friend once termed my communications to him. But neither you nor I shall be much grieved about that, since you are too much in the thick and in the spirit of business and pleasure, to spend time in running over a numerous set of demure lines and words. When a man has a great many *things* of meaning around him, he is not easily induced to pay much attention to very many *words* of meaning. By the way, this seems to be the very reason why multitudes around you, in the vast Metropolis, can give up to utter contempt and neglect all the *words* of the book of God. To them, there is a meaning in the *things* about them, which absorbs them wholly, or altogether alienates them from the meaning of the *words* of a future and eternal life; and therefore they are glad to consider it as *very distant*.

Excuse this digression; for if in the course of your ambulations, you should chance to kick aside an awkward stone, and you should see that it had covered a coin, however small, it would at least be an innocent curiosity which should lead you to bend and pick it up; and you would be blameably deficient in antiquarian taste, if you did not prize it on finding it nearly two thousand years old.

But I was just now going to remark, that he who writes sincerely must write as he feels, and I have too much regard for you to pour in upon you those deluging showers of sorrow, which are perpetually rising from my cloudy mind. I have no wish, my friends, to confine you from those out-of-door excursions of your feelings, in which present circumstances and sympathies call upon you to delight. There has been, I admit, a sad and tedious monotony in my expressions of feeling. To 'sing of judgment,' in the long-noted and continued airs of grief and disappointment, has had from my circumstances much authority; but there has been much authority neglected in the 'mercy,' which has been experienced by me, amidst the most direful of my hours, and days, and months of sorrow. I have recently found in the Bible, (and that Bible I trust, shall yet find me many great blessings,) several passages, which finely and graciously mingle with the daily bitterness presented in my cup. Among the rest, I have pored over the two pages and a half which contain the epistle to the Philippians, with a heart glowing with some of the satisfactory emotions,

which such views of human life and of the Saviour, ought to create. The kindlings of hope and of trust in Him, who is 'the keeper of His people Israel;' have acknowledged for their origin such as Psal. cxxv. 3. And the deep,—deep sympathy of Him who wrote, surely on purpose for me, the eighty-eighth Psalm, and especially the last verse, has found its salutary lessons strengthened from such representations as Psal. xxii. 24. You, my dear Friends, love friendship and the Scriptures too well, to think very hardly of my intruding these observations on you: but yet you may ask,—'Why did he write to us now and here, if he could not write cheerfully?' To this I answer, that I cannot tell, except that it was because I love you; and that while I am writing, the black margin of my paper reminds me, if indeed I need such mementos, of the still more deeply coloured events of which the margin is the appropriate emblem. Meantime, I wish and pray that your pleasures and your pains may be abundantly sanctified to you. May your health of body be restored! and may the health of your souls be placed far beyond the reach of diseases and decline!

I found my dear Mother, and I left her, considerably better; but the preceding week she was thought, both by herself and by others, to be dying. At midnight, the whole family were called up from their beds, and she took her leave of each person individually, commending her dying love to her two absent boys. The seizure however proved only spasmodic, and it passed away; but it gave an opportunity for the display of the grace of the Redeemer, for when in her supposed dying agonies, my dear, dear, doubting and fearing Mother gloriously triumphed, enjoying the clearest assurance of heaven. Pray continually for

Your affectionate, and
Widowed Brother,
WILLIAM BARBER.

After the attack mentioned in the above letter, my dear Mother continued to linger on under the pressure of a complication of disorders, until the seventh of the following June, when she peacefully expired, trusting with all her heart in the merits of a crucified Redeemer. In consequence of a constitutional diffidence, she did not possess a large share of the consolations of piety, but her life was excellent indeed; and during her illness, particularly in its latter stages, she was occasionally enabled to rise above her fears, and joyfully to praise the God of her salvation. The following is my Brother's letter of condolence to our widowed Father.

Gloucester, June 8, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,

I WENT out this morning to my Sabbath's appointment, expecting on my return to find that very afflictive, though certainly happy, intelligence which awaited me. My dear, my truly pious and excellent Mother has entered into the joy of our Lord! I thank him, oh! I do devoutly and gratefully thank Him, that another of our family, and that my own Mother, has lived and died well! O could we but gain a glimpse of the happy, triumphant, glorified communion of the three whom we have so recently lost,—my precious Anne, dear Mr. Giddy, and now my excellent Mother! My dearest Father, amidst all, must rejoice. And oh! let me hope, and pray, and entreat, that separated as this last dispensation, through its whole progress, has been from all the marks of anger, or even severity on the part of our heavenly Friend and Parent, you will not allow yourself to dwell upon its incidents in gloomy and painful regret. I am, my dear Father, the more eager about this, because I have suffered so much. I am well qualified to enter deeply into sympathy with you; and allied and related anew as this event makes us, it shall be the solicitude of your Son to cheer and animate those days, which are yet reserved for you. Oh, may the God of our departed, glorified wives, be the God of those who wait to rejoin them!

There are two circumstances, which induce me to write this: the one is, to beg that the coffin may not be screwed down till I come, which will be to-morrow evening, as I greatly desire to see the remains of my glorified Mother; and the other is * * * *

Mr. Woodrow is here, and while I am writing he is singing words, which are as encouraging as they are appropriate:

'Jesus is here! My fears begone!

'What can the Rock of Ages move?' &c.

I hope that my dear Sisters and Brother Sam will keep their spirits in good exercise. The Lord bless and sustain them! The affections of all here, if they could, would rush to their help.

Your affectionate Son

WILLIAM.

The following letter will explain, that multiplied as the trials of my afflicted Brother had already been, they were so far from being terminated, that they continued to attend him with uninterrupted severity. Chiefly as I apprehend, in consequence of the depressed state of his spirits, and therefore the absence of that degree of energy which is

necessary in the establishment of a public Seminary ; he soon found that it was in vain for him to hope for success in his present undertaking in Gloucester. Hence he was under the necessity of listening to the often repeated entreaties of the family to return to his paternal abode.

To his elder Brother.

Bristol, July 10, 1823.

MY DEAR AQUILA,

IT is so very usual for me to have to commence a letter with confessions of faultiness in having delayed so long to write, that I begin to fancy it my best way to say nothing whatever about it, but to leave my correspondents to imagine, as a thing of course, that possessing some degree of sensibility, I must be unavoidably ashamed and sorry for my neglect. It would be useless to enumerate all the particulars of the incidents which, by thoroughly unhinging my mind, have rendered writing a laborious and almost impracticable task. Let it suffice just to say, that the death of our dear Mother, some important circumstances as connected with our family in the affairs of——, the painful, and I suppose the almost final, blasting of every hope that I might not have to bear all my losses myself, and the ultimate resolution into which I have been compelled to enter of removing to Bristol, and seeking among the earliest friends of our family some support in my future efforts for life and usefulness ; have so occupied my mind, as to leave me but little spirits for any thing else. I might easily mention other things, but you will readily suppose these to be enough. I feel myself, *Aquila, in the thick of the real trials of life* ; and so rapidly have they come upon me, that for now nearly twelve months I have seemed to resemble a person in continual swooning,—a most painful and delirious uncertainty of every thing, except that God is chastising in mercy, and in mercy repeating his blows.

I suppose, that what I have stated of my removal to Bristol, will surprise you ; and I am not a little mortified in reflecting, that to persons at a distance, who, without being acquainted with the particulars of my circumstances, only hear of my removals, I must appear characterised by fickleness, or shocked by misfortune into imbecility. With reverence and gratitude however, I mention it, that He, who in His own unsearchable wisdom has for ever secured to Himself my dearest Anne, though as it seems to the utter sacrifice of my earthly happiness, has yet preserved me from that degree of mental imbecility which I wonder how I have escaped. That I have altogether escaped it, I dare scarcely say, for I am not able to value any thing on earth, in the degree that seems necessary ; and certainly every sentiment of my heart, and every principle on which my soul had thought to lean, throughout its passage to a better world, have been so shaken, as to

threaten utter desolation ; like some fabric in an earthquake, shattered and trembling to its overthrow, and preserved only by a sudden and timely subsiding of the commotion. Yes, Aquila, I write the ' words of truth and soberness,' when I state, that I do regard my preservation from practical atheism, or the worst ebullitions of despair, as nothing less than a miracle of grace. There is indeed, one view of my case in which I sometimes obtain a moment's indulgence, *viz.* that it supplies materials for an exhibition of the glory of God, which will be as satisfactory as it certainly is consistent ;—materials too, for an accumulation of moral excellence and usefulness far greater than I should ever have attained in more flattering and peaceful circumstances. O that this prospect may be realised ! but of all this, I can as yet perceive nothing. On the contrary, it appears to me, that had I expired the day following my Anne, my eternal circumstances would have been far superior to what they could be now ; for, though perhaps unsuspected at the time, what an awful struggling has there been against Him, who has seen it best to cut off my every hope in life ! I have left Gloucester, Aquila, disappointed of every thing for which I went there. I have lost almost every thing that a man can lose, except his character and his soul. And oh, how bitter are my feelings now ! Next Monday will complete the year, since my last day of comparative happiness expired. On the 15th of July my dearest Anne was taken ill, and since that moment, I have not spent one hour of conscious freedom from deep agony of heart ! Oh, my God ! my God ! what do I find in that life, from which I expected so much ? I thought myself well fortified to meet whatever ill might come. Alas ! how little have I known myself, that all this should be necessary ! how deep,—how terrible must be the turpitude of sin ! how dangerous,—how little to be trusted is my heart !

But I will force myself away from this subject. There is a sort of fatuity in grief, the contemplation of its causes is a delicious poison. I cannot keep myself away from it, if I once take my pen in my hand ; and yet, if you knew how many tears and groans every letter costs me, you would not be surprised that I write so little. Our dear and honoured Father bears his afflictions like a Christian Patriarch. I look at him, and listen to his family devotional exercises, with veneration, and rapidly increasing love. O what an infinite inferiority do I perceive in myself ! I feel in a way that sometimes is, and at others is not, painful to me, that I shall have to take my place for ever among the chief of sinners who are saved.

I believe I have already informed you, that having ascertained there was little probability of my being able to realise any of the property due to my dearest Anne, and that all the losses of my concern at Longford must fall upon myself, the whole of us thought it best for me not to propose any thing to the District Meeting, and therefore my

name was not brought forward. I had only a few pupils at Gloucester, and I found it impossible there to regain my spirits, and to make the necessary exertions. Our late dear Mother joined her wishes with the rest of the family to induce me to re-settle in Bristol, and I consented. A new school-room is now building for me in St. James's Square, which I shall have on a seven years' lease, transferable of course if I please. Here then I must now fix. God is pleased to refuse my services at least for the present. He does not 'count me worthy to be put into the Ministry.' My heart complains not; on the contrary, it justifies His decision. But thus, the only hope which I had left is cut off. 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' I have now only one object before me, and that is, usefully and honestly to gain money enough to pay my debts, and then to be ready for either the Ministry, or death. Oh, how dearly purchased are all the pleasures on which I had fixed my heart! Painful as my life must inevitably be, I should be glad to live, if it may please the all-wise Disposer of events, until my debts are paid. But there is presented to my imagination, no prospect of happiness in life except in ministerial labour and usefulness. Your situation is what mine appeared twelve months ago, truly enviable. It is even on higher ground. * * * * I certainly do feel, that the present state of my mind impairs both my holiness and my usefulness. * * * * Oh, Aquila, mine is a bitter, bitter cup indeed! But it is administered by a 'merciful and faithful High-Priest,' who is 'touched with the feeling of my infirmities.' What then am I to think of myself and my case?—How invaluable should I find greater calmness of resignation to God, and stronger faith in His wisdom and love! But against all my reasonings and my faith, there come the many recollections associated with the fact, that I am widowed and desolate. I look to heaven, and anxiously entreat forgiveness for my idolatrous love and my excessive grief. O that I could staunch the wounds that will bleed in spite of all that is applied! I am very sensible of criminality in the indulgence of my distressing feelings; and I know that they have done me immense mischief. Oh! would to heaven that my heart could settle into firmness and holy resignation! But I am threatened with perpetuated sorrow.

'Labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.'

Let me entreat your prayers, that I may regain my Christian serenity; I neither desire nor value any thing but this. Philosophy can give me no recompence for my Anne, but Christianity can. How astonished I am, that in all the years of my imagined acquaintance with the religion of Jesus, I did not become better prepared for the ills of life than I have proved! I crave with deepest self-abasement the par-

don of the Almighty Saviour, for my shameful littleness of faith.—
May the Lord crown you with loving-kindness and tender mercy, and
‘put his own defence upon all your glory!’

Your very affectionate, but very afflicted Brother

WILLIAM.

To the Rev. James Dixon.

Bristol, Aug. 20, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

A MOST solemn and affecting day indeed is this to me, and, if it have struck your recollection, it must have calld up in your mind many interesting and painful emotions; for, believe me, I feel that kind of confidence in your regard which assures me, that it is not possible for you to think of me without interest, nor to see me suffer without pain. The appeal of my circumstances to your heart has been too successful to fall short of this, or to pass it by; and it is a reflection which has solaced many a moment of heart-felt grief, that I cannot have suffered altogether in vain, if I have thus gained and secured *you* as the friend of my future chequered and exiled life. Be my friend, my dear Sir, and I will answer for my heart, treacherous on some other subjects as to me it is, that it shall always throw greater warmth and satisfaction through me when it thinks of you, and especially when in direct intercourse with you.

When you uttered your farewell words to me, there was something in them which sunk very forcibly within me, and even now they recur to me with almost equal force, — ‘Write to me; and if you can, tell me all your heart.’ The expression renewed the thought which very forcibly impressed my mind, when I found myself commencing business at the same time that the Ministry at Gloucester was renewed after the Conference, and you came into the Circuit. The *pure* thought of throwing myself into connection with the new Ministers, and of having the aid of their counsel and their prayers *in connection with* my most endeared Anne, and *in consequence of* our marriage, was to me particularly interesting; nay, it seemed to dwell upon my mind with preternatural force, that the new Ministry would be made extraordinarily beneficial to me, so that more than once, in my correspondence with my lovely friend, I mentioned the subject. *How far* that has been the case, let eternity unfold; but that *in a measure* it has been beneficial, and that too *in consequence of* my marriage, though indeed very differently from my anticipations, is however a fact. In the short space of two years you have seen me in the very extremes of hope and fear, of anticipation and terror, of success and disappointment, of enjoyment and wretchedness;—when (Oh! shall I ever forget it?) I was in that state of mind which, though not

altogether destitute of piety toward God, would say, that I could not wait; and when also I was in that state which, though not separate from all faith, made me feel, that my whole life was a blank and a burthen to me, and not only that my hopes were gone, but that existence itself was bitter in the extreme.

With regard to the last twelve months of my life, notwithstanding all that may be pleaded in extenuation from my irreparable loss, (and more might be pleaded than some of my dear and sturdy virtuous friends would allow,) yet I feel as if I could indulge the fruitless wish that it were possible to wipe that period completely out of the history of my life; but I have no refuge from the consciousness of having suffered in an ill manner, and of not having endured with the grace and magnanimity of a Christian, except indeed in the atoning, interceding Saviour; however, though I feel oppressed with shame and sorrow to an extent that greatly disorders and afflicts me, yet there I find a real solace. He that knows me and sympathises with me, without sparing the sins and follies of my heart, will plead for me, and He will assuredly prevail.

There must have been something in me, I can myself discern much, and much I saw before the stroke descended, to fully justify, nay, to *demand* from a wise and gracious Saviour the grievous course which he has pursued. And this something it is, that has chiefly originated the excessive suffering through which I have passed. Dearly as I loved my Anne, grief for the loss of her has not been nearly the whole of my sorrow, though the one certainly has been so intimately connected with the other, as to render it neither easy nor important to distinguish them. And, O my friend! it is most certainly a truth that neither of the causes of my grief is yet cured. Through infinite mercy I am less passionate in grief than I was; but my eyes are coolly and deliberately open upon my situation as it is connected with God, as it is not connected with my Anne, as it involves me in very painful difficulties, and as it certainly excludes me from the only situation upon earth which I desire. That it is God who is thus dealing with me, is the thought which, while it brings with it many searching and agitating feelings, saves me from despair. And oh! that this should be a fact, that God is in all this 'working in me to will and to do of His good pleasure,' is a consideration that overwhelms me, though it is with mingled awe and trembling, and fear and confidence, and hope and joy. There is scarcely any thing that I should in myself more detest as dishonourable, or that I should fear as injurious, than by an ill assumed confidence to appear possessed of happiness which I do not enjoy, or by an unsafe assurance to flatter myself that I may be happier than I am. I earnestly wish that all that is good in this feeling, as I have it, would expel all that is evil; for I am persuaded that it has already injured me much, and that it is still operat-

ing in the same way. I have been afraid to admit comfort, because I see that I merit it not; and I have been afraid to appear happy, lest God should look upon me as a hypocrite. Oh, that God would save me from extremes! but thus I have thrown away much that would have enabled me to pass my bitter, bitter months with greater peace to myself, and more honour to the Saviour's grace; I have neglected an opportunity which, it cuts me to the soul to think, I have lost for ever. But why should I regret? For what security do I possess that, if it were possible for me to be placed in my former situation, I should not fail as much again?

You will be glad to learn that, with reference to the privation of domestic comfort, my mind is more calm than it was; but when I tell you, that domestic comfort always was the object of my strong, idolatrous attachment, and that I feel as if my Anne were the only possible source of it to me, and at the same time that my whole nature is almost hourly pining for it, and that without hope; you will form some proper conception of the manner in which the evening and the morning are the successive days of my existence. To this however, should be added, for it is true, that I am constantly endeavouring to yield myself up in sacrifice—as ‘a living sacrifice,’ unreluctant, ‘holy, acceptable unto God;’ and here is the chief relief that I feel. To me it has been matter of sincere and earnest endeavour to say,—‘Whom have I in *heaven* but Thee?’ But alas! my friend, how painful is it to feel that God has a rival in *heaven* for the affections of one upon earth! and how does it cover me with disgrace and sin, that in this matter there should be any difficulty! But ought I to despise it, if there be one half of the blessing of the above passage mine, even while the means which have secured the one have rendered the other, though certainly in the process of being secured too, at present doubtful? ‘There is none upon *earth* that I desire beside Thee!’ Now my Anne is no more upon earth; and were it possible, I have no wish for her return, because the Lord has made me deeply sensible that I could not love her innocently; and I have no wish to have her place supplied by another, because in my present state of soul if I loved her at all the same cause would prevail, and I should love inordinately; while on the other hand, if I did not love her, I should be miserable myself, and should render the poor unhappy occupant of my Nancy's place miserable too.

There are only two objects of desire before me, Heaven or the Ministry; a third is at present my duty: I submit, and daily try to do it as I ought; but oh! my heart neither is, nor can be, in the work of the School-room as an occupation for life. I know this will gratify you, because I know that your earnest wish for me is to see me an acknowledged and constant labourer in your own good Master's vineyard; but of course I do not say this merely to gratify you, nor do I

feel it merely to gratify myself, for though it comes in perfect consonance with all my wishes, it comes too with more of the aspect of imperativeness and awful obligation than ever. I never felt so very desirous of its engagements as now, nor so afraid of its requirements and responsibilities. I never felt any thing like so much of the meaning of those words,—‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ And I never felt so much the difficulties of success, because perhaps I never knew so much of human nature, or of my own heart. But alas! what are all my desires? God is not pleased to make a way for their accomplishment, he chooses not to accept my services. Were it not for the impression that God is treating me as He has a right to do, and as is most certainly the best, I could have wept for hours over the list of our Stations. In spite however of the many hostilities against it, there dwells upon my mind an impression, that, if I do not wilfully swerve from his guidance, He will eventually liberate and employ me. Yes, my Anne shall see me spend my life in labouring to assuage the griefs of the widow and the fatherless, by pouring into their bosoms the consolations of the Gospel, and endeavouring to improve the miseries of human life by making them the medium of ‘redemption through the blood of Jesus,’ and conformity to the holy will of God. Meantime all this, opposed as it is by circumstances which at present ‘hedge up my way with thorns,’ is sustained by the thought that perhaps the Holy Spirit will be pleased to purify me; and during these coming months or years of sacrifice, self-denial, and distress, that he will fit me for that which is now the only object that attracts my wishes, usefulness to human souls in connection with the fulfilment of the Divine will. Dear Mr. Dixon! money has no attractions for me; and but for the hinderance which they present to my purpose, I should feel comparatively little at my debts, because I could in time pay every farthing: but oh! I fear the possibility of the resurrection of my idol in the person of another, for am I not human? and upon earth? What shall defend me? Is there not grace sufficient for me to do the will of God? But oh! impatience and self-will are as natural to me as it is to breathe. I will pray incessantly for patience and love to God, for these would be my springs of unfailing consolation; would that I could reach them, and dwell upon the margin and drink of the streams as long as life should last!

During the Conference, the Lord has several times put honour upon me by calling me to the large Chapels; this however has come, like all earthly honours, attended by some thorns. There has rested upon my mind a fear that the people neither profit by me, nor are patient of hearing me. What impressions really dwell upon their minds I know not; and respecting their opinions I cannot enquire, for I fear the imputation of a fatal motive; but to know that my services are not unacceptable would relieve me, and to be acquainted with my faults

would rejoice me. You will however believe me when I say, that I am labouring to improve. I do deem it a very great mercy indeed, that the Scriptures and the truly pious puritanical divines are sweeter and sweeter to my taste. My class, led by my dear and honoured friend Mr. James Wood, is rendered a great blessing to me. Oh, that God may cause my profiting to be real, and, if it may be for His glory, to appear to others!

Do make me, by your prayers and your counsel, to feel increasingly that

I am,

Your very affectionate Friend and Brother,

WILLIAM BARBER.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Bristol, Aug. 30, 1823.

DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

THE affectionate spirit of your letter produced a powerful effect on my mind; it was, I assure you, a very gratifying, though not a novel, sensation. I sometimes dwell with you in very sweet anticipation of the time, when friendship shall with us meet its full consummation and its highest glory. How much do we sometimes mistake by forgetting, that this cannot be in the present world! for this is indeed a world very unfriendly to the growth of any heavenly plant, however much it might enrich and bless mankind, if it would but flourish. Friendship is a blossom of great loveliness and of most delicious fragrance; but then it is a beautiful exotic, most delicate in its texture, and ready, in these distant and frozen regions, to droop by any chilling breath that passes sweepingly along. But what is it that makes this world so injurious to heavenly things? Can it be any thing but the state of its inhabitants? And must I not attribute to the condition of my own mind, the wretched incapacity that I feel to derive the advantages which the Creator has designed? What a disclosure to himself would every man obtain, if he should seriously put such questions as these to his own heart! I speak from experiment when I say, that it would be both very humbling and very advantageous. All the circumstances unfriendly to the preservation of the endearments of choice society are not assignable, however, to the state of the mind. Intercourse can be but partial, and something that operates against perpetuity may occupy the intervals. Knowledge can be but imperfect; for God always knows more of friends, even of husband and wife, the most ingenuous and confiding, than they do of each other; and that which is not known may be the leaven of alienation. The best men are liable to impressions very variformed, as many bad perhaps as good, and neither of the one

nor of the other are they always watchful, and those which reach them while unguarded may be hostile to many others which are to succeed.

But I will not pursue this subject, or I may produce the impression, that there is but little hope of retaining a valued friendship. I am however satisfied, that the best security on earth is an unreserved surrender of the heart, together with all its attachments and enjoyments, to our heavenly Father. He can make even their 'enemies to be at peace' with those who thus yield to Him their all. But reflection has also suggested to my mind a subordinate security, which I esteem invaluable, either with or without the former, for even Christians (oh, what a pity that it should be so!) do not always surrender their all to their God and Saviour. Too much is commonly expected from friendship; like an avaricious trader we load the vessel till it sinks. Oh! were it universally the maxim to expect but little from one's friend and every thing from one's self,—to blame my friend but little where I blame myself in minute and full detail,—then would those incidents which unavoidably occur, especially in times of change and consequent uncertainty, pass over our heads, like a dark and heavy summer-shower, only to leave a greenness and recovered strength behind. Impetuosity, impatience, and selfishness are inveterately hostile to the indulgence of the refined emotions of friendship; but who is free from all degrees of the influence of such passions? I am sure it is not myself as yet, much as it is my solicitude to be so; and I am equally sure that none is free from the greatest danger of them. Most freely however do I give my sympathies and my prayers, which are all that I have, to sustain you, and to render you increasingly holy, and happy, and useful.

Thus I meet your fervent wishes for your full conformity to the will of God. Here I sympathise with you indeed. I acutely feel the need of it, and without it am afraid of settling down to the world in any way. Oh! what shall I do, that my desires on this subject may grow deeper, and never weaken for a moment, nor ever for an instant, aye, for that instant in which temptation operates, admit the intrusion of a thought that would make any thing in the world superior to the will of God? But, unless 'I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me,' is there any security that this will be the case? Oh! for the spirit of sacrifice, as it implies power to make an instant devotion of all that I have to Him, who claims the whole, and who cannot accept of less.

Second I am, my dear William, but only second to you, in estimation of your Lydia. It was she who first made me love my dear departed Anne, and through her instrumentality I shall receive whatever happiness I shall derive from a purified re-association with that endeared, disembodied spirit. I am quite glad that your feelings to-

ward her are what you describe. You cannot love her too much, while you are careful to give your whole self to God, and to obedience to His holy will. This is my old sentiment ; my painful afflictions have made no alteration in my views. My idolatry consisted not in my loving my Anne *too much*, but in loving God *too little* ; and in being willing to be satisfied, because I was so happy, in a state of grace inferior to what I had enjoyed, and what I know I ought again to possess. Had I been more holy and more zealous, I should have loved my Anne more ardently, as well as more holily ; but I am justly chastised and punished as an example of a grovelling love of God. ‘Altogether true and righteous are thy judgments,’ O Lord God Almighty ! Now let Thy purpose and my heart-felt wish be secured, that upon those who know my case, it may act with an irresistible influence !

You refer me to eternity and its glory. Oh ! the mercy is infinite that permits me to hope that all these things are working together to bring me thither ; but to me the certainty of this is not so great, at least it does not produce in me a confidence so strong, as others seem to feel. Oh, ‘guide me by Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory !’

In reply to your almost complaint, that I have said nothing about the state of my business or its prospects, let me remind you of the sentiment of Dr. Johnson, when he was told that it had been noticed that he seldom mentioned any thing relative to his own family. He replied in effect :—‘There is but little interest in tales of beggary.’ I have nothing to say, but that I am very poor, and likely for some time so to continue. I have at present only six pupils ; and though I suppose a few more will come at the quarter’s end, and a few more in addition after the Christmas vacation, it must be so long before I have any serious income, that I am reduced to the necessity of fervently praying, that my faith and patience may keep me quiet from murmuring and superior to despondency. However, I feel some satisfaction in the thought, that I have now nothing to involve me in deep anxiety of an earthly nature ; and that if you, or any of my friends, value me at all, it is for the very bare self of

Your truly affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM BARBER.

P. S.—My preaching here has been in part a pleasure to me, but in part also the source of great anxiety and painful after-thought. However, I have ‘a witness in heaven and a record on high,’ that in simplicity I have wished and endeavoured to do good ; and I hope there is evidence that I have laboured not altogether in vain. I am quite satisfied that I did right in coming to Bristol.

To a Friend.

Bristol, Sept. 1823.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I do not like to write half-sheet letters to you, but this will occupy all the time I can give to-day. My mind felt your application of the interesting turn of thought of the great Hall, nor shall I fail, I hope, to derive from it still further advantage. I am, however, more disposed to obtain assistance from contemplating the positive and direct assurances of God our Saviour, which cannot otherwise than apply to my case, than I am from observing the conduct of those who have been in circumstances not corresponding with my own. For though no serious contemplation of scriptural examples can be maintained without benefit from their forcible appeal, yet some from peculiar appropriateness cannot be so easily put by as others. The example of Abraham, I think strongly applicable to you, my dear friend. He was a lively and illustrious instance of the possibility, under a dispensation far inferior to ours, of maintaining almost entire the integrity of friendship with God, and that at the very time when continued outward prosperity laid him open to the strongest temptations to friendship with the spirit, and the maxims, and the people of the world. Your candid fidelity with yourself, and your sincere affection for me, encourage me to be undisguised and even direct in my observations. I think you, my dear Brother, far more in danger from friendship with the *spirit* and the *maxims*, than the *people* of the world. The latter you cannot enjoy, but the former may beguile and ensnare you. Indeed I have thought, and still continue to do so, that you *have* suffered from this evil. Have you not assigned the proof and the consequence of it, in that which it must be so much more painful to feel than to acknowledge, I mean the increased influence of little things upon your feelings! You have, my Brother, gone too far in religion to be happy in conforming to the spirit of a perishing world, so full of vanity as it is. Oh! do remember that I speak of the spirit and maxims,—the inward disposition and feeling,—not referring to external developments of the evil; though there will always be some of these, if there be of the other. It is important to know the cause of all this. Let me suggest to you the enquiry. Deep experimental religion is always the result of self-denial; and the self-denial, which produces deep piety, has always a reference to the sacrifice of any thing and every thing that would naturally indulge and gratify the carnal mind, that is, the disposition to be gratified with what is merely worldly. But now, my dear Brother, bear with me. Do you for the sake of Christ deny yourself in those things, which it would gratify you to retain or indulge? Have you not been

led into a course of *too-regular and constant self-pleasing*? If my fears in this respect are well-grounded, is it wonderful that you are not happy? I am confident, that it is in the dispensations of the grace of God to make such a state of self-indulgence produce unhappiness, and in the dispensations of His anger to make it produce insensibility and hardness of heart. You have the happier proof of God's regard for you, though at present it renders you painfully unhappy. Your sensibility and uneasiness will perhaps, nay, I hope, will *surely* save you from severer suffering; for I am more and more persuaded, that the real Christian who sinks down into the habit of self-indulgence, will induce his Lord to deny him that security of earthly blessings and enjoyments, of which the mere worldling may continue possessed. This I have proved by experience. Your uneasiness, my dear Brother, and your stirring desires after entire holiness, are very sweet indications of the truly kind and gracious purposes of your watchful and decided Redeemer. May you by his grace hasten to that full resignation to His holy will, which will open the way to the exercise of simple faith to put in its claim for the gracious blessings which he has promised, and which will be followed by a state of higher spiritual prosperity than you have ever yet known! May God Almighty breathe upon you His Holy Spirit, and render you a great blessing to others!

I wish I were by you, to ask your wife if she is blest in her class, and how they go on. I long for their salvation, and hope and pray that they do not cause her hands to hang down. Our Circuit is, through mercy, in a good state. But I—I have need of patience.

I am

Your sincerely loving Brother,

WILLIAM BARBER.

To his elder Brother.

Bristol, Sept. 15, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR AQUILA,

It is now time that I should reply to yours of the 1st ult. and you have given me in it so much to do, that I had need occupy the whole sheet in order to give to your numerous questions replies as brief as the enquiries themselves. * * * *

You seem surprised, that I should find so much difficulty in conquering my feelings. * * * Alas! when I saw my Anne last it was in the agonies of death. I gave up out of my bosom her, that was dearer to me than life, to the dreadful revelry of corruption and worms,—to a dissolution from which I shall never meet her, till this hand moulders as hers is mouldering now, and this spirit, which so dearly loves her, returns to God who gave it. I will not multiply re-

marks here, much less will I attempt to justify what I know is wrong, I mean the immoderate influence of passion resulting from the weakness of faith. Bitter as my circumstances are, there is nothing to vindicate that almost ungoverned rebellion of feeling which has nearly distracted me. However 'God, who is rich in mercy, hath loved me with great love,' and he is graciously permitting me to recover slowly from the dreadful shock which I have sustained. My heart indeed still bleeds, and when it will cease I know not; but it bows to Him with increasing humility and resignation. And in the sweet assurance of forgiveness that I possess, there is mingled the persuasion that the period will come when, with my Anne in *glory everlasting*, I 'shall praise Him most for the severe.' I do most fervently pray that you may never be brought to the test; but if you should be, it would be to me a matter of most anxious desire, that you should triumph in the greatest degree more than I have done. But would you avoid trial? Beware of the influence of affection; for, if it dispose you to rest satisfied in any state of grace inferior to entire holiness, it will surely breed trials for you of some kind or other, and perhaps of that which I have suffered. I believe that this was my great sin; for, though during marriage I had this state of salvation before me as an object of sincere hope, I did not feel at all sufficiently alarmed at perceiving, that my desires after it were not growing stronger, but on the contrary that I was becoming more satisfied to be without it.

I go now at once to that portion of your letter, in which your trials are enumerated. Upon those cases, which you have mentioned, I wish to make a few observations, submitting them, as of course I should, in all openness and honesty.

The first is the attack upon your character. I trust, that I duly appreciate the value of character, especially when connected with a profession of religion, and above all with the Ministry. And yet, my dear Brother, I am inclined, from my knowledge of your disposition, to suspect that you are rather too solicitous about your character. Now if this be the case, one or the other of two bad consequences will be frequently occurring; either the Almighty will permit your undue anxiety for spotless reputation to be punished by unwarrantable attacks upon it; or else, you will often suffer needless and useless agitation from distorted and disproportioned views of whatever seems to look malignantly upon it. It is possible, my dear Brother, to be idolatrously fond of reputation, and to be too busy in guarding it; and though to err thus, when the result of genuine sincerity in the fear of the Lord, is infinitely preferable to careless levity, yet error must be followed by suffering. Besides, 'the disciple is not above his Master, nor the servant above his Lord.' Jesus, not-

withstanding his carefulness to avoid all occasions for just slander, was reviled and blasphemed, and 'yet He opened not His mouth.'

Now that consciousness of infinite inferiority, which I know you to possess, and the feeling of just appropriation of St. James's cautionary remark,—'In many things we offend all,' if not by direct sinning, yet in a much deeper sense than it could be said of our Lord, will preserve you from expecting to pass altogether untainted by the blasting breath of calumny. This will give me another remark. So far as your staying another year where you are, is calculated to disappoint the evil-tendencies of the injurious report upon the faith and practice of the young converts, it is indeed to be regarded as a mercy; at the same time never let it be forgotten, or too lightly esteemed, that 'the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his,' and 'how to deliver them out of temptation.'

* * * * *

The faithful and fearless declaration of the truth cannot fail on some occasions to give offence, because it will be felt as truth, and not be heard as mere sound. That one, who has youth and comparative inexperience to expose him to the animosity and the resentments natural to the carnal mind, should have to endure the taunts or the persecutions of the unregenerate in consequence of uncompromising fidelity, is less surprising than that he is not continually assailed till he is borne down. But while it would be at the peril of one's soul to veil the bright and searching eye of truth, in order to avoid rousing the blush and the anger of sin, unquestionably it is desirable for one's own comfort, and right for the sake of that wisdom that winneth souls, and a duty imposed upon us by God, to avoid urging sinners to exasperation, and therefore to excise every thing excessive, or wild, or careless, in one's expression and manner.

I have run on half out of breath; and turning back to read over what I have written, I perceive that I have unintentionally pricked a vein of thought that has coloured my paper a little too highly for an epistle to an *elder Brother*. However I now humbly strike to you and shorten sail, lest, contrary to my purpose, I should seem in any degree assuming or monitorial. I sincerely rejoice with you, my dear A., and congratulate you, that your mind is so satisfied with our heavenly Father's administrations to you, and that your resolves are so fixed 'not to know any thing among men, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' To your circumstances, though not to your feelings in reference to those circumstances, the following language is very applicable,—

'O fortunatos nimium! sua si bona norint.'

But your questions call me now to my own situation.—I am persuaded that I did right in leaving Gloucester. Though my heart is very far from being at rest, my present comparative desolateness, and the dreary future which stretches out before me farther than I can see, in threatening opposition to the only hope and prayer that I have for this world, except the payment of my debts, render submission my only course, and resignation my only peace. I painfully regret that such happy dispositions should be in any degree difficult to attain, but I am earnestly desiring and praying, that their growth may be now and henceforth as rapid and settled, as it has been deliberate and uncertain. I am deeply humbled and ashamed of my unbelief and hardness of heart. Oh, help me by ‘striving together with me in your prayers to God for me,’ ‘that the bones which he has broken may rejoice’ in Him so as to feel, that ‘the joy of the Lord is my strength!’ As to earthly joy my heart is too much embittered to feel either hope or desire.

The school-room, which has been built for me, I hold on a seven years’ lease at 20*l. per annum*, board and lodging at home with the family. I have of course no boarding-school, and consequently no house-keeper, for I have no house. Dear to me as a home of my own used to be, I could not now enjoy it. I have a few more pupils than at Gloucester, but they are so few, that I am almost without success. Indeed at present instead of paying off my debts, I am not gaining enough to pay the expenses of my one solitary living. The quarter-day is now very near, and I am not aware of a single addition to the number of my pupils. Well: Shakspeare may instruct me, as he has not unfrequently done before. One of his sufferers in Macbeth is exhorted by his friend to

‘Endure it like a man.’

The answer is,

‘I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember, such things were
As were most precious to me.’

However I would learn from an infinitely better book, how to effectually change the word *man* into *Christian*, and pray to become a genuine example of one.

Your recommendation to make a fresh covenant with my God was most welcome to me. I have done so again and again, and am continually renewing it, praying for more faith, and love, and patience. To be entirely delivered from pride, self-will, murmuring, and ingratitude, with all the other evils of my heart; and to be permitted to be useful in the church of God,—are now the highest objects of my

efforts, or my wishes. And oh! will the day never come, when I shall be freed from the heavy evils which have come upon me, not by extravagance or unjustifiable speculation, but by the blast of the breath of the Almighty? Alas! I have often thought, and often shall I think again, of the words of our dear Mother,—‘William, it will take a good deal to subdue you, but you must be subdued!’ I pray God that what is past may suffice for this, and that what is to come may be wholly for His own glory, ‘that henceforth I might not live unto myself, but unto Him which died for me, and rose again.’ * * * *
But I have jaded you as much as myself. I will therefore make a full stop.

Your very affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Bristol, Oct. 24, 1823.

VERY DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

ALTHOUGH I cannot help thinking it an unmerited act of good nature in me to write, now that you are so deeply in my debt already; I cannot avoid snatching the opportunity to say a few words. You see however, that there is no merit on my part any more than on yours, for I do it merely because I cannot help myself. The only merit which I can at present plead, is the attempting to write, when I have nothing to say.

I heard from Bess in her last note, which I received a long time ago, that Lydia had been seriously unwell. I have been, with considerable anxiety, continually hoping to hear respecting her; but as I have not been in this respect gratified, the wisest way of course seemed to believe that she is quite recovered.

Human life is so precarious a thing, that death and eternity are certainly never at a great distance, and they should as certainly never appear to be so. But we get consciously nearer to the last great momentous æra of present being, when sickness reduces the strength, and gives the spirit an opportunity of looking sensibly through the frail mortality, that so mysteriously keeps it from the spiritual world immediately and ever surrounding it. To you, my dear Sister, this cannot be terrific, though it may be painful; for though a person or persons, *rather than things*, may have so fastened upon your heart as to render grief unavoidable, so long as grief at separation is possible; yet you can be no stranger in heaven. There are *there*, those who would hail your entrance into the kingdom of our Lord, with a delight, which they surely long to express. I have two Mothers there, your own and mine, and, more than all finite beings besides, my own unminishably precious Anne, who wait with eager expectations for every fresh arrival from this lower world, to see if any among them should be one of

us. I do however feel the need of praying, that the time may appear to us no longer than it does to them ; for their full satisfaction in the will of God, effectually prevents their suffering disappointment or tedium. But it would be no mere sketch of fancy to imagine them saying to each other,—‘ Oh ! what is there to detain them in that world which we have left ? Did they but know what this is, which we now see, and hear, and feel, how impatient would they be to come ! Ah ! ’tis cruel for my William to regret me, or even to lament his own unhappiness, great though it is to him, because my case is so infinitely better than it could have been made by his strongest affection. And does William Wheeler seek to detain his Lydia ? Does Lydia herself look at her William with the strong anxiety natural to hopeless mortals ? Oh ! frail, unconscious, wandering mortality ! Hasten you that are so dear to us,—hasten to rejoin us ! “ Set not your affections upon things on the earth, but upon things above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God ! ” ’

My dear Brother and Sister, there may be imagination in the above description, but its grand fault is, that it is neither high, nor holy, nor spiritual enough. For my own part, I am very pungently sensible of a great inferiority to even my own convictions ; and I cannot for a moment entertain one solitary hope, without a direct reference to the forgiveness of free grace, through the infinitely ‘ precious blood of Jesus Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.’ This spotlessness of Christ is to me exceedingly precious, and I think it must be so to every consciously poor, polluted sinner. Let me commend it to you, as a subject demanding much attention, and to be highly prized. If I were ready to die, I should hardly value my life as much as I ought. Nothing should detain me here, had I permission to go. To live is no easy thing for me ; and I suffer so much from the loss of what I most valued, and from the abiding, hated presence of my depravity of heart, that happiness is quite out of the question. After more than fourteen months of grievous affliction, my tears have nearly drained their fountain, and the keenest edge of grief is blunted ; but my sense of loss,—of absence,—of privation,—of sorrow,—is daily renewed, only to embitter every day. Ah me ! if I did not know that God can perform the greatest wonders of grace in the shortest period of time, I should believe myself far, far indeed, from the heaven, in which my dearest Anne, and my beloved Mother, are living in imperishable purity and glory. I commend to your fervent prayers

Your affectionate,

But not happy Brother,

WILLIAM BARBER.

To the Rev. James Dixon.

Bristol, Dec. 9, 1823.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * You have read the letter from Nightingale, in the November Magazine: my Father sent it to a respectable tradesman, who is an acquaintance of ours, and intimate at ——'s, the Socinian Minister, and thus the Magazine got into the hands of the latter gentleman. The letter seems to have excited some uneasiness in his mind, and especially in connection with a circumstance attending the recent death of the Rev. Samuel Lowell, an elderly, excellent, and useful independent Minister of this city. The day before Mr. L. expired, he conversed with a young Minister, his friend, on the comparative capability of Socinianism to support in death, at the same time warning him to beware of the whole system. The consequence was, that the Socinian Minister felt it advisable to deliver a lecture on the consolations of Unitarianism in a dying hour, and this I went to hear on Lord's day evening.

The Meeting-house is a large and elegant building, having spacious galleries on three sides. It was quite crowded. To me all was novel: it was so strange to be, where it was not believed that He could be, who promised to 'be wheresoever two or three meet together in His name;' it was so strange to approach the Father, except through the Son,—to pray to God, without relying wholly on the merits of Christ,—to feel no consciousness of deep pollution of nature, which magnifies every act of mercy into an act of free, unmerited, sovereign grace,—and to be utterly insensible to the need or to the influence of Him, who 'maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.' I could not resist the impression, that either I have ten thousand thousand times been guilty of complete and absolute idolatry; or else, that these men before me, whose sentiments are in unison with the Minister's, are yielding to the influence of a delusion, which brings them up to the very throne of God in the highest spirit and practice of rejecting the only means of acceptable approach.

If there could have been any previous doubt upon my mind, it was soon dissipated by the discourse which the Preacher delivered. After having prayed without any definite and intelligible reference to 'the great God and Saviour of us, Jesus Christ,' and with absolute independence of that Sacred Spirit through whom alone the Divine testimony is given, that we are the children of God; he delivered a lecture, of which the motto was,—'Thanks be unto God which giveth

us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' His real text, however, was Nightingale's letter, of which he read a part in commencing. It was his object to shew, 1. The grounds of a Unitarian's hope; 2. The folly and absurdity of what, without once offering either definition, explanation, or distinction, he called 'triumphant deaths;' 3. The sufficiency of the hopes, which he proposed; and 4. To adduce examples of peaceful and rational death, from among Unitarian Christians.

The grounds which he assigned were,—the assurance of a resurrection,—the certainty that 'the world shall be judged by the man Christ Jesus,' and that the judgment shall be 'in righteousness,'—the essential mercy of God,—and the testimony of a good conscience, that life has been spent in a 'sober, righteous, and godly' manner. The argument on triumphant deaths, was altogether unfair; and that on the sufficiency of the hopes above named, failed most completely into utter unmeaningness and powerless application to all, who had not first learned to dilute the Scripture representation of the evil of sin, the depravity of human nature, the need of the new birth, the justice and holiness of God, the necessity of an atonement, &c. &c. And yet in gross inconsistency, the Preacher's system left no hope to any, who have not spent a good life, and are awakened to a sense of danger in death. But, amidst all the awful impressions which sunk down into my mind, oh! how grievous was it to think of the influence, which such flattering and covered representations must have upon those, to whom the doctrine of the new birth is unwelcome, and that of obligation to the merits of another for salvation intolerable! The whole discourse was founded on those assumptions in favour of human nature, of which you and I have several times conversed, and of which I am more than ever persuaded of the fallacy and the mischief. But I must desist.

Your very affectionate Friend

WILLIAM BARBER.

The following was written to the Unitarian friend, to whom the above-mentioned Magazine was sent.

Bristol, Dec. 11, 1823.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR note of the 6th inst. induced my Father and myself to go on Sabbath evening to hear the Rev. ———. Perhaps it will gratify you to know the impressions produced on my mind. I believe that I heard with openness of heart, and I am sure that I write

with serious concern and charity; for you and I have immense interests at stake, in the question. I am not about to agitate that question. I have no appetite for controversy; but I thought it due in reply to your note, to state some of my impressions, merely as matters of fact. I confess however, that I was decided to this, chiefly by a wish to remark what I consider mistakes, in stating some of the facts to which the Preacher referred. I allude to those respecting Dr. Ryland, and the Rev. Mr. Haslam.

I was present at the service, which drew from Dr. Ryland the expression mistaken and therefore misrepresented by the Preacher. As soon as he uttered the sentence, I recollected the occasion and perceived the discrepancy; and upon referring to my notes, I found that my recollection was correct, and the Preacher's not so. The sentence was exactly to this purpose,—‘I heard a respected Christian say on a very public occasion,—“I could as soon believe that a child could hold the earth in his hand, as that a man could judge the world!” Now I believe the Apostle, and therefore I believe that God will judge the world by that man whom He hath appointed.’ How the Preacher could imagine, that Dr. R. had used so silly an expression, so contrary to the orthodox faith, and so opposed to his own well known faith upon the subject, is certainly extraordinary; for those who profess Unitarianism, neither do nor can more fully believe, that the world will be judged by the man Christ Jesus, than their opponents; only the latter believe *more* than the former, respecting the Man Christ Jesus. But to the real expression of Dr. R. His text was Matt. xxviii. 18—20; and in remarking on the Saviour's extensive claim, he referred to the well-known maxim:—‘*Quidquid recipitur, recipitur admodum recipientis*,’ ‘Whatever is received, is received according to the capacity of the receiver.’ ‘Hence,’ said he, ‘I could not credit the tale of a German enthusiast, that he took the sun in his right hand, and the moon in his left, &c. Nor could I believe it possible for a child to have all the waters of the ocean poured into his right hand. And verily, I could as little understand the language here used, if I did not believe Him, who made this claim, to be the incarnate Son of God; because “all power in heaven and earth” is as much as can be claimed by God Himself.’ I think, my dear Sir, that you will see this, which I regard as a conclusive argument, to be very different from that jejune and silly ebullition, which allowed the Preacher a very easy triumph.

As to the sentiments ascribed to the Rev. Mr. Haslam, they may be in the main correct, and I take for granted that they are so. But they were pushed, as I must think, farther than could be correct. I refer particularly to that assertion ascribed to him, that ‘he had never known one experienced Christian die a triumphant death.’ I

consider this as so nearly equivalent to an impeachment of Mr. H.'s veracity, that I, for one, must regard it as the result of mistake in the Preacher's informant. It is to be regretted, that the learned gentleman afforded no opportunity for judging whether he meant the same thing by 'triumphant deaths,' as by that phrase we mean; a demur pre-eminently needful in conversing theologically with Unitarian professors, who largely adopt the phraseology of others without meaning the same things. But there is a difference, easily distinguished, between what Christians generally mean by genuine triumph in death, and the unreasonable and unintelligible hilarity of infatuation. And genuine 'triumphant deaths,' as they are called, are so comparatively frequent, and that among professors of every age and standing in the church, that there seems the strongest presumption, that Mr. H. must have seen what every one else, at all similarly circumstanced, has seen; because there appears almost no possibility for it to have been otherwise. Beside, the late aged and truly venerable Mr. Pawson was the particular friend of Mr. H.: but he died before Mr. H., and that in a manner most remarkably triumphant and joyful.

Permit me however here to remark, that triumph visibly expressed is very, very far from being regarded as at all essentially necessary, by any body of Christians with whom I am acquainted; and I am quite ready to admit, that the feelings of comparatively young Christians are in general far more sensibly marked by exultation or rapture, than those of more advanced or experienced believers. At the same time it is indeed to go a length far beyond what is justifiable, to denounce joy in death as an exhibition or mere excitement, as absurd or foolish; or to regard the absence of it as the *proof* of superior wisdom, and the only befitting condition for dissolution.

The reference to the Rev. Mr. Lowell's dying admonition had in it, more perhaps than any other part of the sermon, the character of popular appeal; but I should think you, Sir, will admit that it was only sophistry in argument. Headed, as the Preacher's questions were, by the serious *ad hominem* query,—'Could it do any harm to believe so and so?'—had Mr. L. himself been present to reply to these questions *seriatim*, he might have said in answer to each of them:—'No, assuredly not; these are *common* principles, and I believe them as well as *yourself*; but it *can* do harm to disbelieve whatever is more than these, or to believe only these.' And what would have become of the Preacher's appeal to an impartial, though undecided, multitude, if Mr. L., or any one from the other side of the house, had demanded from the same assembly;—'Can it do no harm to reject God in the person of His Son?—But this I believe your Unitarianism does. Can it do no harm to approach the tribunal of a just and holy, though merciful, God, with pleas of justification, and on

terms of acceptance, which He has plainly rejected and forbidden, and which therefore are inadmissible, and must be inexpressibly insulting to Him?—But this I believe your Unitarianism does.' I say, had Mr. L. thus answered the Preacher's appeal, and thus protested his solemn convictions, any unprejudiced assembly would at once have felt the warning to be most appropriate, and to the last degree important.

As to the more general impressions made by the sermon, the Preacher certainly adduced evidence enough of what I, for one, never doubted; I mean, that professed Unitarians may die in the full belief of their doctrines, and be really cheered by them in affliction. But this goes for little with me; for so may professors of Deism, Hume is an instance; and so may enthusiastic advocates of the most pernicious errors, as well as the votaries of the grossest superstitions. Yet there is collateral evidence derivable from scenes of death; and, in this respect, a difference belonging to those whom I must still consider, and that exclusively, in the scriptural sense as *real Christians*. There is a grand, essential difference *distinguishing them in their death-scenes*, and altogether in their favour. It is the moral estimate which they form of sin and the unworthiness of man,—an estimate which dwells upon their minds with strong and extensive conviction, and that *in the very moment* when they possess a cheering and satisfactory confidence of acceptance with God through the sacrifice of Christ, and of being renewed by the sanctification of the Spirit.

The Preacher failed most completely, as I think, in that which it was the chief object of my visit to ascertain; and not only was the failure complete, but to me it was most affecting. I mean, when he attempted to point out grounds *sufficient* for a good hope in death. I would not, for a thousand worlds, trust my soul's eternal safety to the grounds which he described. But while he repeatedly affirmed the sufficient ground of hope, to be 'the testimony of a good conscience' to having 'lived soberly, righteously, and godly,' in connection with the mercy of God to human frailties; I deeply felt two questions, as they suggested themselves to my mind; and they appear to me to place the system itself in a fatal dilemma,—1. What hope is there thus for *guilty* consciences? and 2. What does this system make of *sin*? I believe that the inevitable fair reply must, either doom men to destruction in far greater numbers than any opposing system, or that sin must be most unjustifiably represented as less criminal than it is described in the whole Scriptures. Besides, if to the former question the answer should be, repentance; then salvation is at once put upon another ground than a good conscience, and the essential difference between virtue and vice is ultimately and for ever lost.

But let the doctrine of salvation by 'faith, which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart,' be substituted for this system, and all these difficulties disappear at once.

I have multiplied my remarks more than I intended, and will therefore now quit the subject, adding only, that it forcibly struck me there was in the sermon far too much of the spirit of monopoly of candour and charity, as if Unitarianism were the only region in which such pure spirits can exist. But, my dear Sir, it is no breach of charity to believe the denunciations of God. See Mark xvi. 16.; John iii. 16, 18, 36.; Rom. iii. 26. x. 4, &c. &c. And, though I form no judgment of individuals deceased, having believed such denunciations, it is equally foreign from uncharitableness, to deplore the condition of those who *are involving themselves* in awful obnoxiousness to them.

Upon the whole I may say, that, while attentively listening to the Preacher, one strong impression fastened upon my mind. I will express it, because my heart feels its force, and laments the application that it must have. Little—little indeed can be gained, either to personal safety, or to the glorifying of God, by any rule of interpretation, of which it is uniformly the effect to lower and dilute the meaning of every passage of the Scriptures to which it is applied.

Believe me, dear Sir, with the very best feelings towards you, the learned Preacher, and the whole body of Unitarians, nay, the world at large,

Your most sincere well-wisher,

WILLIAM BARBER.

CHAPTER VII.

Again involved in deep and complicated Afflictions—Triumphant Death of a Sister—Remarkable Opening of Divine Providence—Family Afflictions—Memorable Instances of disinterested Generosity—Further Brightenings of his providential Path—Resignation under a new Disappointment—Glory of the Missionary Work—Scenes in Monmouthshire—Advice to a young Sister—Critique on a poetical passage—Memory's Twilight Bowers, a Poem.

THE next letter will present to the Reader another affecting illustration, in the case of my afflicted Brother, of the words of the Psalmist:—‘Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me!’ as well as an interesting view of the power of Divine Grace ‘to save to the uttermost’ and to the end.

To his elder Brother.

Bristol, Jan. 24, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR AQUILA,

YOU will be pained to hear that sickness, very severe sickness, has again invaded our family peace, and left us in tears. I am again the subject of heavy affliction and consequent disappointment. But of this by and by. I sometimes think that were I to give a personification of disease, it should be the figure of a fury in chains, driving as fast as possible the human race before her, a stream of pestilence her breath, forked lightning flashing from her eyes, and one hand pointing downward, the other up. I would then invest her forehead with a scroll bearing this inscription,—‘The dust shall return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it!’

However you are impatient to get at what I mean. Well; you are a man and a Christian Minister, as well as a Brother. You can therefore bear, though in pain, to hear that God by means of disease has reduced the number of your sisters. Sophia has gone in complete and glorious triumph to join her invaluable Mother, and my most pre-

cious and endeared Wife! Happy—happy spirits, for ever beyond the reach of the trials and sorrows which we must still experience!—And, what is of infinitely greater value, for ever beyond the reach of those temptations and liabilities to sin, which may many times yet, and perhaps will, induce us to mourn in heaviness, or even to bathe in tears countenances reddened with conscious unfaithfulness! O how gladly would I, if I might, at once escape away and mingle in their society! And though I should be divested of every particle of what is only earthly, and therefore my feelings would indeed greatly differ from my present best imaginations, yet so satisfied am I that the difference would be only in excessive superiority, that no possible calculation can exhibit how much I should be the gainer.—But a truce.—I must wait, and let it be without reluctance; for ‘without holiness no man shall see the Lord,’ and, in the sense of this passage, I am consciously not holy.

But to revert to our deceased Sister, now dearer than ever:—a fortnight only from yesterday she was taken ill, and yesterday at mid-day she expired. Her disease was a fever of the typhoid kind, though milder in its symptoms than the malignant typhous. Her’s was a case of the *typhus mitior*, and of this much milder than the doctor ever knew, where the results have been so decided. It has given scarcely any alarm as to infection or contagion. The symptoms, so far as I could learn, were however very much like those of my precious Anne, and the progress was marked in the same manner, differing only as to mildness and severity. From this circumstance there has arisen to me one benefit, which I value and esteem as a mercy; it is, that I am enabled to trace much kindness on the part of God in my own case, for I plainly perceive, that terrible beyond description as were the symptoms and the progress of the disease in my dearest Anne, they were restrained and modified very greatly, and that, as I believe, for the sake of sparing me as much as possible. By this of course I mean, as far as was consistent with the wise and holy proximate and ulterior purposes of the God of providence.

But you will wish to hear some account of the state of mind, in which our dear girl advanced to her last trial. I do assert, and would abide by the proofs, in the face of all the rant of philosophical Infidelity and Socinianism, that it was a state of rational, and scriptural, and completely triumphant victory over sin, and death, and hell, through the atonement of the Redeemer and the power of the Holy Ghost. Sophia had, for a considerable time, been most perceptibly advancing in holiness and religious enjoyment. This has often been the subject of conversation in the family, and her example in these respects has been powerfully stimulant, especially to her junior sisters. The blessing of perfect love had been much the subject of her thoughts, and pursuits, and prayers. With this, as she said a

few days since, you were acquainted. It appears, that she once obtained this glorious privilege, but she lost it again, though without drawing upon herself all those unhappy consequences of doubt, and unbelief, and darkness, which are not unfrequently the re-acted results of such a baneful yielding to temptation. Her own views had been long directed towards Death, and in conversation with her sisters she had frequently stated, that a strong impression rested on her mind that she should not live to be sixteen years of age. This would not have been the case till April next.

Yesterday fortnight she retired to bed with some symptoms of indisposition, which excited no great alarm; but during the day or two following the means used failed of reducing them. She continued during the whole of the week, apparently without gaining or losing ground, her pulse maintaining 120 to 124 without deviation, though but for the measures adopted they must have greatly augmented. During the whole period till Monday last, when aggravation became decided by her countenance, though the pulse were strangely firm, she expressed a full confidence in the love of Jesus, and a delightful consciousness of her acceptance in Him; though at the same time she made it evident, that she wanted Him to do something more for her. The last time that I saw her was this day week: I then talked very little to her, and though her answers were concise, they were highly satisfactory. She knew her interest in the blood of the Saviour, and with perfect assurance she confided all her being and futurity to Him. On the following day I was taken ill, and confined to my room. But on the Monday, when the aggravation of her symptoms was decisive, and the whole family regarded her with fearful apprehension, her soul rose into such a glorious superiority over every thing as perfectly astonished us all. She received a most clear and blessed manifestation of the power of the Holy Spirit, rejoicing with a loud voice, and boldly, though at the same time with ineffable modesty and propriety, informing every one that God had restored to her the blessing of perfect love; and now all was clear in the fullest sense. She addressed herself to each of the family separately, and to several friends, of whom many went that day into her room to see and hear for themselves. Among the rest was Mr. ———, to whom, without fear or undue freedom, she addressed in the greatest simplicity and affection some earnest and affecting admonitions. She told him that she loved him greatly, but yet that she thought him not in the right way to heaven, &c.

On the same day a consultation was held between Dr. Kentish, Dr. Tuke, and Mr. Huxtable. They resorted to the usual means, and produced, through mere exhaustion, for a day or two some abatement of symptoms. But the painful result became every succeeding day more evident than the former, and it was plain that yesterday

morning they had given up all hope ; indeed, at length they said so. For several days she was almost wholly delirious, and sometimes very restless, involuntarily screaming as is usual in such cases. But every lucid interval rendered it evident beyond a doubt, that during the whole of the time that reason occupied its seat, perfect peace preserved her mind, and perfect love filled her soul. Often too, amidst the incoherent ramblings of delirium, the name of Jesus uttered in her ear by her Sisters recalled her into her wonted calmness, and the sweetest avowals of her love to the Redeemer. There is indeed, *Aquila*, a music in that Name 'that charms our fears, and bids our sorrows cease!'—At length, without having been properly intelligent for many hours, she suddenly ceased to breathe; but nothing could exceed the stillness in which she had for some minutes remained, or the ease with which the separation of body and spirit was effected.*

We all unite in thanking God most cordially, for his wonderful mercy towards our dear Girl. To Him be the glory of this salvation for ever ascribed ! 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!' Among other things, we feel rejoiced and thankful that our beloved Mother was not with us.

But now as to myself; for all the rest of the family are well, except Elizabeth, who though poorly is, we hope, not seriously ill. I have hinted that I am again the subject of bodily affliction, though from this long letter you will properly conclude that I am considerably better. On Sunday morning last I rose early, and at seven o'clock met the class of Mr. James Wood, who has been seriously ill. I returned home to breakfast, and immediately afterwards started with a friend, to visit the schools at Cockroad and Warmley. In Castle Street, having left home only a few minutes, I began to cough a little, and then suddenly found my mouth fill with a warm liquid, which upon examination proved to be blood. I instantly returned home, and having informed the family of the circumstance, Mr. Huxtable was immediately sent for. When he came he soon ascertained, that it was occasioned by the rupture of a vessel in the lungs. The loss of blood was not great, I should think not more than a couple of ounces; but the circumstance indicated such a tenderness of the lungs, as convinced me at once that my hopes and plans were again to be frustrated. I was instantly ordered to my room, to see no friends, to

* For a brief account of the life and happy death of this young Christian, see the *Youth's Instructor* for Nov. and Dec. 1824. On the Sunday week following her decease, a sermon was preached to improve the solemn dispensation, by the Rev. James Wood in King Street Chapel to a crowded congregation, and an extended narrative written by my Brother was read on the occasion. Blessed indeed were the results of that service; many young persons, of whom nine or ten cases have come to our knowledge, became from that time decided for God.—A. B.

utter no words except *yes* or *no*, to use no exertion even of motion except indispensable, to give up all thought of continuing my school at least for the present, to relinquish for months to come all teaching and preaching, and for a considerable, though indefinite, length of time to strictly observe a vegetable or bread diet.

So you see how it is, my dear A., here I am in the Lord's hands, and what he will do with me or for me I cannot possibly tell, though it is most likely that death is yet at a considerable distance, and I am again of course involved, helpless, and dependent. The Lord has hitherto mercifully kept me from feeling painfully anxious about it. Though my disappointment is certainly very great, I have rested in the plain discovery that it is the Lord's doing. You are perhaps not aware, that a plan was formed, and had attained considerable forwardness, for my coming out into the Ministry next Conference. It would probably have been accomplished. I had explained the whole to the Preachers in this Circuit, and had them warmly interested in my behalf. I looked forward with some degree of confidence and delight to this, as the consummation of all my hopes, and had begun to think that God had been necessarily qualifying me, and that now he was making my way plain before me. He himself has contradicted this, and he has the right to do it. I had prayed, that he would do all this, if he did not approve of the plan.—He has done it.—I am silent. I murmur not, though it would be affectation of a disgusting kind indeed to affirm, that I do not feel it. Thus again to be disappointed,—to have the only remaining hopes of life suddenly dashed to the ground,—to feel myself involved more deeply in difficulties than ever,—to be again thrown in helpless dependence upon my already tried and afflicted Father,—and to perceive, that not only his hopes are cut off, but that I must still be a continued expense to him ; —oh, these are indeed bitter, bitter mixtures in my cup !

However, the bleeding was entirely stopped by the fourth day, and the Doctor says that he has no doubt at all of a perfect recovery from this attack. But then my hope of entering the Ministry is gone ; for the Conference, already sufficiently afraid of me from my known past tenderness, would now positively not receive me. Whether any hope of being employed in the Missionary department may remain I know not, but I will mention Mr. Huxtable's views. He is, you know, a Dissenter. He knows nothing about my past views or purposes, but merely that I am a Preacher in the Methodist connexion. He sat down by me a morning or two ago, and addressed me in the following manner,—‘It is evident from this new attack, as well as from your last illness, that you have a considerable tenderness of the lungs. It is equally evident to me, that the variations of this climate are unfriendly to that state of the chest. And I have myself no doubt that you will, if you remain in England, ultimately go into a consumption.

A few years at most will bring this to pass. Were I in your place, I would go into a warm climate; nothing should keep me in England. Were you to take my advice, there is every human probability, that your life would be prolonged many years. I have been thinking, that if you could be sent out as a Missionary, it would be the very thing for you; and I have not a single doubt, that you would live long, and be useful, or at least, that in all likelihood you would not die of this disease.' This, Aquila, is the only glimmering of prospect before me. I wonder if this be the purpose of Providence. If it should be, how passing strange, connected with all that occurred in my earlier life! You know, I have long felt, that if no hinderances arose in Providence, it would be my duty to offer myself in this way. But I must and will leave all to Him, who ordereth the steps of those united to him. I can see enough—quite enough in the condition of my heart, and in the unfaithfulness of my attachment to the Redeemer, to justify all that has taken place.—I think I could die without reluctance; but oh! to live—to live laid by, useless and perhaps dependent, is more than I can bear to think of; but it is mine to 'cast all my care upon God, for He careth for me.' Hitherto I have felt more power to do this, with patient acquiescence, than in any former great trial. May God, who hears 'the sighing of the prisoner,' hear me, and if possible make some way to usefulness clear for me! At any rate may He bless me with full submission, and even joy in tribulation! I again entreat an increased interest in your prayers.

Should any thing afresh occur respecting me, you will of course hear of it; but whatever happens will, I hope, find me trusting fully in the merits of Jesus Christ, the righteous. Were the work of the Holy Spirit as complete in me, as I believe the work of the Redeemer is for me, I should not have one anxious fear. But I cannot say with the Saviour:—'I have glorified thee on earth!' or even with the Apostle:—'I have fought a good fight!' However, the only wish for life that expands my heart in prayer for it, is that I may glorify God more, by a holier union with him, and a nearer resemblance to him. Should I be restored and permitted to labour in the Missionary field, most gladly would I have my life prolonged for years, but if it should be prolonged for business and its attendants at home, even though successful, I cannot once desire it. I should try to submit to the will of Him, who might choose to be glorified by such a submission, but life is most inexpressibly empty and uninviting to me for any thing, but for the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls. But 'not my will'——— Be assured of the love of the seven mourners left here, together with that of our dear honoured Father. Grace be with you.

Your affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

By the foregoing letter it will be seen, how mysterious are the ways of God. It certainly must appear most extraordinary, that such a concatenation of perplexing circumstances should have been so ordered, as to exact from my poor afflicted Brother the fulfilment of his early vows to the Missionary Work. In direct accordance with those gloomy forebodings of William's mind, which are mentioned in page 20th, the Lord had visited him with trials of the most complicated and peculiar description. He had sorely chastised his body, by a painful and lingering malady,—He had prevented him from enjoying those abundant spiritual consolations, for which he had so ardently panted,—He had taken from him 'the desire of his eyes, the wife of his youth,'—He had blasted every attempt, that had been made to establish himself in secular life,—He had permitted him to be involved in pecuniary responsibilities, which were to last no longer than to shew him, that his business was exclusively with the church of Christ,—He had deprived him of an affectionate, pious, and beloved Mother, who was perhaps the principal obstacle to his going abroad,—and now He had sent an unconscious Messenger to announce to him, that he was a dead man unless he fled from his country, and at the same time to inform him, that he might be safely and usefully employed in the foreign vineyard of his Lord and Master. How true is the language of the prophet Isaiah: 'Thus saith God the Lord,—I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all the herbs, and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools; and I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not, I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight: these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.'

To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Bristol, Feb. 2, 1824.

VERY DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

OUR house still continues, in the providence of God, an hospital of affliction, and a house of mourning. Poor little Elizabeth is now very ill, apparently like her deceased sister. Her symptoms are very formidable, though she appears thus far to-day a little better; but she must be much better indeed before she will be out of danger. These afflictions come very heavily upon my dear and honoured Father; you know he is a man of keen sensibility, and I am very apprehensive of what must be the effect upon his health of such repeated strokes. May God Almighty, if it may please his boundless wisdom and goodness, avert the threatened evil! What a mercy it is that dispensations, which remove our friends from us, are not always proofs of displeasure toward either them or ourselves! The kindness

to the individuals themselves, is often of too high a character to admit a competition from the feelings of relatives. Truly God is wiser than we, and the more distant, as well as the nearer, results are fully known to Him. Let us then hang upon those words, once so deeply felt, and now so richly realised by my dearest Anne,—

‘ Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E’en crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.’

Thus indeed they are intended to prove ; and thus they will prove, if there be a submissive yielding, a patient waiting, and a careful correcting on our own part. Amidst the greatest trials of life there is scarcely a greater blessing, than to be preserved from that hardness of heart, and that desperation of feeling, which, while they heighten our sufferings to a degree past bearing, effectually prevent the due efficacy of our afflictions. Oh, there is kindness—there is wisdom—there is necessity in our ‘ *manifold temptations* !’ But, amidst that large portion of them assigned to us, may we have grace to lose nothing essentially valuable, indeed, as you, William, have well expressed it, ‘ nothing but dross in the furnace.’ The truth is, that while *holiness* is essentially needful for *heaven*, there is in most Christians so much imperfection, that affliction is as indispensably necessary for the soul as medicine for a diseased body. And so much real good is gained by affliction, even by those who are advanced in holiness, that there is often the greatest kindness in communicating it for this very end.

But, as to myself, you are anxious, no doubt, to know how matters are. I still continue improving, and wholly without conscious disease. I have no return of bleeding, nor any decay of strength, though I abstain of course from all exertion and almost all conversation. What Divine Providence intends to do with me I cannot tell, only at present there is not one symptom which contradicts the expectation of complete recovery. The surgeon attending, though cautious, is sanguine of my restoration. The mode of treatment which he has adopted, and to which I gladly submit, must soon ascertain whether or not there is in me any deeply seated disease ; for he is administering the most powerful astringents which he can compose, so that the result must either develop the disease, or banish the expectoration which has continued so very long.

Amidst all this I continue much sustained by Divine mercy. I trust I look without dismay, though not without great awe, at dissolution. As a natural event, I think, I am by the goodness of God above it ; but as involving eternity, nothing could support me but the infinite grace of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. I have

only two motives for wishing to live ; the one is moral,—that I may be more useful than I have been ; and the other temporal,—that my debts, which sit like a cold dead weight at my heart, and which my present illness must increase, may be discharged. All other motives completely merge in ‘the glory which shall hereafter be revealed.’ ‘To depart, and to be with Christ, is far better.’ But oh ! should a long, lingering, consumptive illness be decreed me ——— Well ; I leave this bitter, terrible, dreary prospect to Him who has a right to ‘signify to His disciples by what death they shall glorify God.’

You see, my very dear Brother and Sister, that I have said nothing of your trials. It is not, however, because I do not feel them, but because I do. I will increasingly bear you to a throne of grace ; but oh ! remember my Anne’s letter to you,—you know the one to which I refer. The affectionate love of our family is doubled by that of

Your most affectionate
Brother and Friend,
WILLIAM BARBER.

To the Same.

Bristol, Feb. 19, 1824.

VERY DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

THE sensations with which I read your last, and the heart-felt emotions which have ever since dwelt within me, are delightful indeed. The account of Lydia’s growing piety, communion with God, and victory over fear and sin, and of William’s deepening impressions of the importance and value of the one great thing needful, and of his happiness in ministering to others the true riches of salvation, was abundantly animating to my mind. But I will confess, that the great kindness manifested by God in suffering the late threatening storm to blow with all its frowns of terror over your heads, without inflicting the mischief apprehended, I felt through all my soul. It was indeed a very great mercy. I did and do, with very fervent gratitude, thank Him, who hath ordered events in such a manner. But oh ! see how easily He could bereave and deprive you. I rejoice that this circumstance makes so forcible an impression on your hearts. Give way to it, and oh ! do, I beseech you, continue to feel that religion is the *chief business*. What lessons are the whole of our family connections taught ! Myself bereaved, reduced, poor, quite dependent, and alarmed by one of the most frightful symptoms of mortality ;—my beloved Anne, whom about this very moment two years ago, (for this is the second anniversary of my marriage,) I led from the sacred altar, has been for a whole year and a half rent asunder in herself, body from spirit, and rived away from me to return no more ;—her

family afflicted and scattered ;—my honoured and beloved Mother taken from the world, her body having nearly perished by degrees even in life ;—Sophia joined to her dear relatives in Heaven, but disjoined from us ;—Elizabeth on the eve of departure, for I regard her recovery, without a miracle, impossible ;—the health and even life of Lydia threatened ——— But stay, what a picture am I sketching !—No—let us look at it, for it is our duty to do so, whenever there is a danger of forgetting our real business amidst our earthly associations. Oh, my God ! how criminal to be unmoved,—to be ‘earthly, or sensual, or devilish,’—to retain any evil, either of thought, or word, or work,—to be not ‘hungering and thirsting after righteousness !’—Oh, William and Lydia, how bitterly do I feel, and how deeply do I deplore, the in-being of sin ! Alas ! I find that sin cannot be within me without sometimes producing guilt, and covering me with shame and even fear before God, and militating strongly and with, at least occasional, success against the spirit of prayer, the enjoyment of communion with God, and ‘the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God.’ I am often exceedingly apprehensive, that, should I be brought down to the gates of death, the guilt and shame of my unfaithful religious life would overwhelm me with confusion and dismay. Nor is it seldom that I am tempted to believe, that God has determined to make me a terrible example for ever, as a sinner, who has persevered in unfaithfulness against the greatest gifts of love and mercy. This, I know, is a falsehood of the enemy of my salvation ; it is a lie, and he is ‘the father of lies.’ But how terrible it is to have this fear impressed and urged upon the mind ; especially while there is so much remaining in me, and has been so much more, which, but for the infinite merits of the Redeemer, would for ever justify the assertion as true and righteous ! I pray God to breathe most largely upon me, and you, and the whole church, his Holy Spirit, to put a speedy end to those evils of our nature, which mar the peace and impair the holiness of so many.

Your observation, that Lydia reads considerably more than she did, struck me forcibly. I have uniformly found, that reading and retirement are essentially needful to spiritual prosperity, and many of my most painful sensations have arisen from the conscious neglect of the Bible. The words of Christ are ‘spirit and life,’ but the carnal mind does not like them. There was the greatest necessity and importance connected with the Apostle’s exhortation :—‘Let the word of Christ dwell in you *richly in all wisdom.*’ I hope this habit will be confirmed and increased.

I turn with reluctance to other subjects less pleasing. I am not to-day quite so well as I have been, though there is nothing formidable apparent. But ‘the Lord reigneth,’ and ‘in the shadow of his wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be over-

past.' Elizabeth has an attack superinduced upon her lungs, and this in such a state of exhaustion, that I now regard her recovery as quite hopeless. The distress, anxiety, and fatigue occasioned, are so great, and the probability of her perfect restoration so small against the probability of very protracted debility and ultimate consumption, that it would be a mercy if her sufferings might terminate for heaven. Her body is little more than a skeleton. Pray earnestly and often for us. May all grace be with you and abound!

Your most affectionate

Friend and Brother,
WILLIAM BARBER.

To his elder Brother.

Bristol, Feb. 25, 1824.

MY DEAR AQUILA,

I HAVE been recovering ever since I wrote last. But the same cause, which has induced so much of my suffering, continues to prolong it; I mean, pecuniary losses, together with subsequent difficulties. When I have stated them a little more largely, you will be better able to form an estimate of them.

Consequent to that event, which eighteen months ago left me, among the unhappy, the last though not the least afflicted, after paying all my expenses, and incurring the loss of full two-thirds upon all my furniture, and being disappointed of receiving the property due to me, I found myself involved in a debt of upwards of £300. This, together with other circumstances, of which I suppose the knowledge will die with me, conspired to produce in me a state of spirits and health, which found a partial relief from two sources only, *viz.* the forbearance and mercy of God, connected with the faithful affection of my relatives; and the resolution, which I formed with decision, and acted upon with as much vigour as circumstances would admit, to fix myself perseveringly and with the utmost self-denial to business, until I should be able to discharge all my obligations,—a difficulty which I then regarded as comparatively trifling. Twelve months ago last Christmas, I commenced at Gloucester, and for the following six months, gained barely sufficient from my pupils to pay for keeping my soul and body together, and to defray the other little expenses to which I was unavoidably exposed. It was not very difficult to prevail on me to leave Gloucester, for I began to feel my debts a more serious evil than I had imagined, and my hopes of the Ministry rendered fainter than ever, instead of more and more vigorous. I went over to Bristol seeking for some place on which 'to rest the sole of my foot,' without success. I could find nothing that appeared suitable for a day-school,

which it was my purpose to establish in order to avoid the necessity of a second marriage,—a step against which I was fully decided, both from inclination, and from my views to the Ministry. At length meeting Mr. Foster, the architect, he offered to build me a school-room in St. James's Square, on a lease of seven years, at £20 *per annum*. This offer I accepted on the following account, in connection with the common reasons of business; the situation being eligible, and my family connections being good, it appeared most likely that I should raise a concern there worth disposing of to advantage; and thus by double means facilitate my emancipation to the Ministry. The school-room was not finished till after the proper time; but four pupils the first quarter, and two additional ones the second, enabled me to pay my rent and the other expenses of fitting up; as to my six months' board at my Father's, that was to go, either to add to the years of dependent infancy, or to be paid for out of the gains of future success. By further losses, and addition of interest to my old debt, I found last Christmas, upon a close examination of my accounts, that my responsibilities stretched a good deal further towards £400, than £300; and hence, my unenviable feelings could find but little relief from that inward preying, which, if it had gnawed away all my pride, without impairing my health, and crushing my spirits, would perhaps have done me only good. Had I too been able, amidst all, to realise those refreshing enjoyments of spiritual communion and unwavering confidence, which seem the appropriate provision in trials of the genuine 'sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty,' my state would not have been so injurious to body and soul, as, amidst all the spiritual help that I have experienced, it certainly has been. Kept indeed I was from despondency, at least from any thing like desperation; nor has my heart been closed to the consciousness, nor my tongue to the acknowledgment, of the great mercy and forbearance of God, and the ultimate and eternal benefit intended.

When I went to Tewkesbury to see that very dear and excellent friend, the Rev. James Dixon, whom God has given me as one of my bright lights in the gloom of that vale of humiliation in which I am still travelling, he entered fully into my circumstances, with the true sympathy of Christian friendship. I told him all; and he judged, that as three relatives were my chief creditors, and especially as they had already often expressed great willingness to help me in any practicable way, they would readily agree to suspend their demands till some future period, when God might put it into my power to repay the whole. He likewise thought, that as my convictions, as well as my wishes, on the subject of the Ministry, continued so strong, I could not be justified in concealing from my relatives the possible means of my emancipation. Upon deliberation, I complied with this

advice. To ———* I owed £200; to ———* about £40; and at least an equal sum to my Father. But I instantly felt, that as the first of the three is engaged, it would have been wholly unjustifiable in me, to involve her in any consent, which I suspected her affection would immediately give, and which might occasion uneasiness between herself and her suitor; I therefore determined to unfold the whole to him before I said a word to her upon the subject, and at the same time to do it in such a way as to render it no difficulty for him to express his reluctance, if he should feel any, however small, to the proposed arrangement. Upon this plan I acted; and ———*, that is his name, instantly, and with a generosity that will do him everlasting honour, assured me, that he had long been so convinced of the propriety of my directing my attention to the Ministry, and so desirous of my welfare, that so far from feeling any disposition to thwart the plan, he would most gladly do any thing to aid it; that, though at present it was of course not his place to dictate, as soon as he should have any right to do so, he would, if I would accept it, give me a receipt for the whole amount of the debt, unless it should be cancelled before; and that I need not render myself uneasy about it, as he was so situated, as not to be in any absolute need of the money. I wish, for my part, that, whether I die or live, my family may never think of my sorrows in this long midnight of bereavement and distress, without feeling their sympathy fine off into expanded admiration of this generous Friend, and of those who with him have acted with such noble superiority of mind, as does them the highest honour, and me the greatest benefit. The second of my creditors cordially coincided with the proposal, with many expressions of earnest kindness and the warmest wishes to facilitate my reaching the object of my hopes. And my Father most heartily united, only regretting, that it was not in his power to free me at once from all my incumbrances. I stated all this to the Preachers in the Circuit, and their consent was likewise obtained with two provisions; the former was, that the consent in writing should be procured of the creditors, with their assurance, that no legal responsibility for the money should be in existence; and the latter, that the remainder of the debt should be by some means liquidated. To the first, there was no difficulty: I wrote to ——— and ———, from each of whom I received in reply a full discharge of the debt, with only this exception, that if at any future period, God should bless me with more than enough, I would

* Nothing but the apprehension of doing violence to the feelings of these warm-hearted individuals has induced me to withhold their names from the public eye; but, as I know that were I to remove the secrecy in which they wish to be shrouded, I should severely wound their delicacy, I cannot prevail upon myself to be guilty of such ingratitude. Their 'witness, however, is in heaven, and their record on high.'—A. B.

then remunerate them ; but this exception was only in consequence of my positive refusal to accept the discharge on any other condition. Thus matters stood, and I looked with confidence to the event of my again appearing at the District Meeting, and going out next Conference, as two friends had promised to assist me in liquidating the remaining sum.

In the very midst of this, however, the rupture of the blood vessel has occurred, and all my pleasant scheming has vanished at once. More than this, as the rupture took place only three days after re-opening my school, I have lost, not only the time, but my pupils, the hope of making any thing of the concern, the income and character of the place, and the half-year's rent. The fact is, that I am so utterly amazed and confounded, so distressed and overwhelmed, at being thus baffled and thrown again in complete dependence upon my Father, having so much worse than lost every thing, and having indeed involved him in security for nearly £100 of the remainder of the debt mentioned above, that I have sometimes scarcely known how to bear the load which has been thus weighed out to me ! There seems now to remain only one alternative, as there appears but one interpretation, and that is, that if all this be not really intended to forbid me the Ministry and to summon me to the bar of God, it is designed to claim from me a fulfilment of that early dedication of myself to the Missionary work to which my former wishes and views led me. Father's opposition to this is removed, and Mr. Huxtable, who urges my going abroad, predicts the prolonging of my life in a tropical climate, as he is fully persuaded that, though I shall probably quite recover from this attack, there is yet such a weakness in my lungs, as must be dangerous in so changeable a climate as ours.

Thus matters rest at present. Never was I in a state of greater uncertainty as to the future than now. Never did such confusion appear to me to rest upon the indications of Providence. My school-room, which, a few months since, appeared such a providential *bonus*, is now one of my greatest burdens ; and I should think the ability to gain my own subsistence, as a favour of a signal character. I have by no means lost my confidence in the superintendence of God, nor in the wisdom and goodness of His plans and purposes ; nor have I ever suffered a severe trial with greater assistance, or greater benefit, than that which I now endure. I have only to add, that I still need all the forbearance of God, all the intercession of Christ, all the benefit of your prayers, and the fervent supplications of all the members of the Church who know me.

I am, in mingled sorrow and relief,

Your afflicted Brother

WILLIAM.

To the Same.

Gloucester, April 21, 1824.

MY DEAR AQUILA,

* * * DURING more than three weeks I have been from home, hoping, and in some degree realising, benefit from the change of air and circumstances. The removal was certainly a very great mercy to me; for the continued sickness of the family, and the consequent trying want of comfort and the low spirits of the whole household, combined with my own debility of mind and feebleness of body, contributed to drive me to a state of almost frenzy or despair. I have certainly so far gained from the change, that my spirits have been at no period so far recovered as now, since the great event which overthrew them. I do indeed think them extraordinarily good. It may surprise you perhaps, but it is nevertheless true, that I have sometimes to check, and even to reproach myself, for real trifling and levity. It is possible, I know, for levity to exist in entire separation from exuberant good nature, and for trifling to arise from other causes than the generous flow of ungovernable spirits. A man may trifle in affliction and solitude, and he may be chargeable with levity amidst the gloom and distress of disappointment and anxiety. Since religion seized my soul for its service, I have never, I think, been remarkable for what are called good spirits; but I am often exceedingly distressed at the melancholy picture of comparatively useless employment, and of existence without energy, direction, or attainment, which my past life presents to my own contemplation. Perhaps it is with me an occupation more frequent than wise, but I never do—I never can review my life without being irresistibly urged, nay *forced*, to flee instantly to the atonement of Christ, which, if it were not absolutely boundless in its worth and influence, I should inevitably despair would be capable of affording me a solitary hope. Those who, like myself, have had to feel the reality of the depravity of the heart, even when comparatively, nay almost entirely, locked up within its own little enclosure, cannot be at a loss to know the meaning, or the truth, of expressions like these; strange and improbable as they may appear to those, who, under the influence of the widely pervading spirit of Unitarianism, have attained the unhappy art of avoiding the humiliating misery of consciousness by the inveterate concealment of truth. I wish that, in consequence of my habitual acknowledgment of ‘the only hope set before me,’ I could dwell with larger copiousness on the happiness of my experience; but of all my calamities, the one most worthy of my grief, and at the same time the most fatal to my peace, is the enfeebling want of confidence in God,—the wretched doubt, suspicion, and consequent unholiness and alienation from the

Lord, which have grown out of the condition of my soul, and rendered all my other sorrows a thousand-fold more painful and bewildering than otherwise they would have been. Well; I am still in the hands of God, restrained from excessive sin and punishment by the unabated intercession of Christ. And oh! how unspeakably important and valuable is it to possess the *elements* on which an entire renewal of nature may yet, by the power of the Redeemer, be wrought out for eternity! * * * * *

My friend, Mr. Dixon of Tewkesbury, has just consented to go to Gibraltar. *Oh, that it were my lot to go with him!*

Mr. James Wood, the Superintendent at Bristol, did not think it necessary to bring me again before the Quarterly Meeting, but it is uncertain whether or not my presence will be required at the District. I anticipate that it will, and therefore shall not be surprised at a call. A certificate of my health, and of the high probability of my perfect restoration, in case of my removal to a warm climate, has been given to Mr. W. by my medical attendant, and I am certainly much better than I was when he saw me last; but if I am again disappointed, it will be far less wonderful than success. The will of God, however, on the subject is the only thing desirable, and that too whether crossing my inclinations or coincident with them.

In the earnest wishes, which you express for the sanctification of our late family trials, I join with fervour; but dare not accept my own experience as the evidence of success. Poor little Bess and Anne are, I believe, under real religious feelings. There is indeed now no reason to doubt respecting the salvation of any one of the family; though I fear that the lamentable want of faith, and love, and zeal, of which one at least has to complain, must occasion a diminution of glory, when the great moment arrives of 'rendering according to the deeds done in the body.' Fare thee well in the favour of a reconciled God, and in unabated peace of conscience! And may the Lord have mercy on

Your affectionate, but

Very much afflicted Brother

WILLIAM.

To his former Female Correspondent.

Gloucester, April 22, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF you are disposed to ask why, having not written so long, I now take only a half-sheet of paper, I answer, not to justify, but to account for it, that it is now a grievous labour to write at all. In exterior life I have nothing flattering to communicate, being in a state of affliction, and feeling a strong alliance to corruption and the worm; and as to the interior life, I feel at least an equal poverty, which is the

more distressing than mere bodily and temporal evils, as there is on my mind a sense of its infinitely transcendent importance. In truth, I am in the condition of one under sentence of death, who, while he has considerable interest at work for him in the court of the great Arbiter, in whose bosom is the fountain of mercy, is yet quite uncertain as to the issue; he knows not whether a reprieve will arrive at all, or if it should be granted, with what conditions it may come attended.

Oh, my friend! in these circumstances, to wait with calm submission, and with a firm resolution to be obedient, and even affectionate, whatever be the issue and appointment, and all this while death is felt to have been deserved, is a state of mind most ardently desirable; and surely the Gospel holds it out in promise, and shews the means of procuring it. 'Not however as though I had already attained,' though condemnation is mine on that account; 'but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended in Christ Jesus.' And there is the authority of experience, deeper and more bitter than mine till lately ever was, or than is common to men, in the admonition that I would have indelibly impressed on the heart of every junior Christian;—'Follow on to know the Lord,' with affections undivided, and with self-denial of the most uncompromising kind. May the Lord help you in all your connections, and in *your peculiar ones especially*, with a true and perfect heart to live to Him, who insists upon having all your love!

I do not envy you and ——— the happiness which you anticipate, on the contrary I rejoice in it. But it reminds me of my own—as it *was*, but has long—long since *ceased to be*. Oh, how little do persons in your circumstances imagine, how entire and how insupportable separation may become! There is infinite propriety in the admonition:—'Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God: set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth!' In me there certainly has been some radical fault, which has brought upon me much unnecessary suffering, except indeed as it was punitive, or at least corrective. Learn wisdom by the folly and the smart of

Your affectionate Friend
W. BARBER.

It appears from the following letter, that my Brother's mind, about this time, became much exercised from an unforeseen cause, the particulars of which it is unnecessary for me to detail, though at the time, it appeared to throw an insuperable barrier in the way of his hopes to that field of active usefulness, for which he had so long and so ardently panted.

To his younger Brother.

Tewkesbury, May 4, 1824.

DEAR SAM,

I THANK you for the kindness which glows in every line of your letter, and I accept it with feelings which are sensible at once of the eminent propriety of the advice which it contains to my case, and of the great advantage which may be derived from giving it due attention. Your recommendation to the only resource now not closed against me, *viz.* the promises of God, treasured up in the sacred Volume for those who see and feel the fallacy of every thing else, is strictly applicable to my situation. Happy they, who, in circumstances of such universal failure, find no impediment to bar them off from those promises, or to prevent them from realising their consolation and support to the full extent of the privilege! But, for my part, I feel that among the spiritual adversaries, who withstand me at every step, there are accusers that find, in my consciousness of demerit, reasons too valid and extensive for protesting against my sharing in the benefits of those, who have power to yield their hearts in full submission unto Christ. In my strange and accumulated trials, which of course bring along with them strange and accumulated temptations, I deem it not a trifling mercy to be saved from seeking in vice or infidelity the reliefs, for which my mind, harassed, agitated, and distressed as it has been, has hitherto looked almost in vain; and which, it seems, must be withheld until that most desirable event shall come, when the body of sin shall be utterly destroyed, and the God of Providence shall find within me nothing to resist the spirit of his will and his dispensations. Then there shall be nothing in me to render me unhappy. To see others verging toward this state, and, among them, to see you able to bear testimony to the faithfulness of God to his word in *Psa. cxix. 138*, is perhaps the greatest pleasure that ever throws a glimpse of lustre upon my dark and solitary path. Oh! value every improvement to which the grace of God advances you, and seize it with a grasp so firm as never to let it slip, till it is absorbed and fixed for ever in your soul and all its habits! I earnestly hope and pray that you may never be called to follow my footsteps in distress; but a share of sorrow will certainly, in some way or other, be your lot. I know not, however, how you can avoid intense, unmitigated suffering, but, now that all things are going on well with you, by such a steady onward progress, as shall render your intercourse with God familiar, and your faith in the Redeemer perpetual. * * * *

Your information respecting * * * * surprised me: it was unexpected, and I cannot deny that it did, for a moment, painfully affect me. It seemed like the sudden breaking, from an unseen and un-

imagined cause, of the last cord of interest that held me to life and usefulness, strained indeed as that cord had previously been by the strength of the current, and the fury of the storm.

* * * * *

But now this measure closes the question entirely, leaving no room at all upon which to found any subsequent measure. However, with this I leave it. My mind feels a painful relief from reflecting, that all this tallies exactly with my own deliberate and habitual consciousness of spiritual inadequateness to the Missionary work. He, who has heard my oft repeated groans by day and by night, knows to how great an extent that spiritual poverty and unfitness has been the cause of my griefs. To this another consideration forms a powerful addition, it is that He, who loves me too well to allow any affliction which is necessary to my salvation to be withheld, also loves me too well to allow me in any form to accept a holy office, upon which he who enters, without His call and blessing, must be on the one hand unequal to its duties, and on the other gathering condemnation of the most awful and appalling character. It is certainly God, who is dealing with me in all this; and this is the circumstance which, more than any other, though, alas! it is not alone, creates my sorrow of heart. A controversy prolonged between God the Saviour and Judge, and a human spirit in probation, tinged but not suffused with the transforming efficacy of Christian faith, is a fact among the most alarming and admonitory imaginable,—

‘ Warning far more than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o’er the sacred dead !’

Well, Sam; it is mine to weep and yield, to humble my spirit in the dust, to hope in the virtues of the infinite atonement and the faithful plenitude of grace in God the Holy Spirit, and, while I sob out the heart-felt sorrows of the 88th Psalm, to take refuge in the ample provisions of the 89th. May He, who knows my need, satisfy me with His mercy!

Now that I consider this matter at an end, I must once more, if I can, disengage my thoughts from the subject; though my mind, lingering and reluctant in its solitary musings, is too prone and too habituated to hover round the spot of shipwreck to render this an easy task. More than this, I must turn my attention to some means of subsistence. I am fostering some hope that, if it be not the purpose of God soon to take me to another world, he has His eye on some opening through which a way shall be made for my escape; but of what that opening is, I am as unconscious as I was twenty-five years ago. However, if death should come, it will not be embittered by any great love of life for its own sake. The sense of unfaithfulness is all that makes me dread to die.

Mr. Dixon and family sail for Gibraltar in a few weeks ; he is greatly grieved at the turn of my affairs ; his truly sympathising soul does not suffer me to sink, but feels and prays for me with power and effect. I returned here from Gloucester this morning, and am assisting Mr. D. to acquire an elementary knowledge of the French language. I commend myself to your joint and individual prayers ; and am,

Your very affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

It afterwards appeared that the untoward circumstance, to which the above Letter alludes, was founded entirely in mistake, so that my Brother's mind was speedily restored to the tranquillity, which it had begun to experience, in consequence of the unexpected brightening of his providential path.

To the Rev. James Dixon.

Bristol, June 4, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH a pleasure that shares without lessening your own, I echo the sentiment expressed in the close of the welcome bit, which you appended to Mr. Wheeler's letter,—‘It is delightful to love and be beloved :’—a sentiment among the very best that ever glowed in an earthly heart,—one, the peculiar property of the most excellent of men,—one, which is the grand and high distinction of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is ‘the image of the invisible God,’—and one, which, I am sure, lives and breathes only in the element of heaven ; for the properties of the Church above, and that below, are such as to call for the same attribute to be equally applied :—‘Neither shall *there* be any more SEA :’—‘They all shall be *one*, as Thou, Father, art *in me*, and I *in Thee*, that they also may be *one in Us*.’ Is such then a Divine description of what actually exists among the genuine disciples of Christ? Yet among them there may be—there must be—there ought to be peculiar attachments, which, entering more fully into the privacy of individual life, shall administer corresponding aids of counsel, or of caution, or of comfort :—these then, how pre-eminent—how noble—how valuable! Surely it is well worth while, for their very dignity and worth, to commend them earnestly to Him who is the God of all comfort, that He would be pleased to throw over them His own strong arm and shield of protection, so that, capable as they are of living in the purer elements of a higher world, they may not perish like the other things of the earth.

I hear and think of your departure with pain, though perhaps it is chiefly because I am not with you; but, like the mingling tints of light and shade, I scarcely know when or where pain merges into pleasure, until more strongly occupied with the reasons and prospects surrounding you, and extending beyond you, the more unequivocal sensations of joy proclaim that the better has triumphed. I do feel a sort of transport when I think, that to all eternity the comparatively little sacrifices, which you and dear Mrs. D. are now making, will be remembered with gratitude and joy. On such a subject, to be influenced by the mere fictions of one's own heated imagination is, either pitiable weakness, or ridiculous folly, as well as a censurable confusion of things without affinity. But all this apart: *is it not true* that a devoted Missionary is a man devoted, in a more than ordinary degree, to 'glory, honour, immortality, eternal life?'—that he is devoted to a companionship with the Missionaries of every age, with the Apostles, and with Christ Himself, who is the Brightness of the Glory of the invisible God? Beside, how incalculable the *value* of that obedience which goes forth to a fulfilment of such duty, in order to gather for eternal provision the fruits of usefulness from the very strength and teeth of the adversary! Happy, I will say, for I do think and feel so,—happy are the men and women whom the great Head of the Church, 'calling unto Himself whom He will, and sending them forth,' chooses for such an embassy! And far happier are they, when, 'not staggering at the promise of God through unbelief,' nor led aside either by the fear of evil, or a fondness for earthly ease and enjoyment, they boldly obey, go forth, and die amidst the laurels of triumph, or the attempts to seize them! I do most earnestly pray, that the very last and largest of these honours, so far as they are accessible to you, may imperishably crown your heads for ever.

Betsey and myself lately went for two days across the Severn to Chepstow, and in the magical beauties of its fairy-land neighbourhood we revelled amidst scenery more grand, sublime, and interesting than we ever witnessed before; the very recollection mocks at all attempts to describe. The ruins of Chepstow Castle, several times the theatre of active, vigorous, and desolating conflict, contrasted finely with the ruins of Tintern Abbey, for ages the scene of monkish seclusion, and of a pompous and emblazoned religion. These two sets of ruins, within four miles of each other, and erected for purposes so opposite, contrast in many particulars, with powerful effect; but they have some points of striking and affecting similarity: they are both the remains of human greatness and power, for they are magnificent ruins; they are both the relics of despotism, the one coercing the bodies, and the other grinding down the souls, of the same men and ages; and they are both covered with ivy, the emblem of the ever-green success, with which the power of God shall cover over the wasted ener-

gies of men. I regret that I shall perhaps never have an opportunity of visiting the spot with you : but, after all, it is far more interesting to witness the living ruins of the present day, the injured, desolated soul of man within a frail and tottering body, which was created to be the temple of the Holy Ghost.

I have as yet heard nothing from the Missionary Committee, in London. I feel impatience almost effectually checked by the consciousness, that a call, let it come whenever it may, will find me such as I ought not to be, and such as I would not be,—far too unprepared to obey it. My feelings on this subject are often intensely painful ; they are the sources of my greatest fears. Oh ! were I but sanctified to God, I should fear nothing ; I should then live and labour, or sicken and die, with full preparation. However, God is ‘greater than my heart and knows all things ;’ and yet my heart condemns me. Assist me with your most fervent prayers, that if the Lord should decide against me, I may bear it more like a Christian than I have ever borne any thing yet.

I am not sorry for my own absence from Gloucester just now. I escape emotions not pleasing, but extremely painful. I can conceive your mutual sensations. I would not be incapable of them, but I am not sorry to avoid them. My Doctor says, if he had picked the world for me, he could not have selected a better spot than Malta.* He still expresses the utmost confidence of my recovery, by a removal thither this summer. Let the Lord’s will be done ! I am, with tolerable assiduity, indeed too great to escape the frequent censures of those around me, applying to French, which I make no doubt of pretty well mastering in a few weeks. I am quite decided on the propriety of this step, as preliminary to Italian and modern Greek.

I must now ‘commend you to God and the word of His grace,’ that He may preserve you, and cause all comfort to abound toward you ; and that He may make His word through you to abound in the principles and effects of salvation to numbers, who shall crown your rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ. May He keep up your courage, and that of Mrs. Dixon ! May He help you to ‘remember Lot’s wife,’ who looked back ! May He moderate your sickness, and sustain you amidst its trials ! May He smooth the waves, and hush the storm, and maintain the favouring breeze ! May He introduce you to your flock, and give you power and readiness to acquire the French and Spanish ! May He cheer Mrs. D. in the education of her babes, and her care for them ! May He preserve you to each other in holiness, and health, and love, for many years of success ! May He ‘stay His rough wind, in the day of the east wind !’ May He grant

* This, I apprehend, is an allusion to some views at that time entertained by the Missionary Committee of sending my Brother to Malta.—A. B.

unto me the glowing happiness of eventually seeing you, and assisting in the inauguration so cheering to a celestial friendship, that we may be crowned together by His own glorious hand with a halo of glory that fadeth not away !

I am, my dear Brother,
Your affectionate, obliged
Servant and Friend,
W. BARBER.

To Mrs. Wheeler.

Bristol, July 8, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR LYDIA,

THE deliberate approbation, which I feel of your intended visit to Weston-super-Mare, is at least equal to the pleasure of anticipating to see you here, and this I am sure is very great. All of us have on this subject but one feeling ; to rejoice in your partial recovery, and to pray for your entire restoration, are but the natural effects of that feeling. No credit, however, is due for these acts, though it would be unnatural and criminal to be destitute of them. Events are continually reminding us of what should dwell with perpetual and effective influence upon our minds, that 'every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' Among these gifts, we, who suffer so much from sickness, are properly qualified to feel and acknowledge that health, and ease, and vigour, are important and invaluable. Yet Christianity claims so to regulate the thoughts and the affections, as to restrain the former from unhallowed speculations, and the latter from bitter repinings. How rich, however,—how powerful—and how efficient are those sweet manifestations of the love of Christ, which have lately visited you ; and not only nourished your spiritual vigour amidst your great and dangerous afflictions, but really and obviously made those afflictions the means of your soul's prosperity ! My dear Lydia, I look at you with the feelings of one, who contemplates an exemplification of the faithfulness of God, and who at the same time is admonished by 'the light which makes manifest.' May the Lord guard you every moment, and bring you out into those pastures of grace, mercy, and peace where, as one of the chosen lambs of our Shepherd's flock, you shall be carried in His arms, and preserved in His bosom, admitted into closest relationship to Him, and go in and out in perfect security !

I am still perplexed about my affairs, pained to think of my inability for any good, and still more deeply grieved at my unfitness to be employed. I am waiting in desire and prayer for that new coming

of the Holy Ghost in power, which shall renovate the spirit of my mind, and fit me for both heaven and earth, or for either. May the Lord be very merciful to

Your sinful, yet praying,
And very affectionate Brother,
WILLIAM BARBER.

To his third Sister at Eastington.

Bristol, July 29, 1824.

DEAR MARY,

I REALLY am ashamed and sorry, when I think of not having written you at all since you left home. If my neglect on this subject toward every body were not notorious, I should reasonably apprehend your regarding it as cruel and unfaithful; because then there would be some special reason for so unusual and severe a punishment, especially as I promised, with many good resolutions, that I would write you soon. However, I have intrinsically lost so much—so very much invaluable time in sickness and in sorrow, at least to all those important purposes of mental cultivation for which my projected employment of future life must make large demands, that every moment of even comparative health seems sacred to direct and laborious study, and every moment exempt from this occupation seems a moment of disability for every thing else.

You will be pleased to know, that I have found a return to habits of studious application in some degree conducive to a returning flow of spirits; at least, I have lately been thus saved from the devotion to a pondering and gloomy reflectiveness of many hours, which, by proper engagement, have been compelled to do me no harm, and to yield me some portion of useful return. Little indeed can be said in praise of that spirit, which, if not employed agreeably to itself, will be occupied in an injurious manner; but this is always the case, when the dispensations of Providence fail to produce that deep, humbling, and cordial self-abandonment and trust, which are the essential marks of fervent and unwearying piety. And what is that piety worth, my dear, which does not produce these characteristics in times of affliction and great tribulation? Let us be wary in giving an answer to this query; for it is one too often urged with fatal success by the great adversary against those, who find themselves weaker in faith and devotedness than they had thought. Any *piety* is worth a good deal; for it supposes at least some degree of tenderness of conscience, of divine illumination, and of yielding and obedience to God. The danger however is, in thinking more of what we have than it is worth, and in expecting more from it than it can produce. He who, not being in the state of a child of God and an heir

with Christ, thinks otherwise, will look in vain for the fruits of the filial spirit. But when he is thus disappointed, let him by no means cast away what he has, because it is not more ; let him rather be abased before the Lord, and earnestly ask the higher gifts of the grace and Spirit of Jesus. Every servant in the family of God is not a child, as is the case in other families: but in the family of God every servant *may become* a child, and that by simply believing in Jesus, pleading and availing himself of those promises, by which God has connected the sacrifice of His Son with all the exalted privileges of Christianity. 'As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believed on His name.'

An affectionate Brother, who has always had, and who still possesses, far fewer means than wishes for your good, would earnestly desire your truest prosperity, and your becoming more and more ready for that summons by which several of our family have been already bidden to a better world. At the same time, he would not have you to neglect the improvements needful for one that is inferior. It seldom happens that they, who are unfit to live in this world, are prepared to leave it. Do not forget to notice, and to treasure up, whatever may array you with amiable qualities. The best way to appear lovely is to be so; and this is always possible, where there is a thorough disposition for it. The want of such a disposition, God knows, is our grand preventive. Usefulness, my dear, is one of the two grand ends of life. The station and objects of usefulness are not ours to choose,—they are God's ;—but ours is the manner of accomplishing the end. God, I am sure, does not despise a young female for washing a cup or a glass clean, for sewing a seam neatly, or for orderly and consistent habits in little things. And they, who would be qualified for usefulness of the highest order, must not be negligent of duties of a lower kind. These remarks, my dear, mean nothing invidious; they are chiefly intended to remind myself and you of plain, and obvious, but important, principles, which, in our weak and debilitated habits, we are more than commonly liable to forget.

I have no news to communicate, except that we are just going to see Graham ascend in his balloon. I wish him a safe journey, though I half fear that it is too perilous to be justifiable. Yet who knows, but aerostation may produce some important practical results? But you know, that I am no news-monger; and all dry as this letter is, you must take it as a sincere expression of affection from

Your Brother

WILLIAM.

To Mrs. Wheeler.

Bristol, Aug. 17, 1824.

VERY DEAR LYDIA,

YOUR letter yesterday did me much good ; its cheerful animated manner, proceeding evidently from improved health and spirits, really made me feel for a moment elevated above my own level ; for there is still somewhat left within me, which can 'rejoice with those that do rejoice.' I am sincerely delighted at observing, that God gives you to hope for such benefit from your stay at Weston, as will render it more tolerable for you to endure absence from home during the necessary period. If hope in things spiritual and eternal, my dear Lydia, would but as readily grow into confidence, and become as decisive in its influence on our conduct, as the reasonable hope of earthly good is often felt, with what readiness should we rise toward heaven, and with what fidelity should we toil onward to reach it ! And it shall be increasingly so with you, for it is in the very nature of attraction to quicken every instant the progress of whatever it draws toward its own centre and source. Amidst all your earthly variations, whether favourable to your wishes or otherwise, you, I hope, are moving onward in a right line toward Him, who is the source of life and the centre of all holy attraction. However, earth-born and tied to the world as we are, to us it is fit matter of rejoicing when impaired health is recruited, and apprehended trials are graciously withdrawn. I do fervently pray, that you may be established in health, and preserved to be a great blessing to him, whom you deservedly regard with the greatest affection which a creature may enjoy. If this hope should be realised, the Church and the world will be sharers in that abundant grace, which our heavenly Parent will thus have bestowed upon you.

No further information for myself has reached me. I am neither disappointed nor anxious at this, as I did not expect any thing new till next week. I know not whether the Lord really intends to permit me to be ordained a Minister in His Church ; but I am oppressed by such a view of my unfaithfulness, instability, and want of zeal, love, and indeed every moral quality required for such an employment, that, ardently as I have desired, and still wish, to be sanctified and sent into the work by the great Head of the Church, I half shrink from the tremendous responsibilities ; and I feel as if the difficulties, heightened by the great feebleness of my mind and body, would be too much for my nature to encounter. I am sure, however, that I need all the support which the grace of God can supply, increased as it may be by the fervent prayers of those who love me, and have an interest in heaven. I commend myself to yours, as well

as those of my friends with you. Remember me to them affectionately. 'He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God ;' dwell therefore together in love. And may the peace of God abide with you! I desire that my affectionate respects may be presented to I. and S. Cope. Do they improve in health? But alas! how fares it with their souls? Are they convinced enough to be in earnest? Yet where is the room for despair? God has evidently not forsaken them; but is still endeavouring to win their affections.

Your most affectionate,

Brother and Friend,

WILLIAM BARBER.

To the Same.

Bristol, Aug. 28, 1824.

VERY DEAR LYDIA,

* * * * BUT what shall be the theme of my letter?—Myself?—Ah! that is a gloomy subject, and besides it is exhausted and repeated even to disgust.—You?—There is not novelty enough in that to please you.—Your William?—You know a good deal better than I can tell you; though by the way I will just observe, that, by dint of perseverance, I got him and my worthy friend Mr. ——— introduced to each other. The evening was to me very delightful. My heart exulted at seeing two of my dearest friends for the first time enjoying, through my means, each other's society. My spirits were unusually exhilarated, if such a term now belong to any sensations that I ever have; and I talked with more than common fluency, and more indeed than my share. It could not but gratify me, that they seemed to admire and esteem each other very easily; and I will incur whatever imputation it may merit by adding, that William's manner of conversation that evening fully convinced more than myself, that, amidst all his perplexing engagements, his mind is far from being neglected. It is very evident that the Lord is, through the anxieties and vexations of business, teaching him, that nothing but the concerns of eternity and the enjoyments of religion deserves his chief regard. But oh, Lydia! how grievous is it for me, that *my* enjoyments are so short-lived, and that I maintain for so short a time the superiority which belongs to an aspiring Christian, or even the comfort that results from cheerful intercourse. The enjoyment of a pleasant evening evaporates with the company which composes it; and ever and anon, even during the sociality of friendly intercourse, my mind suddenly returns to the great reality;—I remember, that *I am alone*, and feel another searching pang of the bitterness of death.

'The noble spirit, fighting her hard fate
 In this damp, dusky region, charged with storms,
 But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
 Or flying, short her flight, and sure her fall:
 Our utmost strength, when down to rise again,
 And not to yield, though beaten,—*all* our praise.'

With some exceptions I like these lines and their connection. The phrase—'*hard fate*'—however, sounds not well in the mouth of a Christian. The fatalism of it is admissible enough, by the license claimed by Poets; but the expression seems to come fresh from a murmuring heart. And the description altogether savours rather too much of the benighted, desolate, and ignorant abandonment of one, who has not within him the principle which preserves from 'walking in darkness.' It is not a portrait of one who faithfully follows Jesus, for such a one shall have 'the light of life;' and the '*utmost strength*' of the true believer brings him off 'more than conqueror' from every field of battle and of death. Yet the Poet has been true to unassisted human nature, staggering and fumbling with its reason and its philosophy. Alas! the deep unutterable stab of death is too deep and rankling for cure by the miserable medicaments administered by any prescriptions, except the presence and true spiritual enjoyment of the Redeemer himself. Even a knowledge of religion, so far from healing, will scarcely assuage. Indeed I am in doubt, whether it does not aggravate, unless combined with the possession and enjoyment of what is known. This accounts for my almost unparalleled distress. The dreadful vacancy,—the fearful emptiness,—the naked bosom,—the desolated heart,—has not been filled with the consoling presence of Christ. Divine mercy has indeed kept me from utterly sinking; but it has preserved me from without, and not from within: and, Lydia, there is no cure for me but in the latter. I have entered on the third year of my widowhood, and I look forward with dismay to its probable continuance for years; but even the termination of widowhood, though it would be a grand relief, could not cure.—Where is the woman who, in the present state of my heart, could fill the place of my Anne?—I doubt if I am even now any more nearly cured than I was two years ago, except in so far as I see more clearly that nothing can avail but 'Christ in me the hope of glory,' at the same time enjoying some feeble possession of Him. At some intervals the anguish of my heart is as great as ever it was, and my dismay is even sometimes greater when I encounter any thing that belonged to my Anne. No, Lydia, nothing will—nothing can heal my heart but the love of Christ; and for this I have prayed, and wept, and longed, though hitherto too much in vain. Oh! join your prayers to mine for that full baptism of the Holy Spirit, for which I have been looking out so long, and which, though disappointed as yet, I am still ex-

pecting. Pray for me, that I may be more believing and confiding in the love and the promises of God. As the language of my heart I adopt the resolution,—‘He shall choose my inheritance for me;’ and bitter as the past of life has been, if there shall yet remain another and another cup of bitterness, which ‘may not pass from me except I drink it,’ His holy will be done; I will take it to the dregs. It is in this way that I am striving to feel about going abroad, and especially about going alone,—a thing which I have always extremely dreaded, and against which I have been fully determined. May God however help me ‘out of his holy hill,’ in the necessity which is now laid upon me!

I have as yet heard nothing from London, but the time is not wasted. I am not a hundredth part fit to go. I am studying hard, and praying heartily. But what am I?—Utterly dismayed at being nothing worth the name of a Man, and much less that of a Minister of Christ. Do value the love of my family, and receive pleasure at the assurance of it.

Your most affectionate
Friend and Brother,
W. BARBER.

The following is addressed to a Friend, and, as will be readily seen, the notes in the margin are my Brother’s.

Bristol, Sept. 19, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

EVEN a true Poet does not write for himself; there may indeed be selfishness in him, but there is likewise benevolence in his wishing to delight others with those gay creations, which furnish his own mind with enjoyment. Nor, unquestionably, does a mere Rhymer scribble for himself; for the tinkling dresses, with which he loves to be amused, may give a holiday diversion to minds constituted like his own.

In what class you will adjudge me a station, I know not; yet it can be neither of the above, for I have not ambition and patience enough for the one, nor folly and jingle enough for the other. But I could not write these Lines for myself, and to whom could I devote them so properly as to you? for you provoked me to attempt them, by expressing a belief that I could succeed; and my affection for you, craving to shew itself by some means or other, inspires me with confidence in your candour, and thus secures me from all dread of severity.

I am no Poet, and I have no ambition to become one; though I have sometimes thought of my imagination, that, had the Muses only ‘caught it young,’ and reared it, its wing might have fledged out into

strength and tact enough to follow where the eagles soar. This is the utmost of my poetical pretensions; but to lead, I utterly want genius, and perceiving this, I have perhaps too much scorned a nursing.

The faculty of rhyming I certainly do not possess, and I detest mere jingle as much almost as the name unmerited of Poet; while, at the same time, for what might be needful in this way for tacking measured lines together, I have no helps. So that I make but a sorry figure, indeed sometimes grotesque enough to my own mind; for I have often smiled at observing, how my poor eye has rolled, in something the very reverse of a fine phrenzy, through this *teasing* need of *squeezing* into rhyme a thought, too meagre already to bear a *squeezing*.

As for prosody, I have always hated it with a downright honest good will, and therefore never took the trouble to commit its rules to memory, no, not even those in my grammar.

Signal recommendations these! Then why write at all? A very fair question, to which my only answer is, because the subject pressed on my imagination, and a most tender and affectionate reverence presumed against all difficulty.

For the subject I have only to say, that I could have no other;—this only had irresistible attractions and claims. I have once or twice, within the last two years, attempted it before; but my feelings, and the fear of dishonouring a memory which I hold sacred, always overpowered invention, and I abandoned the effort.

On Monday last, while reflecting on those lines of Montgomery heading my own, the thought expressed seized me, and opened its beauties. Could I do otherwise than try to pick them up?—But poetry is not my business, and scarcely my pleasure. It is now Saturday, and after several days' interruptions, I have given over, rather than closed, the labour. To do this at all, I was forced to do it rapidly, for I cannot endure to devote too much time to composition of this nature, and from my pen it does not flow with the ease, abundance, and smoothness of unstinted nature.

I have told you thus much, in order to let you the more gently into your disappointment; and to teach you how dangerous it is to set a friend on scribbling, by expressing a partially good opinion that he can write. Accept, however, as it is, this token of regard, which is emulous to expose itself to you; and repay it by transmitting your criticisms and censures, more valuable than your praises, which, if they could be desired, would not be deserved; and, if not deserved, must be the severest of rebukes. Thus let me feel anew that I am

Your Friend, and

Christian Brother,

W. BARBER.

MEMORY'S TWILIGHT BOWERS.

‘ And still in Memory’s twilight Bowers,
 ‘ The spirits of departed hours,
 ‘ With mellowing tints portray
 ‘ The blossoms of life’s vernal flowers,
 ‘ For ever passed away !’

MONTGOMERY.*

I.

Yes ! there’s a twilight region here,—
 A Bower within my breast,—
 Where haunts all Memory holds most dear,†
 And shadowy hope, and pallid fear,
 In fainter nature dress’d.

II.

There is within man’s noble mind
 A rich enchanted ground,
 Where thought grows rank ; yet ere defin’d
 It bursts, and leaves no trace behind :
 There Fancy’s Bower is found.

III.

She,* Empress o’er ideal things,
 And phantoms thin as air,
 Draws being from her magic springs,
 Moves Time’s dull pace with swifter wings,
 Rules Joy and fell Despair.

* The motto, with the general current of thought deduced from it, and originating the title, borrowed from Montgomery, and the 23rd stanza from Milton, are all that I am conscious of having derived from others.

† You are aware that Mrs. B. died of typhus fever, more than two years since, on the 20th of August 1822. It is a remarkable, and, to that grief which in common with all passion dwells on little incidents, an affecting circumstance, that this decease should have been on the same day of the week as that of her marriage, which took place exactly six months before, with a difference of one day only in the dates, the marriage having been on the 19th of February, and the dissolution on the 20th of August.

IV.

There rules she with a cruel sway
 The mortals she commands ;
 For power, if wanton, spreads dismay,
 Or fickle, drives all law away ;
 Unknown its blind demands.

V.

Now nothings into visions swell,
 Grand castles elves prepare,
 And feasts of joy, as dreamers tell,
 Sounds like a fairy's whisper dwell ;
 All but *to touch* is there.

VI.

Her spells for me endure not now,*
 She rules in me no more,—
 She's gone offended ;—I'd not bow ;—
 Her planted Bower refus'd to grow,
 It mock'd th' Enchantress' power.

VII.

Instead of vine leaf, ivy grew ;
 For jessamine, the thorn ;
 Instead of laurel, rose the yew ;
 And cypress, tree of deadly hue,
 Instead of myrtle ; willow too,
 Low drooping o'er an urn.

VIII.

And let her go :—I love her not ;—
 She's trifling, full of glee ;
 She is a foe to ripen'd thought ;
 To knowledge with experience bought :—
 Fancy's a foe *to me*.

IX.

But *Memory*, Fancy's fairest child,
 Has all her parent's charms ;
 And she is chasten'd, constant, mild ;
 Oft e'en her grief, when waxing wild,
 The sense of loss disarms.

* The influence on the imagination of an early and a great disappointment, is decisive. Prior to this, its exercise was rarely on any field but that, where the bright uncertainties of futurity present attractions ; but, subsequently, the future is loathsome, and the dearest and most frequent employment of the fancy is through memory on the past ;—a propensity, which, as forcibly as any other, needs the limits of Virtue to be accurately defined, and the consolations of Religion to be perpetually checked,—that the one may give security, and the other restore to peace.

X.

'Tis sweet to steal in twilight shade,
 And watch her wond'rous power ;
 Rock, mountain, sea-shore, river, glade,—
 She bids them glow,—she bids them fade,—
 She bids them quit her Bower.

XI.

I love to track her when she moves
 Familiar scenes among :
 O'er well-known Kingstone* when she roves,
 My eye a richer landscape proves
 Than e'er it knew from song.

XII.

The fav'rite haunts,—the woody nook,—
 The often trodden glen,—
 That purling, bubbling, ceaseless brook ;—
 And while I gaze with aching look,
 My *Anna* lives again !

XIII.

Her very mien,—her graceful form,—
 The eye with its own fire,
 Where throned Religion met the storm
 Unmov'd,—the soul which own'd the charm,—
 Candour and truth inspire.

XIV.

The waving fields,—the devious path,
 That winds through Arkstone wood,—
 The dinged meadows underneath,—
 The footsteps loitering o'er the heath,—
 That copse, the hill's dark hood.

XV.

Wan thought dwells lonely on the hours
 Beguiled in yon alcove,—
 There (how unlike these widow'd Bowers !)
 Our spirits blended by the powers
 Of chaste acknowledg'd love.

XVI.

Oft have I seen her glistening eye
 Run star-like through the air,
 Above the stars,—along the sky,—
 And then she wish'd to rise so high,
 As if—*that time were near.*

*The parish of Mrs. B.'s residence, previously to marriage, situated in Herefordshire, near the banks of the river Wye. The Arkstone estate, the most conspicuous and attractive of the parish, possesses considerable beauty in its local scenery, which circumstances rendered the more impressive.

XVII.

And when I talk'd of heavenly joys,
 She hung with eager ear ;—
 We rose sublimely o'er the noise
 Of earth,—its vanity,—its toys,—
 Its passing scenes,—its empty joys,—
 Its finite hope or fear.

XVIII.

And I have oft of heaven besought,
 (She bound the high behest,)
 Through full submission to be taught
 Of God ;—sincere, yet all unthought
How earthly that request !

XIX.

Now Memory all thy powers prepare !
 Oh, soften not ! Portray
 The mud-wall'd cottage* us'd for prayer,
 Where often hied the villager !
 Haste,—let me listen,—let me hear,—
 As she was wont to pray !

XX.

Thou, trembler, canst not ! Let *me* draw
 That mud-floor pauper room,
 Where once *I listened*,—once *I saw*†
 Unseen :—ah, no ! I cannot draw
 Of death that chamber-tomb.

XXI.

Then sketch me out that circled few,
 (And let thy painting last !)
 Which daily round the altar drew !
 Oh, dip thy pencil—paint more true !
 No, stop, my Memory !—'Tis too true !—
 'Twas vivid, but ——— 'tis *pass'd*.

* Mrs. B. and her sisters were the only persons of the immediate neighbourhood, who professed any attachment to vital religion, and advocated its cause. A cottage was opened for prayer for the sake of the peasantry, and the sacred exercises were conducted by the Misses Howell ; for this, their decided piety and their eminent good sense fully qualified them.

† Going once to see Miss Howell, I found her not at home : by dint of perseverance, I discovered the hut whither I was told she was gone. On stepping softly to the door, I perceived her sitting in a most wretched room, which served for almost every use to the inmates, reading and talking to a miserably diseased pauper girl, who lay on a bed in one corner. A person not knowing the state of my feelings toward the amiable deceased at that time, may smile wisely enough at all there was poetical in this incident ; but to me there was a delicious practical charm over it, which no lapse of time or events can dissipate.

XXII.

And pass'd to what?—Ah! wouldst thou try
 Her wedded virtues?—See
 A scoffing world in mockery!—
 Who would believe thee, Memory?—
 * * * * *
 Yet who'll rebuke fidelity,
 If that thou shewest to *me*?

XXIII.

Like cluster'd stars in yon fair sky,
 Her virtues;—if she move,
 Grace plays;—Heaven beaming in her eye;—
 In every gesture dignity,
 And pure devoted love! *

XXIV.

What ails thee, wanderer?—Why refrain? †
 Quick!—Move thy magic wand!—
 Hath nerveless joy,—delirious pain,—
 Confus'd thy shatter'd reeling brain,—
 Rived it from Reason's hand?

XXV.

A column fall'n,—a fractur'd tower,—
 A wreck upon the shore,—
 A captive in a tyrant's power,—
 A widow whom fierce griefs devour,—
 A lover in the drifting shower,
 Bleach'd,—frozen on the moor!

XXVI.

Hark! on yon Oak, which lately pass'd
 Heavenward its lofty form,
 Hath rush'd the withering lightning's blast;—
 Thundering, the trunk falls dead,—o'ercast,—
 Torn by the furious storm!

XXVII.

Portentous signs in busy crowds
 Glide gauntly through the air;—

* This is borrowed as nearly as possible from Milton: see *Paradise Lost*, book viii. ver. 488, 489. It is his imitable description of Eve. I used to love to apply it to my exalted Anne;—no man had more right or reason to use it in such a manner.

† Apart from the loss itself, the difficulty of keeping the eye of Memory upon the excellencies of one dear, yet departed, to be estimated must be felt, and if felt it will be instantly recognised in another. This and the following stanzas are altogether invented to introduce the remaining with greater effect; but the 29th and following are relations of what were really observed, during some of those inexpressibly terrible seasons of watching, which were rendered necessary by the fatal illness of Mrs. B.

The pale moon shuddering rashly shrouds
 Her doubtful light in doubling clouds,—
 While blue flames flickering glare!

XXVIII.

See! slow in gloomy shades advance,
 (These Memory vindicate,)
 Dismay, and hopes which fears enhance,
 Death, and the wasting pestilence;—
 Days—nights of awful date!

XXIX.

The struggling Sun's coarse crimson dye,
 Of storms presaging mark,
 His fiery wheels all clogg'd and dry,—
 Th' untimely eve's thick bloody sky,—
 Heaven's gloomy midnight canopy,
 All starless,—rayless,—dark!

XXX.

The hooting screech-owl's savage screams,*
 Dread harbinger of death,—
 The chimney's sickly rush-light beams,—
 Grim spectres laughing through the seams,—†
 The harsh, half-smother'd breath!

XXXI.

The prison'd hounds far yelling cry,—
 The wind's low howling rush,—
 The walls' imagin'd tapestry,—
 And fancy's rustling drapery,—
 The alarm'd, terrific 'Hush!' ‡

XXXII.

The silent sufferer's tender sigh,
 More certain,—pointed,—keen,—

* It is a fact, however accounted for, that almost regularly in the dead of night an owl, during Mrs. B.'s illness, used to come, and, perching in a poplar opposite the chamber window, fill the air with his abominable cries. If at length disturbed, which was to be done only by throwing something at him, he would sometimes fly to the window of the boys' room, and, waking them by the flapping of his wings, terrify them extremely.

† In deep and anxious night, when all are sleeping around, a vivid imagination is sometimes tormentingly active: few perhaps have failed to notice how the eye, fastening on a corner of the room, a knot in the floor, or a joint in the planks, seems to see widening from it horribly distorted visages.

‡ All the circumstances here enumerated are quite natural, and their influence is most active and distressing when the mind is anxious, the system exhausted, and the apprehensions alarmed by the presence of dangerous and unabating disease.

The dreadful hectic blushing high,—
 The generous Sister's aching eye,*
 Love seeing, but not seen.

XXXIII.

The nightly bell's unbidden knoll,†
 Impatient of delay!—
 The livid eye's delirious roll,—
 The fluttering pulse,—the fluttering soul,—
 The lovely form's decay!

XXXIV.

Oh, spare me, ingrate Memory! spare,
 Nor work a second death!—
 Yet stay!—I'll bend once more to hear
 That last adieu,—that final prayer,—
 And catch that parting breath.

XXXV.

She looks,—she loves,—she weeps,—she prays;—
 'Oh, yield not, I command,
 'To grief excessive;—it betrays
 'To deeper woe!'—Then eager lays
 A cold,—damp,—trembling hand!

XXXVI.

That was the beaming of the soul,
 Already charg'd with light,
 As bursting from this earth's control;
 Love pitying, some faint glances stole,
 Then bounded on her flight!

XXXVII.

As when the Sun low westward bears
 On clouds dark,—eastern,—rife,
 His glorious bow's wide sweep he steers
 Through rain;—mysterious strife!—

* The Sisters of Mrs. B. watched over her with the most exemplary and affecting assiduity. The eldest, Margaret, would not remove her clothes for thirteen successive days and nights; and, at length, she left the bed-side of her dying Sister only a few days before the closing scene, because she was attacked by the same dreadful disease, and brought by it to the very verge of the grave.

† It is likewise an undeniable fact, that the large school-bell, which was placed on the top of the house, would ring in the dead of night, sometimes, so as to alarm the neighbours with the dread of fire or robbers. The only cause of this, which I can imagine, was the wind's moving the bell to and fro, for it swung upon an axis, moved by an oblique lever. But the country people did not hesitate to ascribe it to the ghost of the former occupant of the house, who died by self-murder, to which he was urged by his own crimes, as the only means of avoiding an ignominious death.

Just such the sinking saint appears ;
 He dies, while smiling through his tears
 On the past ills of life.

XXXVIII.

Oh, there was glory in that scene*
 Of death,—say rather, life !
 Glory that aw'd the furious mien
 Of Passion,—calm'd his strife ;—
 The hovering Angels all but seen,
 And scarce a veil the eye between
 And ——— God !———

* * * * *

XXXIX.

Yes, Memory, thou art dear to me ;
 And hallow'd be thy powers ;
 From folly thou a guard shalt be ;
 From fierce repining thou shalt free ;
 Grief grateful love devours.

XL.

And when in evening's shade thy will
 Calls far-gone spirits up,
 I charge thee to prepare the thrill
 Of heart-reviving Philomel,
 And bid the top of every hill
 Look bright with golden hope.

XLI.

And thus thou shalt within thy Bowers
 Teach me o'er grief to soar,
 Shalt give, by consecrated powers,
 My widow'd solitary hours
 Charms they ne'er knew before.

* The moments of my most endeared Anne's dissolution were the most surprising of my whole life. The presence of invisible beings—of spirits,—and especially of 'The Great God and Saviour of us,' was most assured and conscious. The effect upon myself and others was most strange and impressive, rendering me perhaps more calm than at this moment, though in the full consciousness that I had just irreparably lost my earthly all, and, what was more to me by far than mere possession, every hope of domestic love and happiness. Every sensation seemed absorbed by a profound, and reverential, and sustaining awe of the present Deity engaged in the very act of giving liberation and triumph to a spirit prepared for Himself. I could not shed a tear, nor feel one reluctant, repining thought. Nor, till after some time, when this passed away, was that tearless and speechless muteness to be ascribed to another cause. Oh, would to God that more of that assistance had remained ! The full enjoyment of it could not ; I should have been earthly no longer ; but I have unhappily seen the wide extreme.

CHAPTER VIII.

Summoned to London by the Missionary Committee—Reflections on the Scenes of the Metropolis—Passes his Examination—Bids adieu to his Friends—Ordination as a Missionary—Hopeful Circumstances of a Backslider—Comfortable Reflections in the anticipation of his Work—Commencement of his Voyage.

At the Conference of 1824, my Brother's case was introduced, when, by the persevering kindness of some of its most influential members, permission was given to the Missionary Committee to summon him to London for the purpose of a particular examination, chiefly into the real state of his health, but likewise of course into his various qualifications for a foreign station.

Accordingly, in the latter end of September, the expected call was given, as will be seen by the following Letter to his Friends in Gloucester.

Bristol, Sept. 24, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

THE long expected letter from the Committee is at length arrived, and I expect, by the favour of Divine Providence, to be in London, on Tuesday next. I know nothing about the terms of my going out, but I expect nothing, nor will it be boasting to say that I desire nothing but to give myself up,—‘to present myself a living sacrifice.’ My present circumstances are certainly tremendous in responsibility and in consequence. With so much reason as I have to fear for my own faithfulness, the awful terror of improperly engaging in the Missionary enterprise has driven me again and again to my knees for that sanctification of heart, and that consecration of faculties, which shall ensure my ‘faithfulness unto death.’ I confess, that in this respect I am cowardly, but in no other that I know of. Danger I do not apprehend ;—death I do not much fear ;—separation is indeed painful, but I have known worse, and I have survived ;—and labour has nothing in it unpleasant to me, but that so small a portion of it can, without crushing, rest on this frame of feebleness and incapacity ;—but I deeply dread my own defection of heart. I am fearful, as to whether I shall be able to continue ‘holy, harmless, un-

defiled, separate from sinners,' patient, humble, zealous, and enterprising. My prayers on this subject are partially heard; and God has certainly blest me in spirit, and given me the pledge of fuller preparation for doing or suffering his holy will. I am determined, more fully than ever in my life, to 'know nothing among men, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' O that the hopes, which I cherish with ardent, jealous fondness, may be fully realised, and that they may not prove the merely natural excitement of present circumstances and immediate prospects! Again I earnestly implore you to pray for me, without ever missing a day, that God would fill me with the blessings and the spirit of His sacred Gospel, and make me 'faithful unto death.'

I am, with love to all,
Your very affectionate Brother,
W. BARBER.

On the following Tuesday, September the 28th, my Brother proceeded to London. Having myself just received from the Conference a station at Hampstead, I had the pleasure of enjoying a good deal of his society, as it was some months before he left England.

The following Letters were written while he was at the Mission-House.

To his Father.

London, Oct. 4, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

* * * * *

You will wish to hear of what I have seen. Aquila has, and I think not without point or justice, sometimes quizzed me on the great preponderance of what he calls *philosophy* in my letters. Perhaps it will have the effect of making me more perceptibly restrict the propensity, which I have felt to *philosophise* over every thing. And yet I must confess that, whether advisable or not, it has long been my habit to regard the moral of a thing, as of more importance than the thing itself; and the impressions created by objects, as of deeper and more lasting interest than those objects themselves. But perhaps in letter-writing, I should more frequently and more extensively have left facts to make their own impressions, and allowed my correspondents to philosophise in their own style, and according to their own habits. Yet I declare, that a letter from me in the dry form of unattended and thoughtless narrative, without observation, would be so strange to me, that I might be the father of such a production without knowing my own offspring, and indeed readily deny that it is mine, because so utterly unlike me. Whatever opinion may be

formed of my letter-writing, and I suppose that events will turn out under Providence so as to render the habit of writing to you more continuous and eventful than heretofore, I do resolve to attend only to the one object, information interesting to my own Father and family, because connected with the impressions which are made on the mind of a relative, who, by blood and by unusual sorrows, has already had a strong interest in their affections.

We made our way from Bristol with tolerable rapidity, and without any serious accident. * * * *

Mrs. Morley received us with great kindness. I was however sorry to find that Mr. M. was from home, in Ireland on a visit directed by Conference to the Mission Stations there, and not likely to return for three weeks or a month. And being the only Missionary candidate, and indeed the only person in the house, except Mrs. M. and the servant, I find myself rather lonely in the midst of hundreds of thousands of busy, bustling spirits, who, however, have no business with me.

Wednesday and Thursday were spent in wandering about. At the close of the former day, I was at ——— with Mrs. ———, and her daughter and son, who received me, as you might expect, with the cordiality of old and gratifying acquaintance. The two former have been very unwell; but it was of course most gratifying to me to understand, that they both maintain their integrity, and that in the comparative seclusion of a retired cottage-life, they habitually sacrifice their accustomed association with the worldly, the fashionable, the trifling, and the gay.

You expected, without doubt, that I should find the son in a most interesting condition of mind. I did so, but will not dwell on this, as I wish to form both opinions and hopes more deliberately than a first interview will allow. The first impressions, however, are most decidedly favourable; he possesses a fine open disposition, capable of being directed to the utmost usefulness, but likewise assuredly capable of being mis-directed to dissipation without object, and pleasure without enjoyment. We were prepared to confide in each other, and were known before we were introduced. He talked freely, and I felt the influence of the same spirit. I thought, that I could discover his moral condition, and on me rested very solemnly the impression of obligation to insist on every important principle in its full and vigorous application. Unbending principle is the character of the Bible, and it is that which shall give it the conquest of the world. Unbending principle is that, too, which shall subdue a solitary human spirit, which never will submit till it has found the Bible to be the way of salvation,—the only method of security. From my very soul I abhor, and discard formally and for ever, as I would alliance with the elements of ruin and destruction, that system of palliation, by which the truth is concealed

under false impressions, and the hope of spiritual good is elevated on delusive grounds. In every instance where fidelity demanded it, I told Mr. ——— the truth; and the truth is, that he is not yet a new creature in Christ Jesus, and that he does not understand the way of salvation by faith. However, I believe that he prays with real sincerity, and sacrifices with firm resolution. And will not God bless and save him? I hope and pray that he will; but decision is never matured without conversion of heart, and the pardon of sin 'places the feet upon a rock, and establishes the goings.'

As to myself, I have seen Mr. Watson and several of the Preachers, and understand, that, if my health should be spared, there is no doubt of my soon going out to Gibraltar. I have orders to apply immediately to the Spanish language, with a view to the Spaniards on the Rock; and, if possible, to an invasion of that wide, and dark, and wasted territory, where Spanish superstition has graded through all the successive steps of mental prostration,—tyranny,—infatuation,—madness,—murder,—revolution,—anarchy! What lies before me, but the indispensable and overwhelming necessity of the Holy Spirit's influences? Oh, join and multiply your prayers for me!

Your affectionate Son

WILLIAM.

To his eldest Sister.

London, Oct. 7, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH,

I CANNOT remember the time, when I addressed my last letter to you; but the act once again repeated so forcibly reminds me of old times, and fetches up so many sensations which had been covered over by novelties, that have since become mature, and old, and passed away, that I know not how to define the feeling which I now have; it demands to be regarded, though I doubt, if it would be wise to notice it closely:—let it go then;—could I decompose it, I am afraid that the pleasure of it would evaporate in sighs, and nothing would be left, but the grosser elements of reflection, regret, and grief. Most certainly it would be thus, unless there could be awakened those sentiments of gratitude and devoted humility, that are natural to a mind duly estimating the grace of God, which, instead of abandoning the soul to the neglect and infatuation of a hopeless and deserved state, causes 'all things to work together for its good.'

London has presented nothing to my observation, to awaken my covetousness or my envy. I look at it all, as I would at a peep-show, without any wish to stay in it, or any feeling that would burst into reluctance to leave it. Natural enough this; for I have little interest here;—nothing here is mine, or my business; and the man has nothing to boast of, who even has his dispositions sufficiently well regu-

lated, to avoid the self-torment of desiring where cupidity is in vain. But if London possesses nothing to fix me, it certainly has many things to occasion a temporary interest. But I cannot help observing, that the chief interest of almost every thing, which strikes the attention of a stranger, lies deeper than the surface; it arises from associations, which are detected by memory, or brought into near view by the known existing relations which they hold. There must be some difference between my impressions, and those of one who is an absolute countryman, though not in the scornful acceptance which *cockney* pride assigns to the epithet. To me there is, of course, nothing difficult in the apprehension of a vast labyrinth of streets, and in an endless diversity of houses and shops, which, in very many cases, have very little remarkable in them, and are decidedly inferior to the principal streets and shops in Bristol; though there certainly are parts of the City as greatly superior to these, as these are to the Pithay or Tower Lane. It is only in some few streets of chief resort, that the multitudes of people greatly out-number those of the City of our birth. At the same time, I have no intention of instituting any thing like a comparison between the two Cities, for none can possibly exist.

The very transient and partial glimpse, which I have had of Westminster Abbey, not only revived the impression which the admirable delineation of Geoffrey Crayon in the Sketch Book had previously made; but it roused within me such sensations, as induced Washington Irving to write as he did, because he had the power to do so, when inspired by the spirit of a place, which holds familiarity with nothing but the remains of all that is great among human beings of rank, and honour, and wealth, and above all, of intellect. I thought, that I could sympathise with him in the Poet's Corner, though, at the same time, I could feel no inclination to turn Poet myself; because no effort can produce a Poet from materials, which are not originally endowed with the qualities of Poetry; and because it would be an ill exchange to gain the wreath, which, though awarded by a nation's consent, is so soon to wither on the tomb, at the expense of the joys and lasting rewards assigned to a faithful adherence to the gospel, and a successful ministration of its truths and resources to men perishing for lack of knowledge. In spite of all other reflections, I could not help sighing to think, how few of those, whose mortal remains lay scattered around me, had employed their high endowments for the noble and worthy purposes of glorifying the God, who had so distinguished them; and of spreading the influence of those truths, which reclaim mankind from vice, and purify the heart.

* * * * * To me however the most interesting sights are not what men have done, but men themselves. At the same time, while I gladly yield myself up for the purpose of rendering them service, 'if that by any means I might save some;' I should certainly rejoice to

make myself better acquainted with man, through the medium of those works, which evince and illustrate his stupendous capacities for good and for evil. I saw a striking example of his power to do evil, at the Horse-guards a day or too since. It is a large mortar of most unusually destructive powers, cast for the French service under Buonaparte, and used at the siege of Cadiz. I understood, that it fell into the hands of the Spaniards on the raising of that siege, in consequence of Lord Wellington's splendid victory at Vittoria; that the Spaniards presented it to the Prince Regent; and that the present stand was cast for it, when, as a trophy of British valour and superiority, it was fixed on the parade, an object of dreadful regard and somewhat pleasurable detestation to all who deprecate the necessity of war, and rejoice in our Country's success. It is said, that this infernal piece of ordnance, now most appropriately supported by the coils of a foul and horrible *non-descript* serpent, and guarded by Cerberus, the keeper of the mythological regions of death, will throw a bomb three miles; and, though always discharged by a fusee, that the percussion of the air was so strong, as inevitably to injure the man who lighted it, before he could remove to a sufficient distance. There may, indeed, be the folly of exaggeration or of ignorance in this account, but that it must have been a most terrific instrument of destruction is evident enough. There, however, it remains quiet now, but, especially when surrounded by the living and moving apparatus of war, a most instructive illustration of the dreadful corruption, the awful infatuation, and the cruel malignity of that nature, which could invent and use such a means of mutual destruction.

I had an opportunity of seeing a part of the Lord Mayor's Show. The splendid state-carriage, which has been so many times in the pictures of our childish books, and thus become associated with our earliest feelings of commercial ambition, pleased me on the very account of its resembling the representations, which those pictures gave me in the days of infancy. There certainly was great wisdom, in making that carriage so unusual and so splendid a thing; and there is also great wisdom in retaining it, in preference to procuring another formed according to more modern taste. To attach splendour to office is to create for it, without any comparative expense, an influence more than double its own; and to retain the splendour of former ages, is to augment the power of that influence, by all the reverence which men involuntarily feel for antiquity and the worthy habits of their forefathers.

One of the most truly pleasing scenes, however, which I have witnessed in London, was the great number of communicants last Sunday evening, after preaching at Great Queen-Street Chapel. There was, too, a seriousness, a spirit of devotion, a silence, and a regularity, which raised my estimation of the piety of the London Methodists;

and made me feel a high degree of pleasure in mingling with their devotions my praises and my prayers. Mr. Henshaw preached, and Mr. Watson assisted him in administering the Sacrament. * * *

Your very affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

A few days subsequently to his writing the above, my Brother passed his examination before the Committee with success; though, as his being sent abroad in his then state of health was considered in the light of an experiment, they very prudently and properly exacted from him a written engagement, that, in the event of his being obliged to retire from the work for want of health, previously to his admission into full connexion with the Conference, he should consider that he had no claims for support upon any of the funds of the Wesleyan Body. The following Letter will explain itself.

To his Father.

Gloucester, Oct. 21, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

You will perhaps be rather surprised to find me here. I came from London with Mr. Wheeler yesterday. On Wednesday last, the meeting of the Committee took place, and I then ascertained that, for the present, I might be at liberty; and accordingly I did not hesitate to make the most of my time, by agreeing to start early on the following morning for Gloucester. I intend taking Cainscross in my way to Bristol, for the purpose of bidding you all farewell. On the disagreeable necessity of this I will not dwell. I have only to say, that but for the strange perverseness of human nature, which in some cases loves to be tormented, I would myself most gladly have taken ship, and sailed without visiting Bristol at all.

You will, by what I have written, guess that the kind anticipations of my friends, respecting my passing the examination before the Committee, have been realised. I could not however attend it without agitation, though I was mercifully borne through.

I suppose they allowed a good deal for my feelings, which must have been visible. I observe the increase of this nervous excitement with pain, because it must materially affect my usefulness, as well as my self-possession and respectability. However, the Committee manifested great kindness, as well as great prudence; and the cordiality, with which I went before them, is, if possible, augmented by their reasonable and sympathising tenderness. They would willingly have sent me out married, had I wished it, and been in a proper state of

health ; but the delicacy of my constitution and all its consequences, I accept from the hands of the Lord, as justly merited visitations of Providence, and as a chastisement for blessings inadequately prized, and not properly employed. He, who sets creature-good in the supreme place of God, does not esteem it as he ought. Its true value and highest worth are unknown, till its proper place and influence are assigned in the heart.

As you all hoped, my destination is to Gibraltar with Mr. Dixon, and my mission is specially to the Spanish refugees, and others of the same nation who may be within reach. This is, assuredly, a most important and deeply interesting sphere of labour : if the Lord, the Spirit, is pleased to prepare the hearts of those poor unhappy men to receive, and my soul to dispense, the word of his grace, the issues of such a mission may be immense. The period, for which I enter upon the work, is of course unlimited, as I consider that my life is to be devoted to it.

And now my chief anxiety is, that He, who has led me by the circuitous and thorny road over which I have travelled to reach this new epoch of my life, may demonstrate His approbation by endowing me with the necessary qualifications. I sensibly and painfully feel my present inadequateness. I am neither half holy, nor half spiritually-minded enough, to be an 'able minister of the New Testament.' My want of such qualifications particularly affects me, and must arise from a deficiency, in its tenderness and ardour, of the constraining love of Christ. Again I entreat your prayers for me on this point. What shall I do,—what use shall I be upon earth,—or how shall I become finally saved,—if I am not a thousand times more sincere, affectionate, and zealous in the cause of Christ?

My ordination is to take place in Great Queen-Street Chapel in about three weeks. Ten days I intend spending here, at Cainscross, and at Eastington, and the remainder of my short time, about ten or twelve days at most, with you.

Your affectionate Son

WILLIAM.

I will not attempt to describe the parting scene, which quickly followed the above letter. Suffice it to say, that my dear Brother was followed to London by the mingled tears, benedictions, and prayers of his beloved Father, family, and friends, none of whom scarcely ventured to anticipate, that they should 'see his face again in the flesh.' We little thought, however, how soon he was to fulfil a sacrifice to the very work, in which he had engaged in order to fulfil his vow, to save his life, and to glorify his God by the salvation of perishing souls. On his return to the Mission-House he sent the following Letters.

To his Father.

London, Nov. 15, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

ACCORDING to agreement I write a line or two, for I have not time for more. I arrived at the Mission-House about 12 o'clock on Saturday, after a pleasant journey. The ordination is fixed for Wednesday evening. It is expected to be a very solemn and interesting opportunity. If the presence of the great Head of the Church be with us so sensibly as it is desired and entreated, solemnity and interest will be the symptoms of deep and useful working, like the brooding of the same Spirit on the unformed original mass. I have never yet passed out of any circumstances, but the necessity of deep self-conviction, and even self-reproach, has seemed inevitable from reflection. On my late journey from home, I was ready to think severely of myself for much want of strong and due affection, and ready, anxious desire to please and help, which I might have exhibited toward all the family; and the impression in a measure continues to the present time.* But I will not dwell on any painful subject.—I pray God, in his mercy, to bring us all to that place of happiness, where capability and desire will have the same limits, and where there shall be nothing bitter upon which to reflect.

My mind is very far from regretting the situation, in which I am now placed. Nothing is wanting but the full descent of the power of God to fully reveal his favour to me, and his sanctifying influences to render me happier in my work, than I have thought it possible for me ever to be in this 'valley of the shadow of death.'

I think very affectionately of each of my Sisters, as well as of Sam, and beg you to accept my strongest love. My fervent prayers for you all shall be daily offered up to 'Him, who sitteth above the waters.' To his care I beseech you to unceasingly consign

Your affectionate Son

WILLIAM.

* If external actions and general deportment be any criterion of the state of a person's affections, I should be entirely at a loss to account for the severity of this charge brought by my dear Brother against himself, did I not recollect his strange propensity to write the bitterest things against his own heart,—a propensity which, as it often had no real foundation in truth, was quite unnecessary, and even culpable, because it deprived him of much of the happiness which he ought to have enjoyed.—A. B.

To the Same.

London, Nov. 20, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,

I FEEL it right at present to address my letters to you, though they are intended, of course, for the whole family. Hereafter I may, perhaps with propriety, direct them to the different members in succession; though, if they could only persuade themselves that I should not love them the less, nor the more readily cease to think of them, it might be more advisable to address every letter to you, and thus to continue the correspondence uninterrupted and without tautology. But there is something in our nature, which loves to be individuated; and in matters of affection, the warm wishes of the soul cannot bear to be undistinguished from the mass.

You expect, of course, to hear that the memorable and important service of the ordination took place according to the arrangement which I before mentioned. It commenced at seven o'clock in the evening; this was decidedly too late, and it produced an ill effect, for the ritual of the service occupied no inconsiderable portion of the time, and the statements of the young men were consequently hurried. The influence of this was felt chiefly by the last speakers; of the four candidates I was the third. Had I been saved from some degree of confusion of mind, I should have had reason to be glad, that means were employed to urge the two last particularly to be short, general, and pointed; for I certainly was thus rescued from the danger of making attempts to particularise on subjects, to which I can never allude, even in private or solitary thought, without painful emotion. As it was, however, I felt agitated and confused while speaking; and I fear, that the account must have been incoherent and unsatisfactory. But my mind was unhappy only while in the act of speaking; there was, upon the whole, a very solemn and impressive sense of the presence and power of God. My own soul certainly was greatly blest: the consciousness of meaning well, and hoping the best, is not to be despised; indeed, in connection with just views of dependence on Him 'whose strength is to be perfected in my weakness,' it is invaluable; and some of this feeling I certainly possessed. But this was not the only blessing that I received, for there seemed to be granted me in the most unequivocal manner, at least for the time, a more than ordinary sense of interest in the blood of the great and only Atonement. It seems to me impossible to form an adequate estimate of the worth of that feeling, while receiving in the very sight, and with the approbation, of the great Head of the Church, authority to administer the sacraments of His institution, from the accredited and truly pious seniors in the Ministry. Again and again in-

deed the terrible thought of future unfaithfulness, and final reprobation, has crossed and harassed my mind; and the fear of such an issue I am not able to conquer, though I should be glad if it were productive of more hallowing and cautionary effects.

I went this morning to the office of ———, and opening the door, the first face which I met was that of poor ———. The feelings of neither of us at this juncture were at all enviable. He seemed not to recognise me, turned away his eyes, and directed to me the gentleman with whom my business lay. I called him by his name, and he then returned the recognition. We shook hands, I more cordially than he; but his manner was eminently becoming; he seemed the same as I had ever known him, he does not appear much altered. Could I but have extinguished recollection, he *would* have been the same to me. We conversed about two minutes, and then separated. Poor fellow! The sight of him went to my soul. There was that in his manner which gave me leave, and I ventured to wish that old days could return, and to intimate that there are certain feelings which a man can never forget. What his character is now, I know not; but all I saw was proper, and he retains his situation so long that it is difficult to imagine that his character can be otherwise than good. A man who knows his own narrow escapes in life, and who has felt the force of temptations eager to precipitate him through some enticing but delusive pass to ruin, cannot but tremble as he looks at cases, in which similar temptations have been effective and fatal. Well; death, indeed, is not the cure for sin, but it is the door of escape for ever from its reach. I have only to ‘be faithful *unto death*,’ and that may be very near. Meantime the blood of Jesus, the love of the Father, and the power of the Holy Ghost, are an effectual cure for all sin. I wish that myself and all my relatives at home may be happily filled with this, and then ‘the joy of the Lord should be our strength.’

My passage is secured and paid for by Mr. Irving’s ship, and I know not whether you will be pleased or pained to understand, that Monday is the day fixed upon for embarkation and departure. I think your pleasure must predominate, for the sooner I leave now the better. I rather expect that, by the time you receive this letter, I shall have commenced my voyage; but as there are many miles between London and the being fairly out at sea, I shall not have lost sight of my native shores, before you are uniting with the family to beg Him, who has permitted the commencement of my sailing, to graciously propitiate its progress and conclusion. I should be quite ashamed to betray any extravagant anxiety on leaving England, or about the voyage; for that which others do without hesitation for the sake of money, shall not I do without reluctance for the sake of the glory of Christ, and the salvation of men? I do: I have no sensa-

tion like reluctance. Thanks be to Him, who has taken the pains to bring me to this! But I should be equally ashamed to be without anxiety at all, or, at least, without a strong desire that an influence the most salutary may rest upon both you and me, in order fully to make up for all those enjoyments and hopes, which it has been necessary to sacrifice for the attainment of the station that I now occupy.

The Committee have been exceedingly kind and liberal to me, and I have really nothing selfish to wish for. However, it is not good for me to have my cup unmixed with bitters, else I should be spared the pain of thinking that you are still in affliction. But what right have we to expect it to be otherwise? And is not the measure of bitterness, awarded to our family, inestimably less than justice would freely sanction? Ah! what will the end be of these things? This is an enquiry, which, in every bearing of it, it would be almost impious to make. '*Tu fac tua cures, cætera mitte Deo.*' ('Do thou thy duty, the rest commit to God.') This was a maxim in the spirit of which Henry Martyn lived and died. Could I but imitate him! — The Lord, of His infinite mercy, fully prepare each of the family for the joy at His right hand, where there is no more sighing, nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor separation; and where '*there is no more sea!*'

Your affectionate Son,
WILLIAM.

To his eldest Sister.

London, Nov. 22, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH

MUST not expect me to fill this large sheet, but I could not reconcile myself to allow the parcel to go without a word to her. I would gladly contribute something toward rendering your present situation more easily borne. While it must be admitted, that to a Christian the chief source of sustaining power is in the throne of Grace, much alleviation may be derived from that intercourse which, calling out the endearments of the heart, prepares it to make exertions and sacrifices for the benefit of those who feel their dependent circumstances. How great the difference, my dear, between the situation of those, who have only to endure the trials arising from the dependence of others on their care, and that of those, to whom is measured out the trial of being thus reduced to helplessness and dependency! I allude to these subjects only for the sake of exciting, at the very commencement of my letter, those grateful emotions which shall enable us to glide sweetly through the remainder, as well perhaps as through some of those labours and sorrows which circumstances involve. I might find illustrations of these remarks in your situation, as well as

my own. But to confine myself to the latter.—I am going to preach the gospel of peace and holiness to sinners, who are perishing for lack of its blessings. How different are my circumstances from those of the poor people, whose condition I commiserate, and for whose comfort I pray to be made the instrument of guiding some streamlets of the river of the waters of life! I have not to encounter the prejudices of education and habit, in order to come at the truth. I carry with me that, which, while it saves others, can also save my own soul. In it my confidence is instructed and reposed. I believe it is ‘the power of God unto salvation.’

I must refer you to Father’s letter for an account of the ordination, that solemn service toward which I looked with as much apprehension while it was future, as I regard it with gratitude and hope now that it is past. I do most cordially approve of the service. The distinct recognition, which it makes of the individuals assigned to the ministry, and the solemn designation, which it involves to the peculiar offices implied, are very important. But this is not all; it presents the candidates to the Church and to the world, as well as to Him who is ‘Head over all things,’ in a manner so impressive and so calculated for usefulness, that I regard it as one of the most sacred and significant acts of the Christian institution. How strong, my dear Sister, are the obligations, under which I am thus laid, to be wholly devoted to the work and service of the Gospel! If God strengthen me to fulfil my resolutions, rather than my hopes, from this time forward I shall live under the habitual and urging recollection of the solemn and impressive moment when, after the example of the Apostles, the Fathers of the Church laid their hands upon my head, and implored that I might receive the Holy Ghost for the office of the Ministry. *I also feel great satisfaction in reflecting, that the measures adopted by Him, who in wisdom is to us altogether mysterious and inscrutable, have produced the effect which, upon attentive consideration, one would think most likely to be that which was intended; I mean, a full and cheerful yielding of me to the call, which demands my services for the souls of men at a distance from home.* The parting from the family is certainly thus rendered far more easy, or at least far more tolerable than otherwise it could have been.—But I quit this subject.—Let the God of our family do now as it pleases Him! I hope, by his gracious goodness, whether I live or die, henceforth to be His fully and His alone. Oh, that a sense of the favour of the Highest, as my God in Christ, through all the future, may be clear and animating in my heart! Then ‘labour is rest, and pain is sweet.’

In my letter to Father, I have mentioned an unexpected interview which I had with poor ———. I have since received from him a note, which much gratified me, and relieved my apprehensions re-

specting him, by presenting his case so hopefully as to restore an expectation that he will not be finally a cast-away. His expressions are certainly very becoming; but there is much truth in a remark of Mr. Taylor on the subject, that there is a difficulty in understanding the meaning of a man, who knows the slang of religion, and who has acted in a manner that is unworthy of it. However Mr. T. joins me in thinking, that in this poor man's case there evidently are redeeming circumstances, which promise a re-establishment of principle, and finally of character, and all the consequent blessings. In his note he tells me that he has been five years in his present situation, and that he was, in the September of last year, again received into fellowship with a Dissenting Church. He now seems very ardently solicitous, for full restoration to the holiness and the security of the people of God. In a most modest and respectful manner he begs me to visit him, if possible; this however, I cannot do, for I have not time. I shall write him a reply such as my heart prompts, while it rejoices over one toward whom affection cleaves, unwilling to be cast off.

I hope and pray, that the mind of our dear Father may be sustained, and rendered superior to all the depressing influences which now so forcibly assail him; and, as it must certainly be a relief to him to see a sanctifying influence come forth from the furnace in which his family is now purifying, I do trust, that he may have to rejoice in seeing those of his children at home sensibly improving in love to the Saviour and in spirituality of mind, and his sons who are at a distance spreading themselves out to usefulness and adorning the Gospel.

The arrival of my trunk this morning relieved my mind from much anxiety and uneasiness. I just opened it to see if any thing required immediate attention, but I found little epistolary work. However, in the supply of apparel I perceived much for which I am greatly your debtor. I cannot repay you by any means, except by my affectionate thanks. May you abundantly enjoy the sweetness of reflecting, that what you have done has been for the Lord's sake, as well as for that of

Your very affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

To his second Sister.

London, Nov. 22, 1824.

MY DEAR PRISCILLA,

YOUR sweet little note certainly merits a warm reply, and I should not have hesitated a moment to write you a long letter, but that Aquila has already given me one for you; and, should you receive two letters and Sarah none at all, I fear she would feel at least some difficulty in persuading herself that she is properly thought of, amidst those trials which Providence has laid upon her, for the purpose of proving both her strength and her willingness to endure the Divine will.

You have expected, that we went down the river this morning; but we have great reason to rejoice, that it was not practicable to get away before the late heavy gales came on. The weather has been so bad, that had we been able to reach the Channel, we must have had very painful work of it there. If Providence should now favour us with a little finer weather, I hope that we shall not have long to stay either at Gravesend, or any where else; and, as there has been such a long prevalence of south-westerly winds, it is reasonable to anticipate a speedy change to a more northern or easterly point; in which case we shall go fairly out to sea. May we, in the mercy of our heavenly Parent, have 'a prosperous journey by the will of God!'

It is to me a source of very pleasing reflection, that you are all this day praying with peculiar fervour for my protection, and the favour which shall bear me safely along the bosom of the deep. The anxiety for the Divine blessing must be considerably greater in a Missionary's heart, than under the common circumstances of mercantile enterprise or official duty; for his object is so directly spiritual, and so immediately interferes with the dearest province of the government of God, I mean, the interests of his Church and the welfare of immortal souls, that any fear of intrusion must greatly aggravate the anxiety which is natural in the prospect of encountering a voyage. For my part, however, I should have no fear of intrusion, but from a sense of the want of holiness of heart. I am not sufficiently a Christian, to free me from the painful fear of encountering the disapprobation of the Almighty; for I feel that, while connected with the highest privileges of the gospel dispensation, there is in me a great want of the love, and zeal, and excellence of those who are made perfect in holiness. Let my friends most fervently pray for my increase of piety, and that I may be filled with the love and the Spirit of Christ; for, in such a state, I should be freed from all 'fear that hath torment,' and be better able, not only to resist every temptation, however insinuating and dangerous, but also

to be aggressively successful in commending the crucified Saviour to poor, ruined, and wandering men.

I look with much feeling toward Bristol, but I judge it best to say but little about it. Let me however state, that I have no reluctance. I believe I am right—quite right in almost every thing, except in the measure of my love to Christ and sinners. I think nothing of sacrifice. I am privileged—favoured—honoured. God condescends wonderfully, even beyond my hopes, to allow me to labour for him, after having so richly deserved, without any liberation from difficulty or permission to be useful, to die altogether. I go, my dear, under the decided feeling, that God does most unmeritedly favour and honour me. I do cheerfully give up all my fondest wishes for domestic and earthly comfort, only praying that He may make me ‘that I be neither barren nor unfruitful.’ Help, my P., by your daily prayers,
Your ever affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

To his younger Brother.

London, Nov. 22, 1824.

DEAR SAM,

As this is probably the last time, that I shall have an opportunity of writing you previously to sailing, I will just scribble a line or two, though my object is rather to express to you a sincere and affectionate concern for the prosperity of your best interests, than to write on any particular business. While passing through the streets of this crowded Metropolis, I have repeatedly thought of you; for business here certainly appears in its full development,—the spirit of it is triumphant. * * * *

Who, my dear Sam, can blame your warm attachment and steady perseverance, in attention to business? Only He, who seeing all, may possibly perceive, that you allow business, or pleasure of some kind or other, to withdraw your strongest desires from a clear sense of His favour, as if that were not quite essential to your happiness. He must look with displeasure, my dear fellow, upon whatever can persuade you that you may live in safety, if not in peace, while there dwells in your heart no such satisfactory manifestation of Himself, as reconciled through the Son of His love;—or, at least, upon every thing that induces you to live in hopes unsatisfied, and in struggles not victorious. But with what approbation would he look upon the feeling, which should lead you to ‘count all things but loss for the excellency of this knowledge;’ and, at the same time, prevail upon you to plead with Him for it, in the determined spirit of the resolution, that every thing shall be to you as nothing, without the full enjoyment of his favour! I beseech you, Sam, till this liberty be altogether your own, to

suspect yourself and every thing else, as if charged with a commission to inflict upon you some painful chastisement. And then, do remember that, if you would present before Him such a disposition as this, the Lord would meet you with a most gracious and ready approbation.

Remember me very affectionately to your intended, and her whole family. I do sincerely love both her and them. May you be great blessings to each other! Do not forget the glorious object before you, of being mutual instruments of sanctification, and pure and holy spiritual love to God. This will be the most pleasing portion of your acquaintance and intimacy, upon which to reflect.

Your very affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

London, Nov. 23, 1824.

VERY DEAR WILLIAM AND LYDIA,

LEST I should altogether forget it, let me in the very onset of my sheet thank you, most sincerely and affectionately, for your very kind attention to my wishes and my wants. The two parcels, which I have received, remind me afresh of the value which is to be set upon that intercourse, which binds hearts together, and renders them solicitous of furthering mutual happiness. The hams, of which I just obtained a glimpse, will, I hope, justify the taste with which you have selected, for they are certainly very promising in appearance; and, if all should be safe, I expect that they will on the Great Rock be the sweetest that I ever tasted. But do not imagine, that it is on account of such things as these only or chiefly, that I value your friendship, and congratulate myself upon its possession. There is in the undiminished affection, which Lydia's letter breathes, a cordial that goes most forcibly and effectually home to my heart. The value of this, in circumstances such as mine, is peculiarly felt. On the point of leaving his country, a man feels somewhat as he may when about to leave the world. He naturally looks back upon the persons and things which he is leaving, and asks himself how he stands with regard to them. Were I quitting my home and my relatives with a character blasted and hopes destroyed, an outcast from their good opinion and my own, or even with the former only, how bitter would be the moments which I am now spending in comparative gratitude and satisfaction!

Accept then my sincerest thanks, that you have perpetuated your affection for me in all the varied and bitter changes, through which I have had to pass. Unlike the spirit too prevalent in the world, you have followed me with your love through darkness as well as light; and have yourselves very largely contributed toward that emancipation, by which I am emerging into the station and employment, for

which I hope all previous sufferings have been preparing me. In my present circumstances, waiting as I am to take my departure, perhaps finally, from all the scenes which have been most familiar and most endeared to me, it is not a little thing, that my mind is more sensibly drawn to regard the mercifulness of my situation, than to reflect upon the desolations which have shadowed me so deeply with gloom. So many comparatively little incidents have occurred to gratify me, and to remind me of the affection and confidence of those whom I am leaving; the Committee have been so kind and liberal to me, God has given me so much favour in their eyes, and they seem to place so willing a confidence in me;—that I have not been able to refrain from expressing to several persons the sense which I have, really sometimes moving my heart to melting, of the great and undeserved favour of God. The Lord, I believe, has done much toward teaching me, that nothing is to be put in the place of His will, nor regarded as a pillar of support, but the sense of His approbation while His present will is fulfilled; at the same time, a thousand earthly things may contribute toward the comfort of one, whom the weariness of his way would otherwise overwhelm.

The ordination service was very solemn and impressive. I could not enter upon it, without an almost painful sense of the tremendous sanctions which must attend such an institution;—the peculiar presence of the Head of the Church,—the awful invocation of the Holy Ghost,—the nearness of beings, both good and bad, of the invisible world,—the probable attendance of those who loved me, and who are departed,—and especially of the one to whom I well remember to have said, that if she died I should never rest till I took ship, and sailed for the purpose of preaching that Gospel, which can supply joys that the world must fail to realise;—all these, and many other considerations, contributed to bring about a state of mind the most peculiar and interesting that can be well conceived. Oh! shall I not now be fully devoted to God? Alas! devotion does not depend on merely external acts, however complicated, interesting, or hopeful; it depends upon the life of self-denial, faith, and love. The absence of these nullifies whatever is most sacred in institution, or solemn and becoming in observance. I do beseech you to pray for me, that in these things I may be ‘neither barren nor unfruitful.’ I thank God, that I have a strong confidence in the power and sufficiency of his gospel to produce the renovation of the world, the illumination of Pagans, the conversion of Infidels, and even, almost hopeless as it may seem, the regeneration of the poor, deluded, and fallen Churches of professing Christians; but my personal instrumentality in the work depends, not on the power of the gospel, for that is secured and sufficient, but on the truth and activity of my personal piety. I know, my dear friends, that you will readily acknowledge these to be very correct and

becoming views ; but you will as readily feel the immense necessity of that baptism of the Holy Ghost, which shall, through faith and love, make all these things to be in me and abound.

Well ; I am greatly rejoiced that, on leaving England, I have no sensation of regret or reluctance at being so engaged. I rejoice in escaping the numerous snares, to which occupation in the home-work would inevitably expose me ; though, of course, I am greatly ignorant of those, to which engagements abroad will lay me open. But the feeling, which I have, of being and doing right, and of having the approbation of the Lord, as well as of my own mind, in every thing except the state of my love and devotedness in communion with Him, is indeed worth a great deal. I have deliberately and repeatedly given up all the hopes, which I had for so many years cherished, of being happy in domestic life, and of being an affectionate husband and a delighted father. I know not what futurity may unfold, but I have no anticipation ; and I mean to devote myself to my work with as much decision and firmness, as if I were never more to be surrounded by any who have a peculiar relative interest in me. O that I may be enabled to 'be faithful unto death !' May He, who has cut off all my earthly hopes and enjoyments, enable me to secure those which are spiritual ; for, in spite of all my former prepossessions, I do now intend, by His grace, to yield myself fully up to Him. Meantime, I trust that you will commend me, in strong faith and prayer, to the God of the winds and seas, who is also the God of the dry land.

Your very affectionate Brother,

W. BARBER.

To his Father.

Gravesend, Nov. 30, 1824.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

I AM assured of the anxious and truly paternal feelings of your heart toward me, and am solicitous to give you the gratification of hearing from me once more before I fairly and finally leave England. An opportunity now offers, by the return of the pilot who conducts us to the Downs. We are actually at this moment at Gravesend, having reached it on Sunday morning, though too late to go on shore to attend Divine worship. You will perhaps be a little surprised at our lying so long at this place, where we expected not to be detained an hour. Let me state the reasons in order.

On Friday morning I took leave of my friends at Mr. Taylor's, and the Mission-House. The cordiality, with which they parted with me, and commended me to the grace of God, again demands from me an expression of gratitude to the Almighty. I feel my heart affected by the recollection of their kindness, though it has been far from any pomp of circumstance. But those views of myself, which I have fre-

quently expressed, and which deeply humble me in my own estimation, are, I believe, neither insignificant nor ignorant acknowledgments; and these, contrasted with the confidence, with which I find myself received by the elders of the Ministry, who have commissioned and deputed me to carry, to those whom unhappy circumstances have compassed with obstructions in the way of salvation, the Gospel, in its simplicity and power, as I know it by experience, and understand it by investigation;—these circumstances make me feel myself most unmeritedly favoured by ‘Him, who sitteth above the water-floods,’ and hath led me through the depths to my present station.

You will probably be solicitous to know, with what sentiments I embarked. If I were to say that I had no sensation of sorrow, to me I am sure it would not be honourable; but it was not the truth; though it is the truth, that every sensation of this kind ~~was~~, and still is, a very undefined and uncertain feeling. I have no doubt of being at the post of duty. I am where God himself has brought me. But leaving home so completely, is a widely different thing from any that has hitherto occurred to me: and then, as I carry no home with me — Oh! had I the company of her ———. But let it rest; I will not trust myself on ground, which has so many times betrayed me to wretchedness; though now, more than ever, her society might seem to be wanted. But God is righteous in all His ways: and nothing unjust toward me has taken place. I richly deserved to lose one, whom I did not know how to value aright. Oh, how unutterably empty does this life seem to me of every thing but souls! * * *

Early on Sunday morning we sailed from Blackwall, the wind being fair, and every one, except myself, on board being free from doubt, as to the propriety of commencing our voyage on the Lord’s day. Our captain has been a Methodist, and perhaps he once enjoyed religion, at least he says that he did, and I have no reason to question the truth of his assertion; but he has evidently lost its power and salvation, and though he feels this, he does not as yet fully return to his God. However, we saved no time by sailing on the Lord’s day; for, while we were coming down the river, a brig ran foul of us, as our ship was *in stays*, as they term it, that is, in the act of turning round to get under sail. In an instant our gib-boom was carried away, and our bow-sprit greatly injured. At Gravesend it was therefore necessary to stay, and thus one breach of the Sabbath ordinance led to another. To repair the damage was instantly needful, and the rest of the day all the men on board were diligently employed in hard work. I, however, escaped to the shore, and found out the Preacher, good old Mr. Gower, an apostolic, hoary-headed, fatherly old man, at the head of an amiable family. They received me with great kindness, and the interview was to me a cordial of no small value. Never before did I so much feel the want, or the worth, of the ordinances of

the sanctuary. I occupied Mr. G.'s pulpit in the evening, and felt much happiness in my work ; but afterward, the reception of the sacrament with a numerous and apparently pious society, and the conversation of Mr. G., were very particularly blest to me.

We had a very boisterous day and night at anchor, and were thus disappointed of sailing to the Downs till to-day ; we have, however, fine weather now. There is something very terrible in bad weather on the water. I have appointed with Aquila to meet every day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at a throne of Grace, to entreat, by special prayer, the Lord's blessing on our voyage and mission. I should be glad to meet likewise as many of you there, as are able to comply. But I have filled my sheet, and therefore close by presenting to each of the family my most affectionate assurances. Believe me

Your very affectionate and dutiful Son,

WILLIAM.

To his eldest Brother.

*Under weigh for the Downs,
Dec. 1, 1824.*

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER A.

YOU will, undoubtedly, be very anxious to know how we fared, during the blowing weather of yesterday and last night. We were at anchor at Gravesend, but even there it was to me a time of very much anxiety. The wind blew tremendously hard, and the rolling of the ship was considerable, yet all was well ; and though the captain and pilot were by no means without anxiety, they had perhaps less, or perhaps more, than myself. I look earnestly to Him, who is a very present help in times of need, to allay that perturbation, which is occasioned by the unusual nature of my circumstances, the tremendous noises of men and elements, and the involuntary consciousness of risk. The weather, indeed, is so bad and so seemingly treacherous, that, did I not know there is a Hand to put in its effectual restraint at any moment, I should be far more anxious than I am. But I have devoted myself, my life, and my all to Him, who calmed the seas to the prayers of His disciples, and who brought His holy apostles safely through perils of waters. But the love of Christ, and the sanctifying, saving power of the Holy Spirit, are not sufficiently felt by me, and thus there is not power enough to cast away the cares of danger, or the fear of death. I have been, and still am, laying this in earnest prayer before the Lord, beseeching Him, for His great mercy's sake, to fill me with the Holy Ghost, and thus to give me ' the peace that passeth understanding.' However, I do not find these exercises without beneficial effect. My mind stills at the presence of Jesus, and my whole soul flees to Him and finds the refuge which it needs. Poor human nature, how I pity thee ! and especially as thou art and dost within my breast !

The accidents in the late gales have been very numerous: every sailor's mouth is filled with them, and his face betrays emotions in which self has evidently a considerable influence. We have just passed by the top of a mast peeping above the water's level, as if in signal that the unfortunate hulk lies there. And now, at this instant, while writing the foregoing sentence, our pilot cries out:—'There's a ship ashore!'—The captain and myself, stepping upon deck, have just taken a look at her. A melancholy sight! She has run upon a ledge of sand, and there at present she remains, till, favoured by the gift of fine weather, she may perhaps be got off; but if not, she remains to be battered by the sea till she goes to pieces. A great number of sloops are about her, in order to lend their help, and to get off her cargo; but with what success, must be left to the Almighty. I never had so lively an impression of a sailor's dangers as now, and I blame myself much, for having been no more conscious of them, and no more urgent in prayer to God for His blessing on men so exposed and so devoted; but I earnestly sympathise with the efforts now made to bring them acquainted with God, their Bible, and the salvation therein revealed.

We are now getting into wide water, the ship begins to be sensible of its motion, and myself to be sensible of hers. Let me therefore close, by once more entreating your most direct and ardent prayers for our preservation and prosperity. But I earnestly desire, that you and I may be more than ever affected with a sense of what human life and nature are in truth; and that we may preach, in all their purity and power, the doctrines of a full, free, and eternal salvation. Farewell.

Your affectionate Brother,
WILLIAM.

P.S.—The Lord has heard and answered prayer; the wind being much more moderate, and veering for a more northerly point, promises a suspension of the terrible south-west gales. It is comparatively fine now.

The above is the last letter that my Brother wrote, previously to his arrival at Gibraltar, which, in consequence of the extreme tempestuousness of his voyage, was delayed much beyond the usual time. As will easily be supposed, this was a circumstance which filled our minds with much anxiety; however, we knew that he was in the best hands, and employed in the best manner; and therefore, in the long absence of all information respecting him, our minds were not altogether forsaken by a cheering hope.

CHAPTER IX.

**Missionary Journal—Reflections on Sight of Land—Gracious Answer to Prayer—
—Providential Deliverance—Arrival at Gibraltar—Particular Description of his
tedious Voyage—Remarkable Answers to Prayer.**

THE following are Extracts from my dear Brother's Journal, written while on his voyage.

Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1824.—There is, in me, considerable reluctance to commence writing any thing in the form of a Journal. By this circumstance, as well as by weather of the most untoward kind, I have been deterred, ever since I came on board, from attempting it; but I am not sure, that these are sufficient reasons for the omission, especially as there are now the strongest motives for a due attendance to the practice. I have, indeed, no ambition to live upon the page of record when my life is extinct, unless my name could be unavoidably connected with the excellence of true piety and usefulness; and I have no desire to furnish materials from my pen, for those attempts to perpetuate a memory, too little distinguished by either the one or the other, for which the partiality of surviving friends might plead. But now, to keep a Journal is my duty; it is one condition of my union with the Society, of which I am now the authorised and honoured servant; and it has been made the subject of distinct and solemn promise. Besides, the influence of surrounding circumstances upon my mind is sensibly important; and I think with regret, that, unless I speedily redeem myself from my great aversion to record the emotions and incidents of this period of my life, no memorials will be left for my own re-perusal; and all the benefits of refreshed recollection, aided by the graces of gratitude and humiliation, will be lost, even if rendered desirable by prolonged life. I am resolved, therefore, to commence at once, and, by the powerful grace of God, to chase away from my feelings every influence, but that of simple and resolute regard to unvarnished truth.

Oh, Lord, my God! who hast brought me, through many chastening sorrows, to my present momentous and arduous, but desired, sta-

tion; vouchsafe, I beseech thee, to screen me from the intrusions of any spirit, which would either beguile me from simplicity, bewilder me in error, or disarm me by indolence. Oh! grant me thy Holy Spirit, I entreat thee; so that, filled with His unction, my soul may always glow with love to the Lord Jesus Christ; and thus, rejoicing in the clearly attested possession of my own salvation, my whole heart may dissolve into compassion for my ruined fellow-men, and flow out in streams of active and perpetuated usefulness in those neighbourhoods, where souls are perishing in drought. Solitary as I feel, and disrupted, by an almost volcanic force, from the fondest and dearest society, which earth could supply me; may I concentrate my affections in full upon Thyself, and may I find Thee as ready, as Thou art able, to supply the place of any of the creatures, or of all. 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth, that I desire beside Thee!' O Lord God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is Head of Thy Church, and my real King and Saviour, I beseech Thee to hear and to answer this prayer, presented and urged, as it is, in dependence upon His meritorious passion and all-prevalent intercession at thy right hand! Amen. Amen.

I am concluding the nineteenth day since my embarkation; the nineteenth day, too, of my trying imprisonment and vexation, if that last word be not too strong for any sensations, which I have had, from the constancy of hostile winds, and the general prevalence of foul weather. I have besought the Lord much for his gracious interference for us; and the process of my own feelings, amidst these difficulties and disagreeables, has been very instructive and profitable. I dare not conceive a wish that our voyage, thus far, had been less difficult.

GIBRALTAR MISSION-HOUSE. — *Wednesday, Jan. 5, 1825.* It seems to me, that I never can forget the sensations, with which I first looked around me this morning on coming on deck. For about the last ten days, we have had unremitted easterly winds, which very remarkably set in just as we had weathered Cape St. Vincent's, as if Providence had intended to render the voyage throughout a school of trial and discipline. All this time we were, of course, within about 150 miles of the spot, for which I had been so long and so anxiously wishing, though utterly unable to reach it. During this interval, we saw much of the coast on both sides of the Gut, as Cape St. Mary's and round to Cadiz; and, as the wind abated, and by dint of perseverance, we got nearer, we very plainly saw the African coast, a long way to the South of Cape Espartel. It was now, indeed, an interesting engagement to behold the land; to me there was something almost strange in the land's bounding the sea, which for weeks I had been accustomed to look at bounded only by the sky. And then again, it was *the coast of Africa* literally rising in distinct view to

one unused to look at any land not English. I thought much of the history of Africa, and of its present state. I reflected upon its days of Christian glory, when all its northern coasts were covered with churches, and made the birth-places of many illustrious geniuses, the sees of many exemplary bishops, the scene of the pastoral labours of the great Augustine and Chrysostom, the place of the triumphant execution of many martyrs to the Christian faith, and, in a more excellent sense, the birth-places of many immortal souls, who dying unto sin were born again unto God. I could not help thinking also, of days long anterior to this; of the greatness, the commerce, the pride, the cruelty, and the idolatry of Carthage, as well as of its ruin and utter desolation; of the cradle and nursery of Asdrubal and Hannibal; of the brilliant, though terrible and murderous, struggles, successes, and triumphs of the younger Scipio; and of the cruel execution of many of its unsuccessful commanders. My eye glanced along the more northerly coast, and rested on Trafalgar. I remembered Nelson, his victory, and his death, the overthrow of the French and Spanish naval forces, and the consequent aggrandisement and glory of my own beloved native country. It was quite natural also, to reflect upon the present ruined state of Spain, its political convulsions, and its mental and moral degradation, the fate of France, and the overthrow of its late despotic, but great and semi-omnipotent Ruler. To be so near to the scenes of such events, as, by the bare report, had hitherto filled my mind with amazement, was indeed most interesting. But I forbear. I have taken my leave of political studies, and I must guard both my tongue and my imagination, as well as my pen, from them; for there is in them a fascination, which can drag most men away, in spite of themselves. Yet, oh! my beloved country, greater than all the others, happier and more enlightened than any, what has hitherto preserved thee, and what henceforward shall be thy security?—God,—thy religion,—and thy constitution. If the apprehensions be correct of those, who reason from the universal fate of faded and vanished empires to thy eventual overthrow and ruin, surely before that ruin can touch thee, thou wilt have abandoned the first of these, sacrificed the second, and destroyed the third. And who trembles not to think, that the elements of infidelity, of treason, and of apostacy, work so powerfully in the minds of many of thy sons? Yet from my very soul I do rejoice, that, in opposition to these, there are mightier principles at work, that they are divine, and that they shall prevail.

But, however such reflections as these might have occasionally served to occupy and divert the time of our detention before the mouth of the Straits, they could not prevent my feeling it exceedingly tedious to be kept so long in this situation; and indeed, to me it was becoming a matter of serious importance; for the style of living

on board was by no means favourable to my state of health, though a good appetite prevented my feeling so much the injury, which in reality I was sustaining. I had yesterday to betake myself, with very painful and almost desponding sensations, to special prayer. I implored, that a few hours of westerly wind might be graciously granted us; this was the very wind, which, by its long prevalence till we had passed Cape St. Vincent's, had been to us so much a source of apprehension. I pleaded earnestly the promise of answer to prayer urged in the name of Jesus Christ,—the late merciful successes which I had experienced,—and the exceeding probability which I felt, that a new answer would be greatly promotive of my faith and consequent growth in grace. I retired to bed, with the resolution to continue my supplications, but at the same time to yield myself fully to the will of the Lord. I awoke before break of day, mournfully supposing that we were still detained; but, upon looking through the window of my state-room into the cabin, I observed that the moon-beams came into the cabin from the stern-windows. Of course, the thought instantly struck me, that the ship's head must be nearly due eastward; and, therefore, that the wind must have shifted. I then looked out at the little air-hole which came into my cabin, and perceived the African coast extending from the west to the east-north-east, and I then no longer doubted that we were entering the Straits. I immediately threw my clothes over me, sprang upon deck, and heard from the captain the heart-reviving words:—‘A fair wind at last! You will now soon be on shore.’ Really, I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses; my joy was very great, and my gratitude to the Father of mercies, for this new act of condescension to my feeble faith, was certainly decided. I came upon deck, at a moment the most favourable for impression. The moon was about full, the sky most beautifully clear, and many stars, together with two blazing planets, were in the moon's track. It was just day-break too, and the eastern sky presented a very beautiful indication of the approach of the sun. Such a light as this, thrown upon the rugged African coast, presented it in all its connections, with all the novelty and singularity of enchantment; indeed, all seemed as if it were the realisation of fairy-land. The opposite coast is very steep, and had its lofty hills topped with dense clouds. Altogether, it was the most surprising and picturesque scenery that I ever beheld; the most like it, that I have seen, are some parts of Glamorganshire bordering upon the sea.

We soon obtained sight of the long desired Rock, with the recommendations almost of a Paradise, from the scenes of discomfort and distress which we had just escaped. Not long afterwards we entered the Bay, and the boat was lowered and manned to convey me on shore, to obtain leave to land my luggage. As the wind was now fair for the ship's passage up the Mediterranean, the captain was

very reluctant to come far into the Bay, and still more so to be detained. The mate, therefore, went with me, and we reached the shore after another proof of providential care: the point of the Rock, called the '*The Devil's Tongue*,' around which is the landing-place, stretches out for a considerable distance into the water, and the sharp, craggy rocks are but just beneath the surface; we were steering right upon them, and should certainly have struck, but that another boat, which was trying to get before us, actually did so, and went round the point; this we observed, and, upon following' her track, perceived the danger and avoided it.

The parcel, which I had from Mr. Butterworth, served for a good introduction to Mr. Pyne, the solicitor, to whom I presented it. He immediately opened it, and read the letter which it contained, and then, with truly Christian cordiality, bade me welcome; and, as I wished to go at once to Mr. Dixon's, he sent his son to shew me the way. I had supposed that Mr. D. was expecting me, and thought it likely, that if he had observed our ship come in, he would either have come or sent to meet me; but it seems that the only letter, by which any information of my appointment had been transmitted him, had never arrived; it reached Gibraltar some days after myself. In such circumstances, our meeting was of the most affecting kind. The realisation of what had before been the subject of our conversation, though with all the dimness of conjecture, and all the uncertainty of futurity and improbability,—our actual union as colleagues in the Ministry on Missionary ground, after trials on both sides of no ordinary description,—and many other considerations,—rushed on each of us, and made these first moments most peculiarly memorable, I think with gratitude of the cordiality and affection, with which both Mr. and Mrs. D. have received me; we are indeed closely and cordially united. Mr. D. and myself soon retired, and in the room, which is now my own, poured out our fervent thanksgivings to God, and prayers that He would command His blessing in Christ Jesus to preserve us, and to bless our union for personal, family, and relative, usefulness. In the evening, being requested to meet the congregation, I poured out the unstudied, but warm and grateful, effusions of my heart, before them and before the Lord, through Psa. cxvi. 1, 2. O God, the great Head of the Church! I am astonished at my present circumstances, and at my past unfaithfulness to thee; but Rom. v. 20. and Jer. xxxiii. 6—9.; here—here only, is the basis of my hope of piety and usefulness.

Gibraltar, Jan. 10, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS,

COMPARATIVELY happy as my present circumstances are, I cannot help being apprehensive, that this sheet will not reach you in time to save you from many hours of anxiety on my account. It pains me much to think, that, in consequence of the great length of time which our voyage occupied, and the tediousness of the period which must elapse before you can receive this letter, you will be kept in suspense as to the manner in which we fared through the late tempestuous weather. You at home can have a very inadequate conception of the feelings with which, on Wednesday evening last, I found myself once more safely landed, and in the bosom of a family that wants but the ties of blood to be to me as cordially, and as closely, united, as the families I have left behind.

And now, before I proceed a step in detail of what has transpired since my last from the Downs, somewhat more than forty days ago, I will pause to beg you to join me in fervent and grateful acknowledgments to Him, who has heard your many prayers and mine, in delivering me out of all the dangers of the voyage. I owe much, much more than I can fully describe, to the good Providence of God. Emancipated from great difficulties, favoured with such a commission, (Eph. iii. 8.) appointed to a climate the most favourable to my circumstances, associated with such a colleague as Mr. D., united to a family, by every member of which I am esteemed and loved, preserved through the perils of my protracted voyage without having materially suffered in health from the exposure, and, after all that Divine knowledge has ascertained in me of unspeakable unworthiness, permitted to open my dispensation of the Gospel as an acknowledged Methodist Preacher and Christian Missionary;—these are mercies so great, that I am astonished at their sum, and my soul, by the grace of God, joyfully devotes itself to the service to which I am appointed.

You will, of course, expect nothing in this sheet, but an account of my voyage. It has been very tempestuous, and certainly not without hazard. But I will, as nearly as possible, recount in order, as recollection shall supply. There was not much variety of incident in the voyage; but had there been more, it would have been impracticable, with the same sort of weather, to make many notes. During the far greater part of the time, writing was absolutely impossible, for even reading was extremely difficult; so that memory must furnish most of the information, which you will obtain.

I believe, I mentioned to you our having weighed for Gravesend from Blackwall on Sunday morning. We reached G. too late for Divine service on shore; and but for the accident, which occurred in coming

down the river, we should at once have sailed to the Downs. I think, I stated that a brig imprudently attempted to steer between ours and another vessel, while we were turning round, and as the sailors called it *in stays*, that is, incapable of steering out of her way. She bore down upon us and carried away our gib-boom, at the same time splitting her bow-sprit itself to the very midst of the thickest part, where it is fastened to the fore part of the ship. The gib-boom, though nearly as big as the small part of my body, was broken off like a tobacco-pipe; and that part of the bow-sprit, which was split through by the same stroke, is about three times as large as the gib-boom. From this, you may form some notion of the amazing force, with which bodies move upon the water; and you may conjecture the awfulness of the crash, which must take place, when a ship is wrecked upon the rocks. Vessels of very large tonnage are thus fractured and shivered to pieces with, not to speak figuratively, as little real difficulty as we should crack a nut-shell.

But here I begin to notice those instances of providential care, of which several toward us have been signally manifested. I believe, I informed you, that the injury, which our ship sustained, was repaired on the Lord's day. I did not at all like the sailing on that day, but this work of repairing was still less agreeable. However, it resulted to me in that happy employment of the remainder of the Sabbath, of which you already know. But, much as I enjoyed the kindness and Christianity of Mr. Gower and his family, had I then known that four other Sabbaths were to be spent in a manner so different, I should have valued my situation even far more than I did. I was not then aware, that the channel from Gravesend to the Downs is, in winter and stormy weather, very dangerous. Hence, had we gone on, we must have come to an anchor in far worse ground than at G., and this is much more seriously unpleasant work, than can appear to those who know nothing of the sea-faring life. To us, or perhaps I should rather say, to *me*, this was a matter of great importance, for the afternoon and night of Sunday, as well as the whole of Monday, were spent in a heavy gale of wind. It was one of a long continued series of westerly and south-westerly gales, which had already done incredible injury to the shipping on our eastern and southern coasts. It was, however, only the commencement of those gales, which were permitted to try us greatly, and to protract our voyage to three times an average length. You know, that I never had any partiality for the water, but my dislike to it now was increased every hour; indeed, my apprehensions were excited by the most distressing intelligence, which assailed us from every new comer, either on business or enquiry. I soon felt myself to have no refuge but in prayer, and no available hope but in God. While I was on the wharf at G., I entered into conversation with the watermen, and found them all dismayed at the late

fatal weather, and at the same time, from appearances, dismally foreboding its continuance. Our pilot was not a man of very cheerful habits, though in his profession he appeared very clever; yet it may be, that the calamities of others, and his own liability to similar, made him unusually serious. Sailing from G. to the Downs, I saw the top of a small ship's mast just rising above the surface of the water; and soon afterwards, the pilot called me up to see a large ship on shore, on a bed of sand a very few miles from us. Passing Margate sands, at a mere trifle of a distance, the very spot was shewn me, where, two years ago, a ship suddenly struck on the corner of a sand-bank, and then being by the next surge lifted up again, she was precipitated into deep water, overturned, and sunk. She had, however, just time to hang out blue lights as a signal of distress, but there was no opportunity for relief from the shore. The signal was observed, and, as she went down, the sails were seen by the light flapping in the wind. She sunk almost immediately, and, I believe, not one of the crew was saved. Not far from thence, the pilot shewed me the spot, in which, in the November of last year, he himself experienced a most marvellous escape, while piloting a ship to the Downs, through a gale of wind, in which, in order to save life, and with but little hope of that, they slipped both cables and anchors, and ran along a most dangerous sand-bank only a very few yards distant toward Sheerness.

We, however, were permitted to reach the Downs in safety, and with very pleasant weather for the time of year. As soon as we had cast anchor, the pilot took his leave, and I thought I could perceive on his part an anxiety to do so; but I am sure he anticipated bad weather, and he was certainly solicitous to rid himself, as early as possible, of all danger and responsibility. You know, perhaps, that a pilot, from the time he enters on board a vessel to that of anchoring in the place of his pilotage, has the entire command, and, of course, the full responsibility. Whether or not I was mistaken, as to the peculiar solicitude of our pilot to free himself from the charge of our ship, the event proved that my anticipations respecting the weather were but too true. Never shall I forget the dangers of this awful place; and never, as I think, shall I be able to feel reconciled to the idea of entering it again. With the pilot my last letter landed, and since that time you have, of course, heard nothing.

The Downs are a large sheet of sea, included on the land-side by a sort of bay formed by what the sailors call, *a bite in the land*, from its resemblance to the curve produced by biting a piece of bread. The more northerly point of this, is near Margate and Ramsgate, with beds of sand stretching along in different directions, so as to leave only narrow channels for the passage of vessels, which require daylight and a pilot to proceed in safety. The more southerly point is very near Dover: it is the point of land, a very little north of that

place, which stretches out into the sea; it bears the name of the South Foreland. The mouth of this Bay, of course, lies open to the German Ocean and the opposite coast; but it is not navigably open, because all along for many miles, that is, from quite near the South Foreland north-westward toward the North Foreland, lie the Goodwin Sands, which are a most dangerous and destructive bank, always having the sea breaking on them. At low water they are partially dry, and in blowing weather they form one of the most perilous of a seaman's dangers, in that extremely difficult navigation. From this imperfect description, I wish you clearly to understand, that at both ends of the Bay, that is, at both entrances of the Downs, the passage is very narrow, and there is need of the greatest care to accomplish it with safety; in fine light weather it is, of course, comparatively easy, but in dark nights and blowing weather the danger is very great. If the wind should be blowing strong from the west or south-west, there is, unless a ship hold her anchorage well, much risk of her going on the Goodwin Sands, and then destruction is almost inevitable; and indeed, if it should be blowing from the south, the danger from the same cause is likewise considerable. In this place there was a pretty good number of vessels at anchor, and we anchored on the outside of them, about opposite the two entrances of the Downs, and just where one might suppose the strength of the stream to be,—a situation which I was certainly surprised at the pilot's choosing, though for fine weather it might have been very well. The week before this, the *Bellina*, an outward-bound West India ship, was totally wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, only a very little way from us, and quite within sight. By a little way I mean, a very few miles; but a few miles at sea, and especially in a gale of wind, are a mere trifle.

I forget whether it was on the same morning our pilot left us, or the next, that the owner of the boat which took him ashore, came on board, and, in the course of conversation, gave us an account of the wreck of the *Bellina*. It appears that, having waited some considerable time for a wind, she took the advantage of a sudden shift, and sailed out of the Downs, of course at the southern-most entrance. The wind, however, soon got round again, blew violently from the westward, and drove her back. It was night before she arrived at the Foreland; it was also moonless, the gale was tremendous, and the sea of course exceedingly heavy. The consequence was, that she was driven too far to the eastward, and therefore struck upon the dreadful Goodwin Sands; she had just time to light up a signal of distress, but almost immediately went to pieces. The boatman, who related the circumstance to us, was among the few, who, seeing the lights, ventured out at the hazard of life, with a view, if possible, of rendering assistance, though, said he,—‘We could not get near her, because the sea was running so high and breaking over her. I saw the last man crawl over

the deck, just before she went to pieces ; and soon afterward, two of us saw two men on pieces of the wreck, and one went one way and the other another, and thus I saved the captain and a man, and the other boat saved another man. Besides these, only a boy was saved from the death, which swallowed up all the rest.' While he was giving us this account, every now and then, he as well as others, looked very bodingly around him, and expressed the opinion, that more such weather might be expected.

Let me here just say, that you, who have never truly been to sea, can form but very inadequate ideas of what a gale of wind means. You are in the habit of hearing the phrase, and you naturally connect it with your recollections of hard blowing weather ; but of the truth you are but little aware. Indeed the toil, and suffering, and danger, ordinarily connected with gales can be by landsmen but little estimated. But it was not an ordinary gale, that Providence was pleased to permit to come upon us in this terrible place. It blew exactly from the opening of the channel, through which our way lay : had it blown more from the westward, its force might have been somewhat broken by passing overland, though then our danger would have been increased from the Goodwin Sands directly behind us. But as it was, we lay all exposed to it ; and such were the dangers from the sands and shores behind us toward Margate, that the great probability is, that, had our anchorage failed, we must have been lost. The violent pitching of the ship over the heavy pressing sea, the strength of the current and tide, which for some hours was against us, and the horrible pressure of the wind, were altogether beyond my previous conception, and for it I have no power of description : and such a sky—so full of fury—I never before beheld ! It was not difficult to perceive, that every one on board was alarmed. I had been already sick, and, during part of this time, continued so ; but while the captain was down in the cabin looking at his chart, a tremendous noise occurred, like the snap and rush of a cable ; he immediately started up, sprung upon deck, and rushed to the forecabin, but found that it was only the forcing, by violent straining, of the remainder of the cable which was out. I had followed him to the deck, and the effect of the alarm upon me was such, that it instantly and entirely cured me of my sickness. The gale however increased, and with it the apprehensions of us all. Not far from us there was a large transport-ship bound with convicts to Botany Bay. Looking attentively at her, the captain observed that we were getting much nearer to her ; of course our anchor, instead of holding its bite, was dragging through the ground. I then heard him tell the mate,—‘ Let go the other anchor, for we are drifting fast !’ This was done, and, through the goodness of God, with success. In a few minutes, we saw that every vessel within view was drifting in the same way, and obliged to use the same means. The transport

herself, though, of course, rigged out in very superior style, was in just the same predicament. But all our precautions were insufficient, for the whole of the vessels, even afterward, drifted considerably, though much slower. Two smaller ones, and how many more I know not, were not so happy; but these two we saw, for they passed close by us. One of them especially, was in circumstances particularly alarming. She was a brig, which had parted one of her cables, and hung out lights of distress, right a-head of us. She then threw out her second anchor, and was for some time sustained by it; but presently that cable parted likewise, and she drifted down toward us, and passed us so near, that, notwithstanding the darkness and noise, we could both see the men on board, and hear them crying out. Here again the good Providence of God was manifested toward us; for, had she parted her cable only a few feet more to the eastward, she must have drifted down upon us, and the force of the contact would, undoubtedly, have torn us away, and reduced us to extremity. She, however, passed so near us, that we were obliged to shift our helm hard up, in order to let her go by without striking us. What became of her afterward, we know not, but it is very probable that she was lost; however, this I know, that, had we been in the same circumstances, our captain would have almost entirely calculated upon an utter wreck. As to ourselves, however, we were most mercifully enabled to ride out the storm; and the next day the wind shifting a little, we, along with many others, most gladly seized the occasion to get out of this horrible place.

I left the Downs, earnestly hoping never to re-enter them; for, if I could possibly avoid it, never would I again sail either up or down this dangerous and horrid channel. The wind soon proved foul once more, and kept us, for some days, unable to leave the English Channel and the eastern coast, so that we began to apprehend the necessity of returning to the detested Downs; however, with a favouring wind, which afterward sprung up, we were enabled to make one good day's sail, reaching down perhaps fifty miles below the Isle of Wight; but this terminated, for very many days, our good sailing. Nearly three weeks elapsed, before we could arrive at the Lizard's Point; and south-westerly winds still prevailing, we were compelled to quit the Channel to the northward, passing between the Land's End, and the Scilly Islands, along the entrance of the Bristol Channel toward Ireland. In these circumstances, I could not but think much, and very feelingly, of you all. I imagined myself much the subject of your conversation, your thoughts, and your prayers. I could not help fancying, that you might suppose my voyage nearly or quite terminated; and that you might, therefore, be cherishing an elevation of sentiment about me, which you would be far from feeling, if you knew that I was so near you, and had not properly commenced the passage. But then

too, I thought that feeling an interest in the weather, greater than usual, you would come to understand its unfavourableness, and the impossibility of proceeding on my voyage; and thus, that you would either calculate on our being somewhere in port, or else exposed to all the nameless perils, to which, if even truth gave existence, imagination would supply additional terrors. The latter, I sometimes could not help fearing was the most likely, as you would naturally expect, that, if put into any port through stress of weather, I should be sure to write you thence. However, I had the benefit of your prayers; for, I am sure, that the effects of the fervent supplications offered to heaven in my behalf, followed me, and both preserved me in danger, and supplied me with those spiritual supports to which I was soon obliged to have recourse, when every thing else failed to render any adequate assistance.

I believe, you know that I had a particular dread of passing the Bay of Biscay, especially at this time of the year; and, notwithstanding my mind was pretty fully made up to yield myself entirely, and without querulousness, to the disposal of the great Head of the Church, I could not feel altogether divested of anxiety about entering the Bay. However, we did enter it, and that without my perceiving it, on Sunday morning the 19th of December. Though the wind was still foul, the weather was pretty fine, and I preached to the sailors on the deck, with a sail drawn up the rigging, on the windward side, to keep off the freshness of the wind. While the service continued, the wind got more to the westward, and freshened considerably, and thus commenced that, which, in part from my own ignorance, and in part from the many frightful relations I had heard on the subject, I had most dreaded in my voyage, a strong gale of wind from the westward in the Bay of Biscay.

In order to understand the circumstances in which we were placed, if you will take a map of Europe, you will perceive that the coast of France stretches from north to south in a curve, which gives to the sea, included within it, the name of a Bay; when a westerly wind blows, the coast on the eastern side, forms what the sailors term *a lee-shore*. Now in our case you will remember, that, having had a long prevalence of westerly winds, we entered the Bay much nearer the land than was at all desirable. Yet our captain evidently hoped, that, as the wind had moderated, we might run down the Bay without any great risk. However, the forementioned heavy gale setting in from the west, we could carry no sail at all, and were obliged of course *to lay to*, that is, to turn the ship's head as nearly as possible to the wind, and endeavour to ride out the storm. But you will easily conceive, that, thus situated with the sea running in such vast waves, we could not avoid being ourselves considerably drifted towards the shore. At the same time, we were now so deep in the Bay, that escape, either to the

north or south, was impossible, and there was no probability of our being able to get with safety into any port which the Bay presents; and had we failed in the latter part of this alternative, and the gale continued without abatement, we must, of course, have gone ashore, and been entirely wrecked. There was the greater danger of this, as our ship was so extremely light, and the captain calculated that we were drifting upwards of two miles an hour.

What I am now going to write, I do as a matter of duty and gratitude, in order to procure your thankful acknowledgments to the Almighty, who 'rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.' Though too refined for infidelity, mole-eyed as it is, there is discrimination in the ravages of the tempest, as well as in the death-wounds of the field of battle. As there is some reason, why the bullet passes one individual, and why it strikes another; so also, there is some reason, why one ship founders in the storm, and why another rides it out, and proceeds in safety. However, with regard to myself, I did not expect to escape the death, which at that time appeared before me; and I consequently set myself most seriously to prepare for the awful catastrophe. But I will copy some minutes, which I noted within a day or two after our most merciful and memorable deliverance.

Dec. 24.—It is now Friday; but where is the pen to fill up with accuracy the interval between the last and the present record? Yet here we are, with a sky serene, a sea comparatively smooth, a wind permitting the ship to steer her course, and all is well. Last Sunday morning we entered the Bay. For several previous days we had only light airs, indeed sometimes we had been almost becalmed, only the little wind which we had was contrary. It was also observed, that though the wind, more than once or twice, became fair for us, yet, on such occasions, there was not enough to fill our sails; whereas, when it shifted against us to the west or south-west, it was almost sure to blow in very strong breezes, ending in a gale, during which we were compelled to *lay to* under almost bare poles. On Sunday, there was just such a contrary breeze, which freshened while I was conducting divine service with the sailors. During the whole of the ensuing night, and the two following days, it continued increasing, until at length it raised and agitated the sea into swells, which to me, a novice, were very formidable. In the evening of Tuesday, it seemed for a little while to die away, the mate and the carpenter informing me that the heart of the gale was broken. The captain however observed in the black and stormy clouds a white one, rising to the windward; this, he said, portended either less wind or a great deal more; and the latter, in the order of Providence, verified the interpretation. He likewise remarked, that we were now about the middle of the Bay; and that, during the former days, we had drifted considerably

to the eastward. Thus matters were when this gale began from the west-south-west.

If, with the coolness and the consciousness of perfect safety, I could have surveyed the scene which now ensued, I can scarcely conceive of any thing that would have appeared more truly grand and sublime. The blowing was indeed tremendous, and my sensations soon became exceedingly awful. The sky frequently changing its appearance, sometimes expressing the most awful blackness and anger, and at others, broken into clouds which the sun illuminated, and exceedingly varied in beauty; but especially, the sea moving in such tremendous agitation, as filled me with the most indescribable emotions. At once I ceased to wonder at the hyperbolical accounts, which we have heard, of waves running mountains high; for it is a fact, that seas far higher, and full as long as whole streets in a city, moved one after another in continued succession for many hours. One great advantage, however, in the Bay of Biscay is, that the waves, great as they are, seldom break; for such immense masses of water as these, if they were to break upon a ship, must inevitably bear her down to destruction at a blow. The vessel, in which I was sailing, was really tossed about with so much ease, and it appeared so diminutive and insecure in the presence of such moving masses, that I was utterly amazed, not only at the greatness and the power of God, but also at the temerity which can induce man to brave the dangers of the sea, as well as at the ingenuity which teaches him to do it, in the majority of cases, with success. But to pursue my notes;—

We of course *laid to*; but the labouring of the ship was to me very distressing, though the sailors said, that she rode remarkably easy in such a gale. This indeed must have been true, for seldom did the sea dash over us in any considerable quantity. But I was obliged to lay myself down flat upon the cabin-floor, unable to sit, stand, or kneel, in consequence of the violence of the motion. And in this situation I was frequently thrown with incredible violence against the opposite side of the cabin. Several times I was considerably hurt, and once especially, I knocked my forehead and eye so violently against a beam, which supported a puncheon of rum, as for some seconds to half-stun me. My usual station, however, was in the companion-stairs, for there I could stand with the greatest ease; and there I spent very many hours of the day and night, from the beginning to the end of the voyage.

Day-light brought us no relief, and the morning found me in a state of feeling, which I hope never to forget. Escape from the Bay was impossible, we were drifting fast towards the land, and shipwreck stood stark before me. Whatever may be the influence upon a human heart of removed danger or the lapse of time, I wish never to forget

that to me shipwreck was then the most probable issue of my situation ; and again and again I had to retire, and try to be prepared for that event. But I wish it to be particularly understood, that the apprehensions, which I then had, were not the result of a hurried and violent excitement of fear, for nothing of the sort occurred ; I thought deliberately, felt coolly, and moved and talked with perfect self-possession ; but it was the coolness which looked reality in the face, and felt that it was reality. I felt as if death were before me, and that I should soon be a disembodied spirit before the naked eye of my God and Judge.

Is it possible that I shall ever cease to remember, either the goodness of God my Saviour, in preserving me at that time from despair, and breathing into my soul a measure of supporting hope that I should be raised from a watery grave to be with Him in glory ; or the keen and distressing sense that I had of the unfaithfulness, which has worse than wasted the greater part of my life ? ‘ Nothing,’ said I to myself again and again, ‘ nothing lies now between me and the immediate presence of the Redeemer, eternal refuge from sorrow, fear, pain, and sin, and restoration to the society of my dearest wife, mother, and sister ;—nothing but a little of this water ; one,—one only of these waves would be enough. I should in an instant be insensible, till the sensations burst upon me of a spirit which can be insensible no more !’ But oh ! how painful were the reflections of my backsliding from God, and the want of that communion with Him which results in grateful faith, and love, and joy ! These feelings, indeed, were not new, nor were they excited by the peculiar circumstances of the moment ; but they certainly became at that time more pointed and definite, and I was allowed to perceive, that I might be justly admitted to approach the very confines of eternity, without any of those vivid and consolatory supports, which, in such moments, are the peculiar and needful privileges of the faithful children of God. Often did I labour, and, blessed be the God of Ephraim ! with some relief, to cast myself and my whole burden upon the Lord. I then reflected closely on the freeness of salvation, the privileges of faith, and the positive and extensive promises to believing prayer ; and, as the day advanced and the storm increased, I felt myself more and more unable to yield to the thought, that I should be called in this manner to die. I therefore determined to plead boldly and importunately with the Lord for a change of the wind. I relate only simple matters of fact, and I believe that what occurred, happened when and as it did, in answer to prayer. I threw myself upon my knees, and I wept and prayed before God. I entreated for resignation, and I pleaded the blood and intercession of Jesus for grace to support me, and for faith to ask successfully. With the full intention of following, as I could, the example of my glorious Lord, my language was :—‘ O my

Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but if it may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done! I will drink it as I am able.' Then I strongly pleaded for a change of the wind to the north-west, which would admit of our escape from the Bay. I urged my full belief, that God 'holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand,'—that He Himself had given permission to His disciples to ask such things in the name of the Redeemer,—and that I did so from my very soul. I implored an answer to this prayer, believing that it would be for my real interests and for His glory. And in the name of Jesus I entreated, that the answer might confirm my faith and hope. I then arose and went upon deck, but found no alteration. I however kept earnestly looking to the Lord, and imploring an answer.

In asking temporal benefits there is, of course, great caution necessary; but I make these two remarks:—1. That there is a wide difference between asking for mere gratifications, and imploring deliverances from imminent dangers; 2. That a Christian, in the very process of pleading with God, is often made to feel whether his prayer is admitted, and whether he may plead with increased liberty and power. Sometimes in prayer he feels in such a manner, as to know that he shall not have what he asks; while at others, he may be certain that fulfilment waits upon him. Amidst various fears of presumption, and hopes produced by faith in the power and willingness of God to bless me, it was in the latter of these two ways that I felt.

I again retired, and repeated my fervent supplication; and then, with a peculiarity of influence which made me feel that it was of God, I had powerfully impressed upon my mind that assurance:—'*Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry!*' I then again left my cabin comforted, and determined to await the fulfilment of my prayer; for I could plainly feel, that it was permitted to come up acceptably before God. I had resumed my old place, the companion-stairs, not more than ten minutes, still earnestly looking up to God, when the captain came up to me, and whispered in my ear,—'The wind has shifted, 'tis getting round to the north-westward!' I was so affected, that I instantly left the deck, and gave vent to a heart very unusually charged with gratitude and joy. The gale quickly abated, and, as soon as the violence of the sea had a little subsided, we tacked, hoisted one piece of sail after another, and steered west by south, the wind being nearly in the north.

The next morning, there was every probability of the wind's failing again, and, as we were not yet out of the Bay, another westerly wind would have still locked us in. The captain was again full of anxiety, and I, renewing the means of the past day, fervently pleaded every hour with God. He again heard and graciously answered. The wind got

back to the north, north-north-west, or north-west all day ; and the consequence is, that we have now escaped from this terrible Bay, having this morning cleared Cape Finisterre ; and, though the wind has got back again to the westward, it now allows us to proceed in our course. I believe that these were special and manifest answers to prayer, and, by the grace of God, I will through life acknowledge this and glorify Him.

Jan. 19.—I have still precisely the same views, and am persuaded that, though the discipline of this voyage has been exceedingly painful, both before and after these events ; yet all has been intended, so far as I am concerned, to bring me into the exercise of those principles of faith, and hope, and intercourse with God, which are capable of stimulating to a life of practical piety. At the same time I feel, that hitherto they have been very sadly dormant within my breast.

But my reason for describing so particularly to you the above answers to prayer, is, that I solemnly believe it my duty to encourage your faith, and that of my other friends, in God and His Son Jesus Christ ; who would, I am persuaded, much more extensively hear and answer prayer than we are accustomed to imagine, if we only sought Him with full purpose of heart, and with the faith which He would enable us to exercise. I invite your joy with me, not only in the fact of my deliverance from the storm, though that is a much greater mercy than I can describe or you imagine ; but in the consequent impression on my soul of the truth, the power, and the value, of that religion, which is now and then illustrated in our private history, by incidents which decisively affect us as individuals, even though confined to our own knowledge and experience. What the world would say about this, and the other facts of my voyage, I neither know nor care. I am not to be governed by the false views and maxims of unspiritual men. I have now, more than ever, done with such characters, and with gratitude I renew to our Heavenly Father the dedication of my poor and worthless, yet in desire at least, entire heart and life, for time or for eternity.

I must now, however reluctantly, draw to a close. We were detained a long time before the mouth of the Straits, by a dead easterly wind, which set in just after we had with so much perplexity weathered those which proceeded from the opposite points. We entered Gibraltar Bay on Friday morning, the 5th inst., and, after a vexatious detention by the officers, I had the great comfort of setting my foot once more upon an unmoving base, a bliss which I had never before properly felt. I immediately hastened away to find my dear and excellent friend, the Rev. James Dixon. Having called on a Mr. Pyne, a gentleman to whom Mr. Butterworth had given me a letter of introduction, and whose residence I found near the landing-place, he sent his son to shew me the way to the Mission-House.

There is a flight of stone steps, leading from the street up to the area of the dwelling-house, which is situated on the side of the Rock, adjoining the Chapel. On those steps was seated, among a group of Spanish children, little Mary Dixon. I can give you no adequate idea of the double pleasure, which I felt in once more treading upon *terra firma*, and in recognising a countenance which bore some affinity to home. As soon therefore as I saw her, being overjoyed, I called out and sprang towards her, alarming and scouting by my violence, the little group of chattering jargonists. Mr. D.'s study is so situated, as to be the room nearest the steps, and, having instantly heard my voice, he immediately sprang out, absolutely trembling with surprise and joy; for, having had no intimation of my appointment, he of course was not at all expecting me. The only words which he could articulate, were—'Oh, dear! dear!' The next moment we were locked in each other's arms; how long we remained in this situation I do not know, but without being able to utter a syllable, each leaned his head upon the other's shoulder, and wept with joy. The child too, as if able to sympathise with us, clung to us both without speaking a word. It was some considerable time, before conversation could become free. It was one of the most memorable and affecting days of my life; for, what a concurrence of circumstances had been needful to bring me here! and what a concurrence of circumstances now surrounded me! You must imagine how welcome I was. Mrs. D. received me like a Mother, and I have the delightful feeling that I contribute greatly to their domestic happiness. In fine, I am, in all respects of an earthly nature, most comfortable.

Mr. D. is much esteemed and beloved here, the people know and value his worth, and his residence among them will, I am sure, be eminently useful. He and I are now studying Spanish together very closely, and we begin to feel that we make some progress. I hope to be able soon to converse in the language, and, if the Lord should favour me with health, I expect within six months to compose for the pulpit. As a foreign language, the Spanish is not difficult; though, of course, it is never a trifle to acquire a new language with the fluency and correctness necessary for public purposes. If, in the time above-mentioned, I am able to compose and read from the pulpit, it will be as much as I can anticipate; yet thus much is the task which I have assigned myself, and I am applying accordingly. The people are greatly delighted at my arrival, and the grace is at present given me to perceive, that they are prepared of the Lord to receive me as His messenger, and to love me for my work's sake.

But the poor Spaniards are my special object, and they indeed are in a wretched moral condition. My prospects among them, though valuable, present nothing very flattering to the view, and indeed how should they? From the situation and character of the place, it ap-

pears to me, that the probability of extensive usefulness is not great ; the people are by no means inquisitive about religion, they seem quite satisfied to be earthly, and to live as they list ; but where are they not so ? However, through the pious labours of a good man, who is a Local Preacher in the Spanish language, there are some few who appear excited to a true concern for their souls. Among these, is a Spanish refugee Priest, who seems effectually turned from the follies and idolatries of his former polluted and abominable Church. Perhaps, and here my strongest fears take their ground, I shall not be either pious, or zealous, or active enough, to be very useful ; and this will certainly be the case, unless I receive greater power from on high than I have ever yet experienced.

My health is better than it was. My rest was so much broken, that it suffered a little on the voyage ; however, it is now much better than when I left home. The change of climate has been most grateful and advantageous to me, and the benefit is likely to be very decisive. The climate here is now like our June ; every thing is in full bloom ; the common hedges, which are all of the finest geraniums I ever saw, are many of them covered with blossoms ; and oranges and lemons are hanging on the few trees, which the Rock supports, like apples and pears in an English orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. D. join me, with the fervour of true brotherhood, in every kind and respectful feeling to you all. I think I love you all more than ever ; and my separation from you has, more than ever, impressed upon my mind holiness, heaven, and eternity. Farewell. ‘ Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you,’ and to

Your most affectionate

Son and Brother,

WILLIAM BARBER.

CHAPTER X.

Description of Gibraltar—And of the Wesleyan Society and Congregation—Prospects among the Spaniards—Persecution of two British Officers for Conscience's sake—Promising Commencement of a Spiritual Work among the Spanish Catholics—Study of the Spanish Language—Providential Deliverance from imminent Danger—Effects of a Change of Climate—Low State of real Religion in Gibraltar—Loss of the Vessel in which he took his Voyage.

To his elder Brother.

Gibraltar, Jan. 21, 1825.

VERY DEAR AQUILA,

* * * * *

OF the situation of Gibraltar, your knowledge must be tolerably correct from the maps, and I do not know that I can much illustrate its shape. You may remember that projecting rock at Weston-super-Mare, which stands at the left of the beach, reaching out from Uphill to a considerable distance in the water, and thus forming the southern side of the piece of water which might be called the Bay of Weston. In some respects the Rock and Bay of Gibraltar resemble this; the former being somewhat similarly shaped, only much higher and larger. The end which adjoins the mainland is almost perpendicularly precipitous, and approachable only over a narrow and flat bed of sand, which English industry has tinged with some hues of verdure, and occupied by several good houses. This tract of land is commanded by batteries, which have the power of sweeping off at a stroke whatever would venture within their reach. Shall I gain any thing for illustration by an outline without rule, and of course without proportions?

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You will observe, that I pretend to no accuracy in this hasty sketch. I have used it, chiefly to convey some idea of the relation of the Rock to the Bay and the opposite shore; and for the sake of remarking, that the side of the Rock next the Bay is the part prin-

cipally inhabited. On the Mediterranean side there is a place called Catiline Bay, with a village and a military station. As you enter the Bay of Gibraltar, the appearance of the Rock is certainly interesting, standing out as it does from the neighbouring land, as if made on purpose to command the entrance of the sea. Though in its sterility, it has resemblance enough to the surrounding barbarous, uncultivated, and unproductive scenery to intimate its kindred ; it is impossible for the eye to avoid speedily fixing on the indications of improvement and of wealth, which all along the shore make it the very reverse of every thing near it. The distinction, which I have marked of the Town from the South, is very observable from the water. The town is situated on the interior of the Rock, next to the main-land ; and owing to the steep slope of its site, the changes of its history, the blended civil and military character of its possessors, and the mixed medley of its inhabitants, with their various national habits, it presents no appearance of order, and makes no impression of consistency or regularity. Its houses are crowded, its streets narrow, its windings intricate, and its population swarming. The pleasantest part of the Rock is that which from its position is denominated '*The South* ;' and the superior pleasantness of this part, arises from its being the result of British arrangement and labour. The military barracks, stores, hospitals, and stations, as well as the dock-yard with its appendages, present a fine appearance from the entrance of the Bay ; and must be a most galling spectacle, from the opposite side, to any spark of Spanish patriotism, which, if it be not utterly extinguished, may occasionally arise in the breasts of the poor inhabitants of Spain. Houses of chiefly military residents extend here and there, almost all the way, between the Town and the South, which is nearly an hour's walk. General Don, the Lieutenant-Governor, who has conducted himself here with the most manly and liberal public spirit, and thus won the gratitude and esteem, I should think, of every body ; has recently made improvements, which have occupied a considerable space in this interval with a grand parade and beautiful public gardens. That space, which was formerly as rugged and barren as the rest of the Rock, has now its cavities filled up and its asperities cut down ; and it presents to the eye walks, of which all the hedges are geraniums in perpetual blossom, and beds of flowers and shrubs, mostly the spontaneous growth of the climate, but known in England only in the green-house or the hot-house. The prospect from any part of the Rock must, of course, to a stranger, be impressive ; and his first emotions must be those of delight, especially after the fatigues and disagreeables of a voyage ; but I suspect, that the interest must soon wear down. There are here no cultivated lands, to present the varying tints of spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter ; but all is rocky, and barren, and sun-burnt. There are no great roads

teeming with the activities of intercourse, and sending the circulation of industrious life to the extremities. There are no manufacturing districts sending forth their multitudes to regulated labour, and giving at once the conviction and the security of wealth well employed. There are indeed two Spanish towns in sight, that is, assemblages of houses, the poor inhabitants of which have little or nothing to recommend them, except that they are immortal beings, who know neither how to live nor how to die. Over the southern end of the Rock, and bounding the south-west extent of our view, the African coast is in sight, but it is too distant to be distinct; and thus, of course, it happens that, but for the ingress and egress of shipping, there would be, indeed, but little variety to feed the appetite for change. But even this is a sort of variety, which a little use of course familiarises. From amidst themselves, therefore, and from home are to be drawn the supplies, which must keep the inhabitants of Gibraltar from the putrefaction of dissolute habits, or the senseless evaporation of an almost unoccupied life. The intercourse with Spain is very trifling; indeed, so far as I have hitherto learnt, it is almost absolutely a mere nullity as to information of any kind. Hence we are here shut up from the world, and all our means of acquaintance, even respecting the condition or transactions of our nearest neighbours, are derived through the country which holds the keys of our gates. This was not so much the case, I understand, till since the abhorred and disastrously successful interference of France in the affairs of Spain; by which the former has occupied the latter, not only with her troops, but with her manufactures, to the exclusion of those which are British. The result of this is, that Gibraltar is considerably reduced in its commercial importance, and almost all its trade is clandestine and smuggled.

Of our Society, &c. it is not my intention at present to say much. I choose rather to let my remarks be the subject of close and more accurate knowledge. Taking the terms in the sense usually assigned them, I should say, that the influence and respectability of Methodism here, are not of so high a rank as, some how or other, I had apprehended them to be. It has to struggle against all those opponents, which, in every other part of the world, result from the carnal mind, and hold evangelical religion in inferiority and seclusion. I do not know that this is much to be regretted; I am sure it is not, unless religion have first changed the character of society from its sinfulness and sensuality. The great majority of the civil population here are Spaniards, Roman Catholics of course; and as they hold but little or no intercourse with the English, except when needed by business, and even then talking in a foreign language, Methodism has not existed for them. Of the English inhabitants, far the greater number are, in the very lax interpretation of the phrase,

members of the Church of England; consequently, the fashionable ones at least, go, on the Lord's-day morning, to the Convent, which is now used as a Church by the Garrison Chaplain. And, smilable as it might well seem to the Bond-Street Beaux and Belles of the Metropolis, the tide of fashion here runs so strong, and deviations from it are so marked and known, that they must have much greater strength of nerve than is usually shared by a body tinselled out in all the vanities of dress, or even by the soul within such a body, who can dare to obey, or to feel, or to think of those tremendous things, which make a man struggle as he ought, and triumph as he may. You may guess at the power of the infection of this evil, when I tell you, that scarcely any man comes out from England without losing, not only all his religious feelings, if he had any, however strong or active they may have seemed to himself and others, but also the moral restraint of his corrupt propensities. We have some melancholy proofs of this under our own notice. I do not know that ———, whom you must well remember, lives in any habitual vice, but he is no longer a Methodist, and he seldom attends the house of God. He seems imbued with the spirit of the world, and, at least occasionally, joins in all its fashionable follies. There is another young man, who came not very long since from Liverpool or Manchester, full of zeal, and desires, and plans for doing good; but alas! 'a deceived heart hath turned him also aside.' The former of these has called on me, and invited me to renew our acquaintance; I shall do so, earnestly praying that God may give me the grace and the opportunity of doing them both some benefit. The choice people of our Society appear to be of the common soldiers and non-commissioned officers. Of these a considerable number attend the chapel, and the line of usefulness appears to run almost entirely among them. The officers of higher rank seldom come among us. ——— has indeed long been an active and determined friend of the cause, though not a member of society; and a surgeon of one of the regiments generally attends on Sunday evenings. But the existence of vital piety in an officer is very precarious;—his situation becomes distressing;—and the persecution he has to endure is very galling: in fact, he must either resign his commission, or almost every comfort of existence. There is a ——— of ———, who has just now been compelled, by the impossibility of living in this place, to resign, in consequence of his becoming truly and decidedly a Christian.

But to return:—Our Chapel will hold, I should think, about two thirds as many persons as that in Guinea-Street, Bristol. We have, perhaps, from two to three hundred hearers on a Sunday morning, and the chapel is filled on the Sunday evening. In the South there is erected a neat room, in which there is preaching only on Thursday evenings; the number of members is continually varying a little, but

sometimes large sweeps are made by the removal of the soldiers; at present it stands at about seventy. But you will, of course, demand what prospects are before me as a Spanish Missionary. In this light I must consider myself, because there is absolutely not more work than enough for the attention of one English Preacher. There are comparatively few of the influential Spanish emigrants here, and, were they ever so numerous, my ignorance of their language would exclude me from intercourse with them. However, I am labouring to surmount this difficulty with as much expedition as possible, and I hope to be able to talk within three months, and to preach, at least by reading, within six. But will there be a congregation to hear me?—This is the grand question, and the undisguised reply must be, that there is little hope of more than from eight to twelve persons at first. I calculate thus minutely from the fact, that we have already a truly good man who speaks Spanish well, and who is a Local Preacher. He preaches in that language every Thursday evening in the Chapel, and the number above stated generally comprehends his congregation. Brother Quierell, for that is his name, is very active in his pious endeavours to bring the poor deluded Spaniards to the knowledge of the truth. He visits them from house to house, and converses and prays with them. His conduct, from all I see and hear, appears exceedingly prudent and inoffensive; and there is the best reason to believe, that he must be useful. I am much inclined to fear, that I shall be his inferior in piety, zeal, and success. The time is not long that he has been preaching to them; but he tells me, that there are already four or five persons, who would, as he believes, gladly join in class, if there were a Spanish Society formed, and a regular Minister to meet them. May the Lord of His mercy approve, and speedily render me capable of sustaining this happy office! What sort of advance I shall make, in the sight of God or the Church, in the patient, humble, plodding obscurity, which circumstances will need, I cannot predict and dare not calculate. But He, who knows my heart, sees that I desire thankfully to embrace the measure of His grace appointed me, and to proceed according to the whole of its length and circuit. I wish that a better anticipation of this could be founded on a state of piety decidedly and rapidly improving. But I feel myself painfully deficient in yearning love for the souls of men, perishing, as they are, all around me. Oh, that God may awaken and arouse me! Do not desist from praying in my behalf, that this may be the case.

* * * * *

Your very affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

To the Rev. George Morley, one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missions, in London.

Gibraltar, Feb. 1, 1825.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

MY privilege in writing for the first time to you as Secretary, is, under present circumstances, very great. 'Through a great and terrible wilderness' of former life, the Lord has led me to a spot, which for me is on many accounts exceedingly desirable; and He has placed me in the bosom of a family, which receives me as a Friend and a Brother, and toward which I can feel the most sincere esteem and affection; and, more than every thing else, He permits me here to cherish the hopes, as well as to sustain the responsibility, of a Minister of the truth of the Gospel,—of a Methodist Preacher,—of a Christian Missionary. I know not, my dear Sir, what is in the future; but, were it even not wrong to indulge conjectures, the knowledge, which I have gained of myself through the past, would make me afraid of the employment. However, upon me, surely more than upon men in general, there lies a debt of gratitude and devotion, which a life the most holy and zealous would fail to discharge. Will the Lord enable me to fulfil my wishes? Oh, could I get beyond them into all His fulness in Christ Jesus! Then, assuredly, there would be far better security than I have at present for that personal experience, activity, self-denial, and usefulness, in the absence of which I ought never, without a blush, to hear myself called a Missionary.

Lest it should hereafter escape me, let me be permitted at once to express to each of the Secretaries my deliberate and affectionate thanks, for the great kindness which I have experienced from them, through the whole process of the business that has led to my present appointment. The Lord, indeed, intimately governs the affairs of His Church upon earth, but my obligations to His agents are not the less on that account. I revert to the long, long dreary period, which I have spent in sorrow, doubt, deferred hope, and all those mixed anxieties, which, in a professed Christian, make up a state of deep, and it may be of criminal, depression; and I think of the effect of all upon my health, as well as my probable unfitness for any useful employment, and I almost wonder at the goodness of God in allowing, and the venture of the Committee in adopting, the measure which has placed me here. I must also add an expression of the sincerest acknowledgment for the comforts, with which I have found myself surrounded, in consequence of the arrangements made for me, and the supplies of my outfit. I do not think lightly of other things, but I find especially, that my little library has received several valuable additions by the works with which I have been furnished.

Our passage from London to this place was very stormy and anxious. * * * * *

I hope never to forget some deep heart-searchings, through which I was at this period led ; nor some very manifest and assuring answers to prayer which, beside materially assisting my faith and hope in the gracious presence and blessing of God, I trust, did me some lasting good. Among the most important benefits, which I received from 'the pitifulness' of the great Redeemer, I cannot but remark, that I was kept from all painful anxiety about the propriety of my being where I was, in the character which I now sustain. The query was again and again suggested ; but, as often as that was the case, I was sustained by the deep conviction, that should I be called before the Divine tribunal even by shipwreck, my having obeyed a call to the solemn work of a Missionary would prove no source of condemnation. * * * * *

You may be surprised, my dear Sir, at my having said so little of the religious state of the people here ; but I have purposely avoided it. Of the English department of the work, accounts more accurate and interesting than I could present, will, of course, be furnished by Mr. Dixon. The Spanish is almost entirely to begin ; I say *almost*, because I suppose you are aware, that preaching in that language is already commenced by a Local Preacher here. It is, indeed, attended by but few Spaniards, though perhaps they are quite as many as could have been anticipated ; and he gives accounts of several persons who appear sincerely enquiring after 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' Of the piety of this Local Preacher, Mr. Quierell, I have formed a high opinion ; I should be glad to equal this, as well as his modesty. His views too of the Spaniards themselves, and of the best means of interesting them in the truth, seem to me, so far as my limited intercourse with him has allowed me the power of judging, quite consistent. But I know little, indeed almost nothing from actual observation, though nothing but actual observation will satisfy me. I am at present closely and diligently studying the language. I wish to surmount all its difficulties, if I can, before the extremely hot weather. I hope to begin conversing soon, but am determined to be master, if possible, of the language in the pulpit. May it please the Author of life, to cause his grace to abound toward me in health, and the more important and spiritual qualifications of which I have the utmost need ! In order, then, to make any communications about the Spaniards, I wait till I can talk and enquire among them for myself. If the Lord continue my life as a Missionary, I mean to adopt as my motto for reports of all kinds,— '*Ne quid nimis.*' I hope this will never induce me to be satisfied with little. Yet there are on my mind at present two general impressions, relating to the work among the Spaniards here : the first is, that their state of mind and character is most unpromising to the

labours of truly spiritual Protestantism; and the second, that intercourse with the wretched Parent country, though stretching its melancholy hills every day and hour so before our sight as to excite none but painful feelings, is so nearly a non-entity, that all reasonable expectation of useful influence, in any direct form, seems hopeless. But where did a Missionary ever plant his foot, unless in the midst of difficulties? Has he not always gone to find them, and to foil and master them? Oh, that the qualities, which I bring to follow such examples, were of a more promising character! Let me, however, constantly enjoy the happiness of feeling myself sustained by your prayers, and stimulated by your instructions and advice, as

Your affectionate and obedient

Son and Servant in the Lord Jesus,

W. BARBER.

P. S. I should have observed that the Captain conducted himself with the greatest propriety toward me. This was conspicuous in his joining me every night in prayer when the weather would permit, though it was often with great difficulty; and especially in his solicitude for Divine worship on the Lord's day. Thus there was nothing to prevent this part of my duty on any Sunday that I was on board, except one; yet I cannot flatter myself with any permanently beneficial effect, though all but one individual were attentive, and some seemed serious and even affected. Whether the word of God reached any of their hearts, *that day* shall declare.

Journal continued.

Thursday, Feb. 3.—Took tea with company but little conducive to my comfort. Very ignorant, conceited, and dissolute young men, provoke me to contempt and severity. But would this be the case, were I not myself proud? Alas! this is one of my most inveterate evils. I have felt and spoken wrong. I should have been moved to pity. Hearing Mr. D. this evening at the South, I felt the evil of sermonising when I should have been listening. Between whiles, however, I felt the danger of falling into the hands of the living God, amidst unhealed backsliding and unremoved impurity. Lord pardon me! What am I?

Saturday, Feb. 5.—Spent three hours this evening in most agreeable society; it was the happiest, and most truly Christian, social intercourse which I have had upon the Rock. Great interest too was connected with it. There were present, Mr. A., late Captain in the Artillery, one of the officers lately cashiered by a court-martial, for

refusing to obey an order to assist at a popish ceremony in Malta; Mr. B., late Lieutenant in the Artillery, whom the petty but incessant persecutions, which for conscience' sake he has experienced from his brother officers, have compelled him to resign his commission; Mr. ———, an apparently amiable young officer in the artillery; Mr. Pyne, and Mr. Dixon, besides myself. Mr. A. appears a gentleman of the most amiable piety and manners. His simplicity, his good sense, his decidedly religious character and conversation, his faith, his humility, his judicious piety, and his hearty forgiveness of his persecutors, kept me in one perpetuated blush of conscious inferiority. O how truly little am I in such company! He too is recently a widower; he gave us an affecting statement of the death of his lady. I love to listen to such details, though they revive the memory of my own past incidents. I never hear them, without feeling my soul stirred up to a grateful recollection of the mercy, shewn in the particulars of my dearest wife's death to herself and to me, notwithstanding all my unbelief and rebellion of heart. I plainly see, that in these things there was to me the greatest condescension. Oh! when shall I, on this subject, reach that blessed state of feeling, which Mr. A., and others, have so richly exemplified? Infinitely well is it for me, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' for the iniquity of my manner of enduring this affliction, and its consequences, is very great; however 'we have an Advocate with the Father;' but for this I must have perished.

Mr. A. favoured us likewise with a summary of the transactions connected with the persecution, (for that in truth it was,) of himself and Lieutenant D. They are in substance these:—At certain periods in the ceremonials of the Papists at Malta, they are accustomed to tang a bell in a peculiar way, and to fire a salute from the forts; these were the signals of the elevation of the host, or of the passing of certain images in procession. On a particular feast-day it appears, that it was determined to involve these officers in difficulty, concerning the law of their God. Lieutenant D. was accordingly ordered to the fort, and directed to tang the bell and fire the salute. This he felt he could not do, without violating his conscience as a Protestant and a Christian; he therefore wrote a letter to his commanding officer, stating his reasons for objecting, and requesting to be excused. The general's reply was, that he should either fulfil the orders he had received, or answer it at his peril. He immediately wrote a second remonstrance, still more energetic than the first; and then Captain A. was directed to supersede him, to receive the orders from him, and to execute them himself. Here was evidently an invidious deviation from the regular practice. The captain was a superior officer, and it is usual, on such occasions, to send a subaltern to supersede a subaltern, or else to send a superior to enforce the order, but not himself

to perform a service from which an inferior is exempted. Captain A. felt the same objections as Lieutenant D., and, therefore, determined on the same remonstrance. But, before he wrote upon the subject, the commanding officer himself came over to the fort, and the captain took the opportunity of personally stating his objections. The general then released the captain, and superintended the signals himself. Here then there was clearly no disobedience to orders; they were in fact countermanded, no disapprobation was expressed, and the gentlemen heard no more of the affair, for upwards of three months. Meantime, the matter had been reported to the military authorities at home, and orders came out to put the two officers under arrest, and to try them by a Court-martial,—1. For disobedience to orders, and 2. For remonstrating. The Court accordingly sat, and Lieutenant D. was tried first: but through every stage of the business the most unwarrantable prejudice prevailed, and the most partial injustice was evinced. The Court refused to allow him to read his defence, when he entered into the religious part of his argument, as a Protestant and a member of the Church of England; at length, after several vexatious interruptions, he put up his defence, saying:—‘Gentlemen, I appeal from your decision.’ Then, all boiling with prejudice, and anger, and hatred of his religion, they proceeded to pass the following sentence,—‘That he should be dismissed from His Majesty’s service, and be rendered incapable of ever entering it again.’ Capt. A. was then called in; but, though it appears that they were more moderate with him, they refused to hear that part of his defence likewise, which embraced the subject of religion, and passed sentence, that he also should be dismissed from the service. The report was of course transmitted to England, and the persecuted officers likewise transmitted their defences for the perusal of the Judge-Advocate general. An order was returned, with some severe strictures on the illegality of the former proceeding, and directing a revision of the cause and sentence, after hearing the full defence; but this, of course, issued in a confirmation of the former decision, excepting only the omission of future incapacity in the case of Lieut. D.

All these transactions uncover two or three fearful things; 1. A strong disposition in high military authorities to persecute religion, and to expel it from the army; 2. The danger that exists of annihilating all the principles of citizens from it; and 3. The mischief which must result to British liberty from inculcating and enforcing the maxims, that Soldiers must obey *all orders*, and that an order removes all responsibility from the agent. May the people of England look well and speedily into these lurking mischiefs! And may the Almighty remove the causes of such presumptuous banding against Himself and His cause, and the salvation of men!

Sunday, Feb. 6th.—Assisted Mr. D. for the first time in administering the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. My soul was considerably impressed and blest by a sense of the infinite mercy of God to me as a sinner, and especially in 'putting me into the Ministry.' The more I reflect upon these things, the more I am amazed that my unspeakably deep corruptions, though they have originated many difficulties, have not been permitted to disable me for ever. In the afternoon, went on board the Catharine, for the Bethel Society, and preached to about 15 persons, most of whom were attentive, and some seemed convinced. In the evening, favoured with liberty from Isa. lv. 1; but the subtlety and inveteracy of pride and selfishness surprise and confound me. Oh, 'enter not into judgment with me!' I begin to be uneasy, that no visible good appears of my labours, although I have now been here five Sabbaths. I hope not to be impatient; but am I faithful? or, is my unfaithfulness the cause of my fruitlessness?

Wednesday, Feb. 9th.—On Monday evening, Mr. Quierell formed the first Spanish class; neither Mr. D., nor myself, knew any thing of his intention; but his account of the few who united, is very pleasing; they wonder that their priests should have deceived them so long. Poor Don ——— was present, and united his testimony to the power of saving grace.

To his elder Brother.

Gibraltar, March 5, 1825.

MY DEAR AQUILA,

* * * I HAVE, in truth, nothing to communicate relative to the Missionary work, as I have not yet emerged from the depths of my study, armed *cap-a-pie* with nouns and verbs, and adjectives to savour them, and prepositions to pair them, and adverbs to clip them, and conjunctions to tie them into bundles. I have again and again received the intimation, that to learn the language, I must go among the natives, and talk, and hear them talk; and that it is labour lost, to attempt to learn it from books in solitude. There is truth, mixed with error, in this kind of general remark. I am persuaded, that a foreign language may be soonest learnt and commanded by an incipient and comprehensive digest of its construction and grammatical principles, associated with a judicious selection and familiarising of words from a vocabulary. One who, thus prepared, sallies forth to talk, is like a seedsman, who, having his drawers ready made and arranged, and knowing how to classify, goes forth to pluck the pods which the garden and the field produce, and, therefore, instantly knows what to do with their contents. Should he first go into the field, unless indeed brought up there from his infancy, he would learn with

ignorance and arrange with difficulty ; and, amidst the uncertainty, which the multitude and variety would create, he would waste, because he could not retain, and he would throw away, because he could not distinguish. At the same time, I am ready to acknowledge, that he, who should hope to learn to talk in a foreign language from studious reading only, would succeed no better than he, who should expect to excel in oratory, by merely reading eloquence in a solitary cell. I read Spanish with pleasure, and, so far as I know the words, I write it with ease, and I believe pretty correctly, for I think I now understand its construction and genius ; but my attempts to speak it are not better than the poorest babblings, though that is merely because I cannot yet remember its words promptly enough to use them on occasion. I expect, that we shall have a painful, as well as a ridiculous, scene to-morrow, for a Spanish refugee priest is to dine with us ; he cannot speak English, and we are almost equally incapable of speaking Spanish. This priest is an interesting man ; I may have future occasion to speak of him ; but I have hitherto waited to hear from himself what I may communicate to you. He has, I believe, been obliged to flee from his country for conscience' sake, and he seems to be a truly awakened man. He deeply bewails his own guilt, as well as that of his former brethren in the craft, on account of the false doctrines and other abominations of the Church of Rome. But I must talk with him myself.

I hope, by the Lord's help, very soon to make myself understood in the language, and, of course, to understand it as it is spoken. Oh, what a tedious hinderance this various babbling is ! I believe, that a scene of usefulness would immediately open before me, if I had but strength of body and soul to use it. At present, however, my want of the language, and the state of my health prevent. But were these obstacles out of the way, should I possess the zeal, the patience, and the humility that are so necessary ? Could I bear to be despised, abused, scorned, and opposed ? For these are evils, which, if I properly acquit myself of my duty, I plainly see must be my portion. But how can I hope to bear them, unless I have more of the spirit of salvation to imbue and animate my soul ? It is evident that my own experience must be greatly raised. O God ! forgive my great guilt ! Alas ! how almost irreparably mischievous have been my past backslidings ! My dear Brother, there can be but extremely little usefulness in the Ministry, without ardent and growing devotedness and sanctification. I believe, that, for some end or other, the Lord is adopting measures to produce this effect in my heart ; but what that end is at present, I know not ; however, I am solicitous to be prepared for it, let it be what it may.

A week ago, on Friday last, an incident occurred which had nearly terminated all future doubts and anxieties about me. Coming home

to the Mission-House, and pretty near it, I met a mule drawing a heavy load of timber down a very steep and narrow pitch. Immediately on coming to the brow of the hill, the animal became refractory, and began to kick. At this, the man at its head was frightened, and ran away, crying 'murder!' The mule was then compelled to run at full speed down the hill. Had I remained almost the shortest conceivable time where I was, I must have been crushed to pieces, for there was neither time nor space to slip aside; the only resort, therefore, was to turn round and run for my life. At some little distance further down the hill, were six men conveying upwards, by means of poles and ropes, a half-pipe of wine. As soon as they discovered the approaching danger, they hastily laid down their load, and endeavoured likewise to escape. One of them, however, came in my way at the instant I was passing, and, as I could neither stop myself nor turn aside, I could not avoid knocking him down with the utmost violence, and I was obliged, at the same time, to save myself from falling by a desperate spring. It pleased Divine Providence that, by some means or other, the mule should be stopped before it got to these men, otherwise I cannot see how they could have escaped. But, when at length I stopped and recovered a little breath, I immediately began to spit blood, not copiously, but much as I did twelve months ago. At first I imagined, that it must be all over with me, but this soon appeared immature. The bleeding was quickly stopped, and I have since had no return, but I seem indeed nearly as well as before. However, it is, of course, a painful circumstance; it has prevented my preaching, moderated my already limited studies, retarded my improvement, and lessened my hope of being able to enter soon upon full activity, labour, and usefulness in the Church. Oh, happy you who enjoy good health! and doubly happy, because your heavenly Father does not judge it needful to take it away! And yet, am not I happy too, through infinite mercy to have it removed, if I need such a dispensation? I feel that this is not a mere expedient of necessity. Oh! loosened as I am from earthly ties, and even life itself, shall I not be holy? Only in God's own gospel way, by His Spirit's power. This I deeply need. Pray abundantly for

Your very affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

From the following Extract it will be seen, that my dear Brother had now begun to suffer considerably from that debility, which, during the summer months at Gibraltar, is so common to new residents from England.

To the Same.

Gibraltar, May 16, 1825.

VERY DEAR A.

* * * HITHERTO I have not derived from the change of climate all the benefit, which I had fondly hoped I should realise. Occasional slight spitting of blood, and considerable bodily and mental weakness, combine to render me inefficient, and to give a meaning and a consequence to that terrible word from which the humble, yet sterling hope of a happy death not far remote, would be 'as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' It is quite usual for a change of climate, such as that which I have lately undergone, to produce considerable debility upon a hale and hearty man; and on that account, it ought perhaps to excite the less surprise, that one, in a state of health reduced like mine, should be, at least equally, sensible of the alteration. To die is not at all terrible to one, who has a conscious interest in Christ, and who feels the assurance of being for ever accepted by God through redeeming blood: perhaps, therefore, if this were more happily my own case, I should feel less distress than I do, at my present truly painful state of existence, without usefulness. But let me guard against the language and the spirit of complaint, from which I have already too often suffered. Good is the will of the Lord; it is by His permission that all my trying circumstances occur, and from Him any thing short of hell is infinite mercy.

My own state of health and heart is not, however, the only thing that now, with reason, is a source of anxiety. It is evident that Mr. Dixon and his family must go home. This I have long expected, and now at length it is explicitly advised by the Doctor. With some constitutions, this climate does not appear to agree at all. Mr. and Mrs. D. unhappily arrived here at the very worst period of the year, for August is the hottest month, and the climate is then most likely to be injurious. But, whatever have been the causes, the effects are visible and decided enough: neither of them has ever been well since their arrival. As to Mrs. D., she has certainly suffered much, and I have for some time made up my mind, (though I have carefully avoided allowing this to escape me, so as to give an influence to their views,) that all things considered, *it is impossible for her to live here.*

You may then easily perceive, that my circumstances neither have been, nor are likely to be, what I hoped from my connection with the family of my friend. However, it is a great mercy, that I have had their company at all. But they will go, and thus, until another Preacher arrives, I must expect to be left alone at the worst part of the year. It will, indeed, be impossible for me to fulfil the duties of the regular Preacher, in addition to my own; but to be here and to

see the congregations without an efficient Ministry, and the Society without a Pastor, will of itself be very trying. However, I am resolved to do all that I can, and then to leave the consequences to God. Luke ix. 23, 24, is much upon my mind : if the latter part of the passage should be fulfilled, in the sense most appropriate to one, who looks to heaven as the only place upon which to dwell with the unmitigated ardour of hope ; in what would he be the loser, if more speedily than otherwise, he should terminate a life, long a burden to him for every thing, but for the sake of the gospel, and the perishing souls of men ; and which must be so much the more a burden, if he were obliged to witness such evils, without either bodily power, or spiritual energy, enough to attempt to snatch his fellow-creatures from the flames ? There is in me a sad want, which I am daily deploring before the Lord, of the virtuous and affectionate submission of heart to all that He is pleased to arrange ; a disposition this, that can flow only from evangelical love to Him, which, like the waters issuing at the foot of a ridge of hills, shall spring from the showers which heaven has first shed abroad on all the surrounding surface, Oh ! when will He answer my cry for this ?

* * * * *

The climate of the Rock is to be estimated, not so much from its latitude, as from local circumstances. After all, however, nine months out of the twelve, I should think, are perfectly pleasant, and the other three, especially after the first year, quite bearable. If the person, who succeeds Mr. D., come clothed with the power of salvation, and be blest with the Holy Spirit's demonstrations, he may and will be very useful. But the Society is much, very much in need of a real revival of religion ; for this, especially among the soldiers, there are genuine materials. I would advise any one, who comes out, to endeavour to have it so arranged, as to leave England at the beginning of September ; not sooner, because of the great heat here before that time, and not later, because of the violence of the autumnal weather. At that period the great probability is, that there would be a pleasant average passage of fourteen or sixteen days, many vessels run it in twelve ; and, from what I know of the Mission-House business, it would be quite practicable for any stirring man, who gets the appointment, to influence his departure, so as to bring it to about the time which I have specified. By far the best way too, is not to come by an occasional ship, as I did, but by a regular trader. I was unfortunate in this respect, and much worse accommodated than I should otherwise have been.

* * * * *

May you be truly Christian, that is, in every thing truly excellent and godlike !

Your very affectionate Brother

WILLIAM.

To his Father.

Gibraltar, May 17, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

* * * * I DARE say, that the barrenness and poverty of incident in my letters, have struck your attention. It must seem strange, that on Missionary ground so little of Missionary interest occurs; however, your own knowledge of me, will suffice to remind you of the reasons. The warm weather, which has set in here, will account for much of this want of incident; because this circumstance, connected with the confinement indispensable to the acquirement of the Spanish, has prevented my going among the people in search of the opportunities of usefulness, which would otherwise have supplied the materials of painful, though of gloomy, interest. You would, perhaps, be unprepared to believe, how, in this very centre of the world, we are secluded from almost all novelties, both of fact and information; as well as, how the spirit of *caste*, and that of business, two of the Arch-fiend's most adept and successful generals of division in the world, exclude us almost altogether from the enjoyments of society, and that contact with it which would most promise occasions of usefulness. Methodism here is not what, in England, it is commonly supposed to be. I had a most erroneous expectation respecting this. Our cause is despised, and shut out from mixing at all with the world; the line of demarcation between us and the world is strong and plain; and I fear that it is so, as much by the accidental fact, that few or no persons of influence and responsibility in the world's estimation give us their decided countenance, by becoming indisputably united with us; as by any very vigorous and enlightened piety, which might imbue and distinguish our character as religious professors. Pride, and particularly the pride of dress, is here a deadly evil, among the civil part of the population; and that which grieves me greatly is, that religion does not seem to cover any whole families. I know one instance of exception; but there may be more. There are no young persons, either male or female, for improving association: mental cultivation is exceedingly low, and the want of religion occasions a sad dearth of all the materials for excitement to application. At present, I know of only one family with which I could *associate*, if I would, and the dangers arising from any seeming preference forbid that this should be much employed. I have, therefore, resolved to make few or no visits that are not truly pastoral, and these apply to all classes. Books are extremely scarce and unconscionably dear. There is nothing like a good bookseller's shop; and no printing press but that

which is in the hands of Government, nor am I aware that any printing is done but what is merely and strictly official.

* * * * *

In consequence of Mr. D.'s intended removal from Gibraltar, my progress in the language, as well as my attempt on the Spanish inhabitants, must be postponed. I commend myself to the aboundings of the grace and mercy of our God, and to your continued affection and increased supplications, as

Your Son
WILLIAM.

To the Missionary Secretaries in London.

Gibraltar, May, 1825.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIRS,

I ACKNOWLEDGE Mr. Morley's very acceptable letter, with sincere gratitude; its effect on my mind was most pleasing, and I hope truly useful; though I could not help feeling, that, by some careless or sanguine statement or other, I must have raised expectations which I cannot verify. To be 'congratulated on having so nearly conquered the difficulties that were between me and the Spaniards,' implies a much better acquaintance with the language than I have realised. I am not, even now, able to converse freely with them, nor 'nearly so. If my vanity had any share in the anticipation, that by this time I might be able to preach in Spanish, it now receives its just and salutary rebuke, in the mortification of being obliged to confess, that, while I have not equalled your expectations, I have fallen far short of my own hopes. There are several reasons for this; the incident, with which you are already acquainted, that threw me so much back in health, and at least equally dejected me in spirits, has seriously operated to prevent that close application, which, I am sure, is needful to gain such an object as mine. I have, too, not sufficiently accounted for the difference between the knowledge of a language so as to be able to read it, and the familiarity needful to enable me to speak it. And I have, moreover, to acknowledge frequent quarrels with myself, on account of that false and foolish shame, which, by preventing the attempt on proper occasions to speak, has lost me the benefit of exercise, and contributed to disconcert and confound my memory. I also suspect myself of having acted too extensively upon a principle, for the good intention of which I must beg you to give me credit: I have thus far obtained no assistance, except indeed a very little from Brother Quierell. My object in this has been, to proceed with the elements of the language myself, in order to save all expense not indispensable; and to be prepared to make the most of a Master's help in composition and conversation, when prepared by a previous

elementary acquaintance. One ill result of my plan was afterwards more forcibly, than I had felt it, pointed out to me by a friend ; it is, that the presence and help of a master would have insensibly familiarised the pronunciation of the words, and the sounds of the language, when uttered in complete sentences ; and thus, I should have been the sooner prepared to rid myself of that miserable timidity in attempting to speak, to which, I fear, I am enslaved. But I must not fail to mention another motive of considerable influence, I mean the utter absence of encouraging circumstances, and the probability, which for some months has been advancing toward certainty, that I should be left here alone to supply, as well as I could, the place of Mr. D., till the arrival of another Preacher. I knew, that more than all my strength would be required for this purpose, and I did not think it right to employ a master, unless I could fully devote myself to profit by his instructions ; and, to say all the truth, I did not feel myself at liberty, to put the Society to this expense, while I either felt or imagined it quite uncertain, whether I should sink or emerge to render it of any avail.

I have mentioned the utter absence of all encouraging circumstances ; and this, I think, is far more really the case than I was aware. From Spain itself and the surrounding neighbourhood, as a field of usefulness, we are as completely cut off as ever ; the occasional sending of a few Tracts or Bibles, and that with the utmost secrecy, is all that can be attained ; any attempt at personal communication would be instantly restrained ; the moral and religious condition of the Spaniards on their own territory is, from all that I have seen, as gloomy and forbidding as the most deeply-coloured representations have described it ; the influence of the priests seems, indeed, to be that of fear, more than of respect ; but if their number add to this dislike, it likewise increases their power. Hence the efforts of a Missionary here, must be confined within the gates of the Garrison ; and what is the population which meets him there ? Numerous and crowded indeed ; but in a spiritual state, over which he might well weep. I would be far from making the aggravations of a people's wants, the reasons for abandoning the people themselves ; but there is scarcely any thing here to cheer expectation, and much, very much to dishearten it. The Spanish inhabitants of the Rock are generally persons that can live no where else ; by this, however, I do not mean that they are of an abandoned and incorrigible character ; but, that they are thus too intimately dependent on each other, and too much under perpetual *surveillance* to be at liberty to think for themselves ; and, worse than all this, they are people to whom, for the most part, religion of any kind is of all things the least in importance. Almost all the Spanish seamen are smugglers, and the great majority of the Spanish dealers are so likewise. Added to this, the presence of

so large a body of English inhabitants as the military, united to the civilians, make, whose example is so directly hostile to evangelical and vital piety, produces an influence almost insurmountable upon the Papists to disregard all true religion, and to live as they list. I have been disappointed here in nothing more, than in the state of real piety; the prevalence of vice, and the animosity cherished against every thing denounced as Methodism, render the preservation of genuine religion almost a miracle; and, after having existed here so long, the religious influence of our Society in character, estimation, and effect, is extremely limited. What then, I am ready to ask, is the prospect among a people, so alienated by prejudices as the Spaniards, and so involved in the jointless, selfish, worldly spirit of the place? Among the English residents there is, I think, every reason to expect, that any interference with the religion of the Spaniards would be regarded with extreme dislike. The Roman Catholic religion is viewed with complacency, or at least with a smile; and so are the Jewish, and the Mahometan, and so also would any system of untruth be; but Methodism is not so, it is *only tolerated*, I do not mean by law, but by the habits of the place; because, 1. Its perseverance has been invincible, and thus its true spirit still remains; 2. Its professors are settled down into a distinct section of the inhabitants, with whom the rest have the least to do that is possible; and, 3. No *aggressive* measures have for years been taken to extend the invasions of truth. The state of public feeling towards true religion, is altogether different from that prevailing at home; scarcely any young persons retain their piety, and at this moment we have hardly any in Society; and, should any of the Spaniards embrace the truth, they have no refuge from that persecution which is of the most dangerous kind, I mean *the loss of caste*, with all its consequences.

It is much to be regretted, that our good Brother Quierell's labours seem for the present frustrated, his class is dissipated, and his congregation entirely gone, and I am not aware if any one soul be truly and soundly converted to God; in short, there is now nothing to intimate any favourable result to the labours of a Spanish Missionary; by a slow and careful process, through a series of years, a few persons may, perhaps, be won over to the truth of the gospel; but his usefulness would, in all probability, be little among the residents of the Rock, and as to the others, there would be but few to shew whether he is useful or not. I am, for my own part, quite persuaded, that the Spaniards will not come to our Chapel; and the great difficulty in the way of doing any thing at all among them, will be that of gaining their attention; nothing of this kind can be attempted, till I obtain a better knowledge of the language, and to this object I can give but a partial attention until another Preacher arrives; however, all that I can, I will do daily.

If it should please Providence to spare my life, and to continue my strength in the same degree as at present, I should earnestly desire to be permitted to go to some neighbouring Spanish town for a few weeks, in order that, being entirely away from English tongues, I may, if possible, rid myself of that *mauvaise honte*, in speaking Spanish, which is such a deadly evil in my way. I am quite persuaded, that such a measure as this would be gaining instead of losing time; and I do not think, that the expense would be great, as I am sure it is my desire to be conscientiously economical.

I have conversed with several persons here, respecting the best means of promoting the object of the Mission, but I can obtain but little information. Among our own Society little aid can be expected, for very few possess any influence or even acquaintance; and the fear of attracting the notice of the higher powers seems very generally felt, if not so generally acknowledged. To myself, the only means that at present appear likely, is to obtain, if possible, a room large enough to conduct Divine worship, but which may also be used as a place of daily resort to me of persons desirous of conversing on religious subjects. There I could keep Bibles, and Tracts, and other books; and, if it were practicable to retain a room so devoted, which is very doubtful, there I could hold little religious services, chiefly conversational; for, as to preaching in the Chapel to a Spanish congregation, it is at present perfectly hopeless, and altogether chimerical. Judge of the circumstances: the utter indifference to religion, which is so general among the Spaniards, renders their prejudices more dangerous to their attendance at a Protestant Chapel; our own Chapel is too much out of the way; they would come with less suspicion, and with less danger of being noticed, to a room than to a Chapel; our Chapel is almost continually occupied by our own English services, the only portion of the Sabbath in which there is no English preaching is of course the afternoon, but then the Sunday-school occupies it; besides which, the afternoon is a portion of the day sufficiently inappropriate in England, but here it is intolerable for public worship, and it is precisely the time when the Spaniards take their *siesta*. My own conviction is, that the more independent the Spanish Mission is made of the English the better. And I should earnestly recommend the immediate introduction of the Church of England service, among those that may be induced to assemble; for, beside the obvious and grand advantages of such a mode of conveying correct principles by their constant recurrence, all the notions of religion among the Papists seem bound up with liturgical formality; and all the Spanish books of devotion, that I have seen, are over-run with exclamations and responses, as if thought the best mode of exciting that religious sentimentalism, which sometimes seems so much like true devotion. If these suggestions should be approved, and it should be deemed requisite to make

the attempt, though I confess that I am not at all sanguine about the success, I had better proceed without loss of time ; for my own faith and piety, my love to Christ and souls, and consequently my happiness, are more in danger of injury from rust than from rubbing. If the Lord should graciously kindle within me the glow of a purer love, and the light of a more directing and sustaining faith, I shall, doubtless, through His word and power, be 'the means of saving some.'

My state of health and spirits has been the source of much grief, temptation, and discouragement ; but here I am, through the mercy of God, preserved in Christ Jesus, and that amidst a very trying consciousness of my insufficiency, and of my want of faith and power from God. Should it be the wish of the Committee for me to stay here, or to remove elsewhere, I am ready to do either, and to give myself wholly to the Missionary work, as God shall enable me.

I am, Rev. and dear Sirs,

Your obedient Servant in the Gospel,
W. BARBER.

To his Father.

Gibraltar, July 11, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

It is not, with me, a matter of the lowest importance, or the feeblest gratification, that your late letter should have contained suggestions of a spiritual and impelling character : for I most sensibly feel that every thing, with me, depends on the lively enjoyment of the love of Christ, and the indwelling of the power of the Holy Ghost. There is very, very little here to help me. A Minister at Gibraltar must have 'a well of water within him springing up to everlasting life,' or he will wither away. His Bible and his closet are the only instruments, which he has to match against the climate, the world, the powers of darkness, and the struggling and bitter remains of inward depravity. Be assured, my dear Father, that your observations on this subject, are most appropriate and valuable ; and, unless I unhappily lose my present taste for them, they will be always most welcome to me. The grievous state of things around me ; the almost hopeless state of the Spaniards ; the slowness of my attaining those qualifications, which are requisite to enable me 'to make a fair trial among them ; the influence of the climate, which really seems to me to affect my understanding more than my body ; and the rankling still within me of much poisonous and discouraging gloom ; added, indeed, to the general dejection and affliction of Mr. D.'s family ;—are circumstances, which expose me much to the inward influence of the fiery darts of the wicked one, and powerfully tell in the breaches, already made by former unfaithfulness, in my faith, and hope, and

love. I have sometimes the greatest difficulty to believe or pray at all; but I am always revived when I can rouse myself, and go among the few persons that are accessible, and are lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In consequence of my being about to be left alone, till another Preacher arrives, more preaching labour will of course devolve upon me; but I am doing all my endeavours to be content with simple, short, and quiet sermons; though, alas! the sons of thunder themselves would be insufficient to arouse the sleepy, or to persuade the lovers of pleasure and sin to turn with purpose of heart to God; but then, ordinarily, He does use the means of his own appointment. I have the pain of thinking, that since I have been here, not one soul has been, through my instrumentality, brought to God; and that, by various circumstances, the Society is rather diminishing in numbers than increasing. * * *

As to what concerns myself, you will not understand, that I have encountered any thing personally unpleasant; no one has shewn me the least disrespect; I have endeavoured to avoid all occasion for it. But the state of things cannot, of course, have been improved by Mr. D.'s afflictions, and his consequent general residence at San Roque. By his removal my comfort will certainly not be increased, as it regards attendance, &c.; but I did not come here for comfort, and I have not the smallest objection to have my patience and self-denial thus put to the test. O that I could bear with equal success or indifference the more mental and moral trials, to which my constitution and my calling expose me!

Among the incidents which you have mentioned, none more sensibly affected me than the loss of the Edward Protheroe.* I had not before heard a word of it; and, therefore, beg you to give me all the information you can. Were the captain and crew saved? If not, who were lost? Any of the particulars would greatly interest me. I am not much surprised at the event, though I am much affected at the goodness of God in sparing me. There was a great deal of ill blood in the ship between the captain and the crew, and between the men among themselves; it was with great difficulty restrained before me, and I fully expected that they would afterwards lead a sorry life among them. The captain's mind also, seemed often quite oppressed with ill-bodings on the prosperity of the voyage, and so, I believe, were the men's, as well as my own.

In my present circumstances of peculiar and increased need, you will surely redouble your prayers to God for me, that I may go in and out before this people, 'adorning the gospel.' As to my life, it really is of little value; and, though I feel it my duty to take every

* This was the vessel in which my Brother took his passage from England.—A.B.

possible care of it, and the unavoidable and natural urgency of self-preservation must induce me to perform that duty ; yet I know not what would deserve the more hearty congratulations of my friends than, if God should give me grace to die in faith, that I should be escaped from the world, from myself, and from sin. I am, however, sensibly better in health. God seems to have strengthened me for my present circumstances, and, though the weather is at present warmer here than with you, it is by no means insupportable to me. Never did I feel greater gratitude or pleasure in subscribing myself

Your affectionate

And dutiful Son,

WILLIAM.

CHAPTER XI.

Removal of Mr. Dixon from the Rock—Painfulness of Solitude in the Ministry—Plan for the Continuation of Family-Prayer—Attack of Cholera Morbus through improper Abstinence—Pastoral Visits—Alarming Appearances of Yellow Fever—Arrival of Mr. Pratten to take Charge of the English Work—Dreadful and disastrous Tempest—Attack by the Spanish Soldiery upon the Wreck of a Colombian Privateer—Daring conduct of some British Officers and Sailors—Affecting Narrative, and awful Death, of an emigrant Spanish Colonel—Commencement of Public Labours in the Spanish Language—Infidelity among the Higher Orders of Spaniards—Prosperity in the English Mission—Conversion of a Spanish Woman—Prosperity among the Spaniards—Dreadful state of Spain—Infamous Case of Injustice and Bribery—Effrontery of a Highway-Robber—Impudence of a Thief—Awful Assassination of a Murderer—Introduction of Spanish Prayer-Meetings—Affecting Conversation of a respectable Spanish Emigrant—Illustration of Romans viii. 28, &c.

Journal Continued.

JULY 13th.—All my apprehensions about Mr. D.'s removal, are this day verified. He and his family embarked at ten o'clock this morning, on board the Catharine, for London. I scarcely know what I think or feel about it, except that, upon the whole, it is right. The health and spirits of Mrs. D. and the children evidently require it, and it is not left to the option of my dear Friend himself, whether

to go or to stay; but this I bear him record, that it has been to him the source of very painful anxiety, distress, and temptation. To be happy or prosperous here appeared impossible. I have this one conviction respecting Mrs. D.; it is, that either her life, or her reason, would have been the price of her staying here. They are, however, now gone, and thus terminates another of my schemes of earthly joy. All these things are, I hope, like single strokes upon a wedge, surely, though it may be slowly, urging me to a state of entire severance from this present perishing state of things; to which, notwithstanding all my imagined indifference, I am far, far too closely wedded. With my glass I followed my friends round Cabrita point, and very nearly to that place I could distinguish them on the deck from the other passengers. May the Lord prosper them with a speedy voyage, a happy landing, and a useful appointment, on their arrival at home!

I am now truly in a foreign land, but the Lord Himself is here, and many are praying earnestly for me. The comforts of home, of course, entirely fail me, but they in truth are matters of little regret. My present circumstances are inconvenient, but I have no painful reflections to waste upon them. I am thoroughly possessed with the idea, that God is employing all means to fully restore my soul to its former holiness and happiness in Him, and to that higher resemblance to the image of Christ, which shall fit me for heaven. When I think of the condition of our Society here, which is by no means encouraging,—of the state of religion in the town and garrison,—of the number of backsliders, some of whom are bold and insulting,—of my little bodily strength,—of my feebleness in spiritual attainments,—and of my want of success in the ministry, I am dismayed, my heart sinks within me, and I cannot help saying,—‘What shall become of the souls around me?’ As to every thing personal, I did not come here for any purpose of secular advantage; and I bless the Lord, that the spirit of self-sacrifice, which I have uniformly cherished, relieves me of a thousand anxieties that would otherwise be oppressive; and, humbling as is the sensation, yet the knowledge of my uselessness, and my little capacity for any thing of a contrary kind, not merely in power of body, but in devotedness, and energy, and enterprise of soul, tend much to sweeten the idea of sinking in the struggle. I have now no such taste for worldly enjoyments, as to create a desire to live amidst them, for their own sake; but I feel, that I still have corruption of heart sufficient to allow them to re-kindle my appetite, and, in any circumstances of great exposure and danger, to lead me astray. I wish I could, with reason, believe that my present distaste is a fruit of sanctification; but I cannot, for it certainly is not the exclusive work of the Holy Spirit. Oh! when, my God and Saviour,—when shall I be truly holy? To live in a state of uselessness

must be next to apostacy, for it must be because usefulness cannot be borne.

July 16th.—I have resolved to attempt that, of which I had previously thought, with reference to family-prayer, without which I have never yet lived. I allowed it to be understood in the neighbourhood, that, at a quarter past eight o'clock in the morning, I should have prayer in my house, and that any one, who should wish to be present, would be gladly received. The first day, that is, last Thursday, no one came; but the following day two persons, and two also to-day. I first read a section of Doddridge's Expositor, with the paraphrase and improvement; then the Psalms for the day, prevailing upon those present to give the responses; and then I close with prayer. The whole occupies about thirty-five minutes. May the Lord's blessing be upon this service! I intend to continue it as long as He shall allow.

18th.—Quite unwell all Saturday. In the evening painfully relieved by vomiting; I was then attacked with a sudden relaxation of the bowels, which continued all night, and until nine o'clock on the Sabbath morning; when I was again taken with a fit of vomiting in the midst of family-prayer, which, rather than disappoint those who came, I attempted, though considerably exhausted. I then determined to send for the doctor, Mr. Dix, from whom I learnt that this was a slight attack of *cholera morbus*. The medicine prescribed stayed my stomach, and composed my bowels; and, during the day, I gathered strength. I perceive, that my proposed method of living will not do. Deeply feeling my uselessness, I had resolved, by cheap living, to save as much expense as possible to the Society. This, as I usually eat no animal food, I thought I might successfully accomplish; but the wretchedness, which for the last few days I have felt, and this attack of disease, in addition to the terrible effect, which I am fearful so much solitude will have upon my spirits, warn me to beware.

I have determined to have no single woman to attend me. Brother Quierell has kindly come to sleep at the house, to prevent my being wholly alone, as well as to allow me opportunity to talk in Spanish. I have also had the occasional help of a soldier; but if it can be brought about for Mrs. Q. and her two children to come, with her husband, and to live at the house, every object will be attained with much less objection than is at present evident.

On Friday I commenced a plan on which I had before fully resolved,—a universal visitation, as far as possible, of our Members at their houses, *pro tempore*. Thus I am absolved from the otherwise indispensable duty of close application to study. I am now the Pastor of this people; may the Lord help me with the needful wisdom and grace! My first visit was not very encouraging. I was

told, though not in an unbecoming manner, that I had used some severe expressions respecting the person to whom I was now speaking, in consequence of her absence from class, and *that* during her absence; so that two persons, who were present at the time, felt so much hurt, that they had resolved to go no more; and, therefore, had withdrawn from the Society. My reply was simply this,—‘The expressions imputed to me I never uttered; it is not my manner to speak in that way. Something I certainly did say, though what it was exactly, I cannot recollect. If any persons did take such offence, I am sorry for it; but they thus give lamentable evidence of their being unwillingly among the people of God, and, in truth, of their unfitness. Meantime, you have done right in mentioning the circumstance, because it gives me an opportunity of saying, that I have no unkind feeling toward you, and that I uttered no such expressions respecting you. We have, therefore, now done with the business.’ It appears, however, that the person, who carried this story to the one I was visiting, is a backslider, and evidently employing him or herself, (for who it was, I neither know nor wish to know,) in working the same mischief in others that rankles within his own breast. How shocking is a thoroughly apostate character! There are, in this Garrison, some of an awful condition. ‘Father, forgive them! for they know not what they do.’

Two other visits, however, made me ample amends for the first. The former of these was to the family of Sergeant Starling, of the artillery. His wife is a member of my class; he, an attentive hearer, and not destitute of religious affections; and their two daughters, the one about sixteen years of age, and the other about eight or nine, are creditable to their Parents’ care. I hope that the seed, which I sowed among them, is not lost; it was received with a welcome; but, shall it be indeed successful? The other visit was to Betsey Wall, the daughter of Sergeant Wall, of the artillery, a girl of sixteen, who, when about six years of age, was thrown down some stone steps, in play, and is now one mass of putridity. She has, at least, three wounds which discharge copiously. Except that a close look at her countenance would intimate her being older, she is so small that she might be taken for a child of seven years of age. She is now incapable of walking, and, I suppose, will be no more able to move at pleasure, till the spirit is freed from its loathsome and distressing prison. But she is a remarkable example of the illumination and power of Divine grace.

A new source of most serious anxiety, or, at least, of thoughtfulness, has for some days been opened to me, in a case of *yellow fever*, which has been presented in the person of a rich and respectable Jew, who has since died. Mr. Dix now tells me, that, at two o’clock this morning, another man died in the Convent, of the same complaint.

The Governor's staff-doctors, of whom Mr. D. is one, had on Saturday seen that he was ill, and ordered him some medicine. Yesterday morning they saw that he was no better, though he would maintain, that it was only their fancy, and that nothing at all ailed him, but the effect of the medicines which he had taken, and, therefore, he determined to take no more. The doctors went to the Governor, and laid the matter before him, professing their serious doubts respecting the man, and entreating that he might be put into a large room by himself. This was accordingly done, and last night, after attending the chapel, Mr. D. went to him, and found him in a state of delirium. At two o'clock this morning he died! The doctor has told me his serious apprehensions, that we are about to have a sickly season; by which is meant, of course, that hundreds, if not thousands, will die of the yellow fever. When extensively visited with this disease, Gibraltar is very fatally swept. It is a very dangerous situation for it; because, during easterly winds, it wants a free circulation of air, in consequence of the shelter of the Rock. Through infinite mercy, however, we have hitherto had westerly and southerly winds unusually prevalent; but pestilence waits on the will of God. But if we really are on the verge of such a horrible calamity!—The greatest probability is, that I shall be one of its victims!—The last two raging epidemics here, carried off about eleven out of fifteen of the whole inhabitants. What then! is it a truth, that 'there is but a step between me and death?' Let me look a little at this; for, most intolerable would be the folly of hiding from one's eyes the meaning, the *real meaning* of such expressions. Shall I soon—very, very soon die of epidemic fever?—I will suppose this ascertained,—that it shall be so. Well; what are the consequences?—

I much regret that, at this interesting part of my Brother's Journal; there is the above abrupt conclusion.

Journal Continued.

Oct. 20th.—After a long continuation of wind from the east, it yesterday came round to the west, and my time has been to-day much interrupted, by looking out eagerly for the Catharine, which took home Mr. Dixon and his family. At length she entered the Bay, between three and four o'clock this afternoon, and anchored a little afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Pratten and family, the successors of Mr. D., are on board. I went down to Waterport, but found the boatmen

very unwilling to go off; because, blowing hard from the west and northward, it would be impossible to reach the brig and return by gun-fire. I was, therefore, obliged to abandon the hope of seeing these expected friends, till early in the morning. But now I pause to recollect, that I shall be placed with them in novel circumstances, and, of course, involved in new obligations and temptations. The mere novelty will be of little consequence, as I have been too much used to this to be very sensibly affected by it. But, in my feeble state of Christian experience, 'a grasshopper may be a burden;' and, however amiable human nature may be, it always proves the means of trial, both to itself and others. Mr. P.'s family and myself are perfect strangers to each other; he, probably, knows more of me than I of him; for of him I know nothing but the name and his appointment here, no one, who has written me, having conveyed the smallest additional information. He has a family, and I am too little disposed, indeed blameably indisposed, to make those little sacrifices of personal convenience, which may contribute to the comfort of another's family. I have no family of my own, and, alas! I fear that this has made me somewhat impatient at domestic relations, as if pained by the presence of what makes me feel, that I am not what I once wished to be. But I do resolve to try, and to pray for help that my endeavours may succeed, to be all that another may fairly wish me, and all that I should wish in another. *I am more afraid, in family life, of little things than of great ones.* May God endow me with wisdom, and the graces of benevolence, and humility. But Mr. P. is to be my Superintendent, if indeed I am to be continued here; and, what is of supreme importance, he is to be my fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, though it is, indeed, a barren soil upon which we have to expend our strength. But if the many serious and heartfelt prayers, which we have offered, are successful, Mr. P. 'comes in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.' Oh! I do long that the Lord may honour my new co-adjutor with very extensive and immediate success. As to myself, I feel that there is the wisest reason, so far as I am personally interested, in my comparative uselessness; and, with the most undissembled sincerity, I will 'take the lowest room' in the honour of success, as well as in the responsibility owed to the Church at home.

Dec. 10th.—The Bay has been visited by a truly awful calamity. A most violent gale of wind from the west and south-west, on the night of Tuesday last, produced such a destruction of property and life, as for many years has not occurred to this Port. On Wednesday morning, hearing that considerable damage had been sustained by the shipping, Mr. Pratten and myself went to Montague's Battery; from which place the scene, all along the shore of the neutral ground, was truly appalling. I have heard that considerably more than 150 barks,

boats not included, were crowded together one upon another. Though many of them were comparatively small, several were vessels of considerable tonnage, with valuable cargoes; and, I think, three were men of war, of which one belonged to the Emperor of Morocco, and another was the Colombian privateer, the General Soublette, which for a long time has been the terror of the Spanish commerce in this neighbourhood. From the Battery we determined to visit the neutral ground, where we could see that the chief interest was excited by the movements of the Spanish soldiery to take possession of the privateer as a prize, and her crew as prisoners. On the ground the scenes of wreck and devastation, were indescribably terrible. Dismasted, bilged, overturned, or crushed, the vessels lay in such horrid confusion, as cannot be imagined by any, but those who have witnessed similar scenes. The height, to which some of these wrecks had been driven out of the water, even accounting for the difference between ebb and flow, was astonishing. However, we glanced but rapidly as we went down to the lines, where there was gathered a considerable crowd of eager observers of the scene, between the armed Spaniards and the disarmed, half-drowned Colombians. The vessel, which was purposely built and rigged for her nefarious business, had, unfortunately for her crew, struck on the Spanish side of the lines, I should think, not more than half a pistol shot from the water's edge. She had lost her bow-sprit and her masts, and being beaten by the wind and waves, she had swung round in such a manner as to present the entire plane of her deck to the Spanish arms. She was nearly full of water, and the sea was going directly in and out of her; so that her crew, consisting of upward of 70 men, were exposed, with extremely little shelter, to the fire of the Spanish piquet, without the possibility of returning a single shot, because their ammunition was all wetted. When we had arrived at the very extremity of the English posts, which was almost close to the scene, the Spanish soldiers were just preparing to fire another volley upon those miserable creatures. War, the enemy and butcher of men, may urge its most moderate regulations in justification of such conduct; but humanity shudders at it. The firing, however, was to induce them to surrender, and was only kept up when they attempted to escape, either by swimming to the English shore, or by means of a boat, which most daringly pushed off several times to save them; each time accomplishing its object for a few persons. We had observed this boat through my glass from the Battery; it was manned by two British officers in their dishabille, and two sailors. In defiance of the firing, which was renewed every time the boat approached the wreck, we had seen these persons accomplish the rescue of several of the Colombians. And when we came near the spot, we saw them repeat this risk, amidst the firing of at least 50 shots, poured in upon them, not in a volley, but *aicochelling*. This, however, it appears, proved

fatal to one or more of the boat's crew, though, happily for the officers, they escaped. Several of the poor Colombians, who strove to swim to shore, we saw in the water; two of them sunk before our eyes; and a third, who was already come almost within his depth, we perceived, in a state of exhaustion, ineffectually struggling to advance farther, and in all probability he also would have sunk, if it had not been for a man, who, amidst our apprehensions that the Spaniards would fire upon them, rushed into the water with his clothes on, and saved him. The Spaniards, however, did not fire, for, either they did not observe the transaction, or they did not choose to attempt the capture of the drowning man; let them have the credit of the better motive, though, after all, it is doubtful, as the man was within the English lines, whether an attempt of the kind would not have involved them with our own government. The issue of all was, that the greater part of the Colombians were compelled to surrender; but this they did by a capitulation, which promised them their lives, and their being placed on the usual footing of prisoners of war. This stipulation must have been made for the sake of the Spaniards on board, who were, of course, involved with the government of their native country, and some of them, as I have since learnt, very deeply so; with reference to these, there is, indeed, but very little probability that a stipulation, so vague as the one made under such circumstances, will avail to save them from the gallows. This addition to the horrors of the surrounding scene, made the whole a complication, of which I had often heard and tried to imagine, but to be properly felt it must be witnessed. How wretched may man be by a single touch, though comparatively very light, of the Divine rebuke! But amidst all his misery, how may he—how does he aggravate his sufferings by his passions, and his vices, and his enmities growing out of both! O good and most compassionate Lord God! My heart is ready to burst for the miseries of those around me; and yet I know that in the Gospel is the best remedy for them; but, alas! where is the willingness to have it applied? where the power to render it effectual, and to promote its universal spread? 'Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

Returning home along the water's edge, I saw the bodies of three men who had been victims of the late storm. The case of one of them is of peculiarly melancholy interest. He was a Spanish colonel under the *Cortes*, and obliged, of course, to flee from Spain for life. With a wife, two daughters, and a son of about 14 years of age, he came hither in hope of refuge; but the rigid police regulations would not allow his entrance. It is necessary at Gibraltar, for every foreigner to obtain a permit of residence, and for this the recommendation and suretiship of some sufficiently responsible inhabitant of the Garrison is required. The poor colonel came for life to a spot in which he

had no connections, he was not even known within the walls; and if permission had been granted him to enter, whom could he interest in his behalf? What place could pity have for him?—He was excluded, and, with his son, he was compelled to take up with wretched and precarious subsistence on board one of the hulks, anchored in the Bay, of which there were several used as wine and lodging-houses. His wife and daughters, not being objects upon which political resentment could glut itself, were permitted to lodge at San Roque; and there they were when, in the night of the tempest, both the colonel and his son were hurried to a sudden and a terrible death. The former appears to have sprung from his bed, thrown off his shirt, and leaped into the water, in order to swim ashore; but, before he could accomplish his object, some of the driving ships came upon him; for his body had been crushed among several of them, and mangled in the most horrible manner. How terrible are thy judgments, O God! Yet 'the inhabitants of the world will not learn righteousness.' 'What!' said a man to Brother Quierell, who had taken occasion to admonish him from the terrific scene around, 'do you think that this will hinder them from sin? they will be the worse for this!' He referred to the sea-faring people connected with the Bay. But what an affecting illustration of the effects of unsanctified judgments! Jer. xlv. 15, &c.

14th.—On Thursday night 45, out of about 70, of the Colombian prisoners escaped from the room at the Spanish lines, in which they were confined. This was done by means of a hole which they made with a knife in the wall. The rest would have escaped likewise, had they not been drunk.

The effects of the late gale are now more distinctly known; upward of 200 vessels of all descriptions are, either entirely wrecked, or seriously injured; the number of lives lost it is impossible to ascertain, but ten or twelve bodies have been found.

On Sunday week I commenced a new class at 7 o'clock in the morning, in the study; this was to me a happy event. Mr. P. has taken charge of the Monday evening female class, which I had met long enough to be greatly attached to it, as I had often been blest in it, enjoying the satisfaction to find, that here the Lord had condescended to acknowledge my efforts a little. With 7 persons, however, my new class commenced; several of these had broken off their Christian communion, and thrown up their religious profession in peril of their salvation, but the rest had never met in class before; a few of the total number are of great promise. Such a blessing was given us, both on the day we commenced, and last Sabbath, as to stamp the impression on each of our hearts, that, in this measure, we are right. Merciful Father of my spirit and theirs! amidst the agony of mind, with which I sometimes look at the multitudes perishing around me, and upon myself in their midst, is it possible that it shall be given

me, by any means, to save some? Oh! Thou knowest the keen and aching sensations, with which I fling myself at thy feet, and implore the entire renewal of my heart, the filling of my soul with vital Christian love, and the qualifications of every kind essential to the work of the Ministry.

Last Thursday was rendered memorable to me by my preaching, or rather reading, my first sermon in Spanish, from Matt. vii. 24—27. I had resolved to mention it to none of my friends, desiring to ascertain, without noise, whether I could write with sufficient clearness to be understood. The evening turned out very unfavourably, a strong gale of wind, accompanied with violent rain, prevented almost every one from coming; at first, I thought no one would be able to attend, but, as at length five persons made their appearance, I ventured to begin; and, so far as being intelligible goes, I had the satisfaction to find myself well understood; this is, indeed, matter of great gratitude to God. But what, after all, is this? Had I the tongues of men or of angels, and no more of the power of faith, and hope, and love, than at present I feel, I should be nothing. I have not found my endeavours to acquire a speedy knowledge of the Spanish, favourable to my growth in the knowledge of the things of God, or in the ‘love which never faileth.’ O my God! I feel, that there is no one more worthless in himself than I. What a marvel will it be, if such a creature shall be rendered useful! Need I wonder, that I am of so very little service? O come, thou Spirit of the living God, and turn my dry and barren heart into a fruitful field! O come, and bring me liberty of heart, and life, and zeal, and enterprise!

15th.—Read my second sermon in Spanish to about 35 persons, among whom were present Mr. Hasan and his family. I had lent my first manuscript to Mr. Pyne for his remarks, and he had shewn it to Mr. Hasan, who had been pleased to express his opinion of its merits in terms rather too lofty to be fully correct, but sufficiently so to ascertain that it is intelligible without difficulty. To-night my endeavour was to lead the people, if possible, to see the indispensable need of fulfilling the words of Christ,—‘*Oye estas mis palabras y las cumple!*’* in order to secure, in the sight of our final Judge, the character of the wise man, building on a good foundation for eternity. I carefully avoided saying any thing severe upon the misinterpretations, which I was compelled to notice, and I said nothing at all to irritate the party prejudices of Romish adherents. I now solemnly write in secret before God, what I should be ready to proclaim upon the house-tops, that I am not actuated by a party-spirit, nor moved with party-views; my grand real moving wish is, to save some of those whom I see perishing. But ah, my God! my God! every thing that I have

* Hear, and obey my words!

hitherto seen here, tends to make me feel petrified at the 'working of the mystery of iniquity,' which renders men almost as impenetrable to the convictions of truth, as a coat of mail to the point of a sword. Of course, I do not refer to any disappointment about my two sermons, for that indeed would be foolish. But I pray the Lord, to seal upon my heart the reflection, that I am not sent to overturn Popery; but, if possible, to save some of the perishing sinners around me, as individuals.

On Monday evening last I commenced another new class, if indeed it is to bear this appellation, in the barracks at the South, in the room of Quarter-master Sergeant Vagg. Four persons, beside myself, were present, three of whom have been Methodists before, but have suffered loss without being abandoned, or losing all gracious feeling,—they were, Sergeant Vagg, his wife, and Sergeant Abercrombie; the remaining one, Sergeant Starling, of the Artillery, is a very respectable man, to whom religion has long appeared indispensable, though by him it has never yet been savingly enjoyed. The greatest happiness here, that I have felt at all, is in scenes like these. I can have no greater upon earth. O that the Lord would but qualify me for more of this, and bless me with the spirit, which should restlessly burst through every thing to usefulness, armed with knowledge, fired with zeal, covered by prudence, and sustained by patient love to souls!

Monday 19th.—Blest yesterday morning in class; an eighth person added to our number. At the barrack-room this evening, Sergeant Starling was absent, but our conversation was rendered profitable to the rest. I endeavour to render it as little stiff and formal as possible, especially at this commencement of my undertaking, and where there are so few present; consequently we had an interesting conversation on the exercise of justifying faith.

20th.—Yesterday was the anniversary of the day, when I first unbosomed my affections to my Anne, and gained her consent to be mine till death. To day is the '*fecha infausta*!' * Oh, with what feelings do I review these last five years! But let me leave it; to what purpose do I remember? O thou good, yet holy, Lord God! my heart yet lives, reeking in the blood of the wounds so justly and so wisely caused by tearing away its idols. Thou hast 'broken down my altars, and spoiled my images!' Hos. x. 2. There is,—there was mercy, and not to me alone, mingled with that judgment. O that I could feel a more cordial joy, in consenting to thy holy will! But now, and for some time past, I have been striving to submit myself more fully to Thee, and, at length, I am brought to the point of a deep and most painful feeling of the need of thy Holy Spirit, as a Spirit of faith, of power, of love, and of a sound mind. Oh! 'there is a sin unto death;'

* Unhappy date!

and there is a state of soul, from which, it seems almost impossible on earth to use to prosperity. If I have not sinned myself into all but a totally invincible habit of heart-revolting and insubmissiveness to Thee, I pray thee to put forth the strength of thy mercy, and to give me again the Spirit of power and love. Hast thou not promised thy Holy Spirit to them that ask thee? and I, almost despondent with my sense of want, ask thee in the name of Jesus. Oh! Son of the Father, Mediator between God and sinful man, ever-living Intercessor, 'able to save to the uttermost, *all* that come unto God by thee,' hear me, hear me, and have mercy upon me!

This was spent as a memorial day. On the whole, not much melted before God; yet somewhat blest and encouraged to hope, that the gift of the Spirit, which the Saviour has promised, and which he knows I so much want, will not be denied me.

23rd.—Last night read my third sermon in Spanish, from 2 Cor. viii. 9, to about fifteen persons. This congregation is no very flattering comparison with the last week's; but what is to be done by one sermon in a week, and that too read? I must, and if God will bless me, I will, labour to improve in *extempore* speaking; but my present deficiency in conversation is to me most painful, and how can it be otherwise, when I so seldom try to talk? 'Tis true, opportunities for this do not offer in my own room, nor are they likely. The state of my knowledge of the language has required my close application at home, but freedom in speaking cannot be attained there, and I must go more abroad. I think I shall try to go to Cadiz for a few weeks. To this Mr. Pyne and Mr. Pratten strongly advise me. My health and spirits too require it, as I find myself very much oppressed with labour, and those terrible exercises of the mind to which I am prone, from a sense of my uselessness and unfitness for use, among such a mass of spiritual misery and danger, as the world presents to my view. However, I have the satisfaction to find myself still understood; though I rather think, that yesterday's sermon, being on that day entirely composed and written, was less intelligible than the two former.

To the Rev. James Dixon.

Gibraltar, Dec. 27, 1825.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE never received the first letter, to which your second, just come to hand, refers. Let this at once account for your having received none from me. But, with what heart-felt relief and satisfaction did I lay my hand upon this last! for, though, of course, I knew somewhat of your habitual dislike to letter-writing, and the usual deliberateness of your movements; and, though I moreover thought, I

knew enough of your heart to be sure that it takes impressions deeply, and that many waters, aye, *even a whole ocean*, cannot drown your love; yet I confess, that I was sometimes a little staggered, and reduced at least to the condition of one who knows not what to think; and occasionally I caught myself in the act of saying,—‘Ah! my friend’s affection for me is disappointed; from a near inspection he has certainly seen faults in me, which he had not anticipated, and which, in his judgment, justify the withdrawment of his friendship from me, or, at least, render inevitable that alienation of heart, which is sometimes as inscrutably the result of disappointment, as the contrary emotions are at other times unavoidable from an unexpected encounter.’ By Mr. Pratten too, singularly enough, I received from home that letter of yours, dated from the spot in which I now write, which, twelve months ago, crossed me on my passage, and found its way to my Father’s house, when I was near the place from which it came. That letter breathes a spirit of friendship, so cordial and so anxious, as to lead me, under existing circumstances, to look upon it in the light of contrast; and thus, instead of giving me pleasure, it made me feel regret for what it seemed as if I had lost. However, enough of this; these misgivings have shared the fate of many unbelieving questionings, on a more important subject, to which the Lord is more tender than they merit; they first prove themselves unfounded, and then sink into contempt. I thank God, to whose mercy I ascribe, from my heart, all that I enjoy, for having preserved me a place in your memory and affection, and for having led you again to express it in a manner so unequivocal. In me there is no sort of merit in feeling acutely on these subjects, for *I cannot help* being inwardly and deeply pained at the loss of affection or esteem. This is a very dangerous sensibility, because it is so liable to fix itself upon a merely earthly happiness; and yet, one would think, that such a heart, if well regulated, would be able to devote unusual affections to the Redeemer, and to ‘*love Him much.*’ Let me, however, follow you through your letter.

Of almost every circumstance, relative to your voyage homewards, I am, of course, entirely ignorant. I cannot avoid saying, that I greatly regret this, as it seems the letter, which recounted the incidents, enlarged likewise on other points, which would have been to me very interesting. I heard, indeed, with great pleasure, that Mrs. D.’s health was considerably improved by the voyage, and that the children suffered no great inconvenience; but I am proportionally concerned to find, that the former seems again to have relapsed into debility. I do earnestly desire, and will pray, both for your sake and her own, that she may be restored. You said nothing about Eliza’s eyes, though, from your mentioning her, I conclude that they are better. I am very much pained at observing, that this terrible disease has already, for these two or three past days, seized on the left eye of Elizabeth, the

daughter of Mr. Pratten; and most ardently do I implore the kindness of the God of providence, for the removal of this distressing malady.

I scarcely dare trust myself in allusion to that '*enfermedad de la mente*,' that 'sickness of the heart,' that constitutional malady of the mind, by which both you and I seem habitually deprived of the enjoyments, which equal circumstances would communicate to others. I will, however, cordially join you in the conviction, that minds so little capable of enjoying any thing else, ought to enjoy much religion; and, with a heart somewhat sensible of the great kindness of God, our Saviour, in giving us any thing on which to consistently found our expectation, I join you too in the hope, that in the eternal world we shall relate to each other the triumphs of redeeming love in these cold, stony hearts. Yet I could scarcely help smiling at the contrast between your statements of incapability of enjoyment, and the account immediately following, of your visit to Gloucester and Tewkesbury. It really does seem, after all, as if you were favoured, not only with the means, but with the highly-strung capacity for enjoyment. True, this was a religious enjoyment, and so are all truly Christian pleasures, nor is it desirable to have any others. I do not repine, while remembering that I was not with you to share your felicity; nor, indeed, while remembering, feelingly it is true, that here, with a clearer sky, and a purer atmosphere, and a more genial climate than yours, we have yet a far, far more distressing winter, than that which howls about you. Here, indeed, there is nothing at all, from which any combination of human means or circumstances could educe such a scene as that at Tewkesbury. O my God, my God! how deeply,—how gallingly afflicted is my heart, to feel so little of the warm love and zeal of Christianity here, and to find so little to increase it!

But I must say a little about matters here. As soon as you had left me, I struggled hard to master that indefinable sensation of miserable solitude, and all the crowd of feelings, which the touch of that chord awakened into new and gnawing activity. I had myself very little expectation of being able, till the supposed time, to fulfil the duties of the station. I thought, however, that God now required me to abandon myself, together with all my interests and feelings, to Him. I did so, and was graciously favoured with very unusual power to live near to Him, and, consequently, I was relieved from much of the distress, which I should otherwise have suffered. I still determined to continue my application to the Spanish, and thus, by leaving but comparatively little time for reading and composition, I feared that the people would become weary of my crude and undigested pulpit exercises. However, I thought my duty was to continue closely applying to the Spanish, and to leave all the consequences to God. I do not think, that there is any good reason to regret this resolution, as my difficulties were to last but a short time; and yet that time,

spent in neglecting the Spanish, would have been seriously felt in subsequent application. Beside, I will honestly acknowledge, that I felt greatly pained and disgusted at myself, for not making a more rapid progress in the language, and thus being able, immediately on the arrival of the new Preacher, to commence some Spanish services. Mr. Davis * and myself had agreed to take the services in the Chapel alternately, and I took the Bethel entirely upon myself; but, not long after your departure, a terrible fit of the gout, which, by flying from his foot to his hip, created great alarm for his life, confined Mr. D. to his house; and then, for some time, I had the whole charge. The consequence of this was, that I was compelled to leave the Thursday evening preaching at the South for prayer, and to resign the Bethel to some one for reading. On the restoration of Mr. D. to health, he resumed his share of the duties, and in this manner we continued with great cordiality till Mr. Pratten's arrival. I feel it to be matter of unfeigned gratitude to God, that, during this interval, the Society suffered no diminution in number, and two or three members seemed to increase in religious concern. As soon as Mr. P. had assumed the charge of the people, I determined to obtain the best Spanish master that I could; and I was providentially directed to Don Gonzalez, a refugee, of very considerable talent, a complete gentleman, and of extensive acquaintance with the language. As to real ability in philology, and composition, he is indeed just what I wished to find. The second month of his attendance, three hours in the week, is now nearly accomplished, and I feel myself to have derived very considerable benefit from his assistance. He is, however, as I should think almost every professed Catholic of talents must be, as sceptical on the divinity of the Scriptures, as on the legitimate authority of the Church. We have occasional conversations, in which the brilliancy of his talent, and the difficulty of expressing myself in Spanish, place me at an immense inferiority, without, however, affecting the goodness of my cause. Several weeks ago, I began to take the Spanish service on the Thursday evenings; the congregation has long been reduced, almost as low as it could be; and all the satisfaction, that I derive from the result, is, in knowing that my Spanish is intelligible, and in gratitude to a gracious God for having enabled me thus far. But, shall I tell the truth? I have no hope of a cause here. This want of hope may be a crime, because it may be the cause of a want of exertion, and thus of success. This is, in some degree, the case; but, at the same time, there seems nothing here upon which hope can lay hold; no preparation of heart among the people; no soul for vital religion; nor any movement of the Holy Spirit to urge them to solicitude. My distress, in connexion with this subject, is very great. I am afraid, lest there

* An aged Local Preacher on the Rock.—A. B.

may be upon me the guilt of the blood of souls ; and yet I have struggled, and studied, and prayed, until my spirits have sometimes quite broken down under me ; and, since Mr. P. has been here, I have several times been so exceedingly distressed in preaching, as to be scarcely able to get through the service. By all these things together, I am, however, effectually saved from the dangers of popularity ; evils which, thanks to the barrenness of the Rock ! do not grow here. The causes of my extreme dejection have been, in part, increased labour, and pain at my insufficient progress in the language ; but, chiefly, the state of religion here, the affecting wreck of souls around me, and my own accountableness at the judgment-seat of Christ, if, through a criminal supineness and indigence of energy and exertion, I should not be able to render up my account with joy. I fear, my dear friend, that I have not willingness enough to expose myself to suffer shame, contempt, and persecution, for the name of the Lord Jesus ; and, what is worse, that I have not zeal and love enough to urge me out, to endeavour to awaken the attention of those whom I see perishing before my eyes.

Among the English, however, we have some reason for pleasure and hope ; several additions to our society have already taken place, and in them we verify what the Lord once said,—‘ Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.’ I believe, that several of those, who are now coming forward, have been decidedly prepared for it by the previous Ministry. Our congregations, upon the whole, are much the same as when you left, though, perhaps, the attendance of soldiers is hardly so large. The Bethel is, unavoidably, almost relinquished ; Mr. Hipburn’s absence has taken away the means of supply, for the expense of the flag, and the double boat-hire, is far beyond our ability to pay. Instead, therefore, we have opened a Sunday evening’s service at the South, which is fully attended to, Mr. Davis taking his turn with us there. The 42d Regiment of Highlanders is lately arrived, and among them is a Local Preacher, who is a very zealous, and, apparently, a truly excellent man ; but, among the soldiers, there has been a most grievous unsteadiness in religious profession ; he reckons, that not fewer than fifty or sixty of them have been decidedly under serious impressions, though scarcely any of them stand their ground. War, together with all that belongs to it, seems essentially opposite to the spirit of the Gospel. As to the present season, it is not, I suppose, less profuse and beastly, in its wickedness, than any one that has preceded ; at least, former ones must have been terrible indeed, if worse than this : ‘ surely the fear of God is not in this place !’

By the strong advice of Mr. Pratten and Mr. Pyne, I am going for a few weeks to Cadiz, for the purpose of mixing entirely with the Spaniards, and of learning to talk ; for my want of spirits and zeal

renders it very difficult to converse at all. How very different is this, from that vivacity and ardour which once distinguished me! But I am continually laying my case before the Lord, and entreating Him to bless me with far more of His Spirit, and, in my measure, to fulfil to me those promises in Isa. l. 4, 5, and Luke xxi. 15. Corporal Allen, poor fellow! has written you. I was with his Harriet a good deal in her affliction. She died well, thoroughly well; but he has borne the stroke like a Christian; how much better than another that I know! But I drank much too deeply of his cup of sorrow, for my own strength of mind. If they knew of my writing, many would join in affectionate remembrances, for it is not all *Rock*, though most of it is. In the deepest feeling of my need, I commend myself, most earnestly, to your prayers, and am

Yours, most affectionately,

W. BARBER.

Journal continued.

Jan. 28, 1826.—The new year commenced without any thing to render it remarkable to me, in reference to the main object of my residence here, the welfare of the Spanish population. I have pursued the practice of preaching, on the Thursday evenings, with various success, as it regards the number of my hearers, and my own comfort in the service; but where are the fruits? Would it not be folly, to expect any thing yet in the shape of fruit? Certainly not, if these two things were secured,—the preparation of the people's hearts for the truth, and the corresponding preparation in my heart to dispense it to them. How unutterably painful is it to perceive so little evidence of either!

I perceive that my health is not yet established; a slight tinge of blood occasionally accompanies my expectorations; and my anxieties are sometimes very cutting, about the propriety of my occupying a station, to the duties of which, as they are, I am not fully equal; neither do I give the evidence I wish, that, in future, I shall be more capable, or more active.

In the practice of detaining any, among the Spanish congregation, who might wish to converse on the subject of the sermon, there are some symptoms of good; two or three persons really appear under truly serious impressions, and several others make their attendance constant; considerable opportunity is thus afforded me for pressing home upon them, individually, the need of experimental religion, of which they generally seem to have no kind of notion. The mother of Mr. Quierell, a native of Tarifa, appears to have been brought into a state of Christian liberty; and the proper evidences of this are given, in a completely changed state of temper and feeling. Calling on her

one day, I saw on the floor an image of San Joseph, rather maimed; the children were playing with it. This image had been, for many years, her tutelar divinity,—her household god; before it she had often bowed, and to it she had often prayed, really believing in the duty and the efficacy of so doing. I very particularly questioned her on this subject, and she constantly confirmed the assurance, that she knew no better; all the people around her did the same, and she was never told that it was wrong. She now, however, perceives, that she was guilty of gross and very offensive idolatry, and looks with abhorrence upon the remains of that stupid image, which she so long regarded as, if not itself divine, yet the acceptable medium of meritorious acts of worship. But she now places all her dependance on her Lord and Redeemer alone, knows the efficacy of his blood, and feels its powerful application. Glory to God for this one instance of salvation from a danger so great, and from an infatuation so powerful, as that which generally holds the ignorant Roman Catholics! The Popish apostacy is one of the most guilty and cruel conceivable; it takes the very language of the purest and simplest law, which could prohibit idolatry, in order to justify it; it first sophistically makes the medicine of the soul, as prescribed by the Good Physician, of none effect; and then, as if dissatisfied with a victory so cheap, converts it into a poison, most infatuating in the lethargy with which it binds the conscience; and most effectual in the ruin into which it plunges the soul. Popery has not only made the Bible remove its check from idolatry, but it has made the religion of the Bible, or, at least, that which professes to be so, give all the sanction of its authority to an almost unlimited number of objects of idolatrous worship, which are, in truth, nothing but petty deities, in the estimation of those who honour them with their devotion.

30th.—I have now spent twelve months upon this Rock; a circumstance which covers me with shame, considering how little I have been honoured with usefulness. I say *little*, for, through infinite mercy, there is some evidence of real, though not extensive, usefulness. Some are walking in the way of Divine ordinances, the Lord having condescendingly made me the instrument of bringing them into it; and some are advanced into the enjoyment of the privileges of the Gospel, the Lord having made me the means of bringing them to the sprinkling of the blood of atonement. But I have a deep and abiding sense of my own want of spiritual power and religious happiness, and, consequently, of communion with God through his Son; and the tendency of my mind is so strongly to despondent views of things, that my elevations are scarce and transient, and my time, for the most part, is spent ungratefully, nay, sometimes existence itself seems a burden, and ‘my soul almost chooseth strangling and death rather than life.’ Ah! if the gracious Spirit of God would but descend upon me, and raise

me above the world, myself, and sin, and give me much of the spirit of self-denial and zeal, then, with reason, I might hope for greater usefulness. But the souls of men!—My heart feels painfully and despondingly about them, though, after all, it does not melt and flow out into zealous effort in their behalf.

Feb. 14th.—Mr. ———, a respectable gentleman, at present resident at Cadiz, was lately here; and Mr. Pyne having mentioned me to him, and stated my purpose to go for a few weeks to Cadiz, for the superior advantages of conversing with the natives, entirely apart from English intercourse, according to Mr. P.'s advice, I called at the gentleman's lodgings, to pay him my respects. He was not, however, within at the time, and I therefore left my name, not purposing to call again, because of the extreme uncertainty of meeting him at home. In a day or two afterwards he called at the Mission-House, when Mr. Pratten, and myself, had about two hours very interesting conversation with him, chiefly on the state of Spain, but partly in reference to my paying it a visit. To this project he was evidently not friendly, though too courteous to say so in direct terms. However, he decidedly advised against my going to Cadiz, where, as he said, I should be much more under the eye of the police, than in a country village. His objections certainly arose from the state of the country; but I am not quite sure of the absence of other reasons from his mind. He would, of course, prefer, that whatever consequences might accrue to me, supposing them to be of an evil kind, they should happen beyond the range of his interference; and, perhaps too, he might be willing to avoid whatever would seem, however remotely, to identify himself with me, a Methodist and a Missionary. I confess, that I cannot entirely remove these impressions from my mind; yet, it is quite possible, that it may be much safer for me to be in a village than at Cadiz; though, at the same time, if the state of authority, justice, and civil safety, be such as it appears from this gentleman's statements, and so much under the control of a bigoted, cruel, and tyrannical priesthood, that priesthood would probably be more influential and arbitrary in a village than in a city, and my safety would consequently be more at the mercy of those hideous monsters; for, if I should be known in a large place, there would be no difficulty in making me known in a small one.

On the subject of the internal state of Spain, as it regards public justice, and individual safety, Mr. ———'s account is truly appalling, and it perfectly corresponds with all the accounts, which we have received from other quarters. His expressions were,—‘There is, absolutely, no justice in the country. The most atrocious of criminals, *even the murderer of a Father and Mother*, may escape by bribery! And such is otherwise the state of affairs, that, often robberies, committed in the boldest and most audacious manner, are not prose-

cuted, in consequence of the fear of the thief's vengeance, and the assurance that he will easily escape. 'Of this,' said he, 'three instances, within my personal knowledge, have lately occurred.' They are as follow :

A man, who was by birth a Maltese, had lain for a considerable time in prison, at Cadiz. He, at length, sent to the British consul, claiming his interference and protection, as a British subject. The consul went to see him, and received from him, in substance, the following account. He stated, 'that he had been arrested, in conjunction with several other persons, on a charge of forging *vales*, (a paper currency in the time of the Constitution,)—that he was innocent of the crime,—that, as no disposition was manifested to bring the matter to a close, he had no hope of being brought to a trial,—that all the other persons, who had been accused with him, had been liberated, as they found money to bribe the magistrate,—that he could not adopt the same plan, because he was without the means,—that, unless some exertion were made for him, he should, in all probability, have to remain in prison for years, and to perish at last,—and that, if the consul would advance him about twenty-five dollars, he could employ an attorney, who would get him liberated.' The consul's reply was, 'that he would advance nothing, until he knew more of the merits of the case; but, that if the man would send to him the attorney, to whom he referred, he would make farther enquiries.' Accordingly, the next day, the attorney called upon the consul; and the latter finding that there was no sufficient evidence against the man, and that, for a little money, he could obtain his discharge, determined to effect it. The attorney asked for forty dollars, promising then to proceed. The consul, who well knew the Spanish character in these respects, replied, that he would advance nothing; but that if the attorney would bring him the man, accompanied by a written discharge, from the magistrate himself, from all demands and criminal proceedings, he would immediately pay him down fifty dollars. The attorney consented, and very soon afterwards, I am not sure whether it was the next day, or in two or three days, he actually produced the man, with the discharge, signed in the magistrate's own hand-writing, and received the stipulated sum accordingly.

The second case was of much later occurrence. A gentleman, who is a friend of the one with whom we were conversing, resides in a village, at some little distance from the town in which he has his chief establishment, I am not sure whether it is Cadiz or not. On a particular occasion, about mid-day, he was gently riding on horseback towards his home, and had arrived within about two hundred yards of the above-mentioned village, the whole distance between the two places being not more than four or five miles, if so much. And here it was, that two men met him, and holding their long knives ready,

demanding his gold watch and appendages. One of the villains was well known to the gentleman, for he had been the servant of a near relative; and this wretch evinced an insulting pleasure in relating the history of the watch, which, from his former situation in the family, he well knew, and in minutely describing its appendages. But that which crowned the infamy and effrontery of the whole business was, that this hideous villain actually called the next day on the gentleman, at his house, and offered him the watch for sale. But was there no remedy? None whatever; to take any measures for the purpose of punishing the robber, would have been inevitable destruction to the gentleman himself; for, had he even been apprehended, his trial might never have come on, and a bribe would almost at any time have emancipated the criminal.

The third was the case of an English captain, who was robbed of his pocket-book, containing ten pounds, by one of the servants of the inn, which was frequented by all the English. The case was clear, and the thief bold and impudent. The captain would not brook it; he determined to prosecute the man, and went to the consul to ask his advice how to proceed. The consul told him, that no justice could be obtained, and that it would be the merest waste of money to attempt a prosecution; strongly recommending him, therefore, to pocket the affront, and to keep the rest of his money safely. The captain, however, was resolute, and the thief accordingly absconded; that is, he went to a place on the other side of the river, where he enjoyed the spoil which he had taken, without any pains to conceal it or himself. At length, however, the consul went to the landlord, and told him, that, as the matter had assumed so disgraceful an aspect, unless he procured the money to be refunded, he should use all his influence to persuade every English resident, or visiter, to abandon his house. The landlord, therefore, paid the money out of his own pocket, and, either on the same day, or the next, the servant resumed his place at the inn, as if nothing had happened.

And now that I am upon this subject, I will add another account, given me by Mr. Pyns, who received it from a gentleman, a friend of his, to whom it relates. This person went to Algeçiras, a Spanish town, and, wishing to be shaved, went into a shop for the purpose. The barber told him of an incident which, not long since, had occurred to himself. There was in Algeçiras a young man of very atrocious character, and well known in the place; his father had owned a considerable number of the houses in the public square, and these he had been obliged gradually to dispose of, in order to buy his son out of the evil consequences of his villanies. The son had at length committed the seventh murder, and yet was living at large, the terror of all around him. One day he came into the barber's shop to be shaved, while some one else was under the operation; but he demanded to be

instantly attended to, and as the barber refused to comply, till he had done with the other person, the villain muttered out the threat that he would do for him. The barber, immediately taking it for granted that he would be faithful to his word, determined to anticipate him; he therefore stepped aside, and grasped a long knife, with which, as the murderer was passing from his door, he stabbed him, and, repeating his blow, despatched him in the street; then instantly roaring out for a confessor, he made no attempt to escape. The mob ran together, but, seeing who was the victim, they unitedly declared, that no confessor was wanted for such a wretch; and said, that the barber had done an act of public justice. No proceedings were afterwards instituted, and the barber was regarded, not as a criminal, but as a general benefactor. This story is, perhaps, too dreadful to gain universal credit from Englishmen; and, it is assuredly too terrific to be admitted on the sole testimony of a barber, as garrulous and credible, perhaps, as in any part of the world; but the state of things in Spain is really such, as not to render the story, *per se*, unworthy of belief. And besides, what, in the nature of things, must be the state of that country, in which even a barber could tell such a story, with any hope of being believed, or without fear of being noticed by the eye of justice?

Returning to the conversation of Mr. ———, he confirmed the impression of his previous representations, by stating, that he was persuaded, in case of my being arrested by the Spanish authorities, it would be utterly out of the power of the British consul to afford me any kind of protection; because he knew him to have received positive orders from his Government, not to interfere at all for any British subjects, who should infringe the existing laws of the country, whether civil or ecclesiastical; and, by no means, even in cases of the most flagrant and oppressive injustice, to forcibly resist any attempt of authority, but to report them to his Government, and to leave them for their interference.

Now, upon the whole, what is the result to which I must come? Situated as I am, with little Spanish intercourse, with a considerable portion of English work, and with the imperative necessity of English studies, it is impracticable for me to obtain perfect freedom, correctness, and familiarity, in the use of the Spanish language; while a very few weeks of intercourse with those, who talk Spanish only, would be of the most essential service to me. But, if I go into Spain, the great subject of religion is prohibited; and any expression of sentiment respecting it, would be an infraction of existing law, ecclesiastical if not civil; and, were this wanted as a pretext, my being a Methodist Missionary would, at once, render me obnoxious to the Government. The only object of my going into Spain at all, at present, must be to perfect myself in the language, as no opening is perceptible for the very smallest effort to diffuse the truth; in fact, it would prove fatal to any

one who should attempt it. I am advised to go, for a little while, to Algeciras, and thence to Tarifa; though I am at a loss to imagine, how this can be more advisable than my going to Cadiz. However, at present, while I hope I shall be able to do something steadily toward advancing in freedom of speech, I have but little expectation of effectual success, without more conversation.

19th and 20th.—The fourth anniversary of my marriage. With her, to whom I was then united, by a bond so sacred, so solemn, and so endearing, I have not had a moment's interview for three years and a half. What is now my connexion with her? I know not. This I know, that she was mine in a sense that she never can be again; but something within me still kindles at the thought of a re-union with her, more than with any other. But the awful voice, which says,—‘What is that to thee? follow thou me!’ always sounds in my ears, when I turn to reflect upon this subject; and I am more and more convinced of the sinfulness of indulging my strong and wasting grief. There is something truly astounding to my nature in this lesson. The repeated recurrence of that passage,—‘What is that to thee? follow thou me!’ is, indeed, instructive, but it is tremendous too. O Lord, my God! I confess thy right in her to be infinitely superior to mine, and thy sovereignty over myself to be absolute. Now, at length, through a combination that will for ever amaze me, of patient and persevering providence and grace, I am brought to yield my heart, in its deep and hidden springs of affection, to thee! But what do I say? Is this, indeed, true? Do I then give thee all my heart? ‘Lord, thou knowest all things; and thou knowest that I love thee!’ But, as to the degree, what can I say or know, the corruption of my nature not only being so sensible, but so great? However, thou hast, at length, delivered my heart from every known and cherished idol. But, oh! that it might please thee entirely to repair the mischiefs, which I have suffered, in soul, in understanding, and in body. Alas! what a wreck of a creature am I, for a life of activity, and intercourse, and usefulness!

Friday, 24th.—This evening we commenced a prayer-meeting in Spanish, at Brother Quierell's, where about twelve persons were present; they seemed deeply serious. I endeavoured to give a short extemporaneous address, though, I dare say, there were mistakes enough; however, I was understood. I am much tried with two fears; the one is, that of rendering the attempt ridiculous, the other, that of being ridiculed for a blunderer. I know not how much virtue there may be in the former; but, in the latter, I am quite persuaded that there is next to none, and I, therefore, entreat the Lord to deliver me from it.

28th.—This month has considerably advanced me in the use of the Spanish. I have written and spoken much, and I hope now soon to have it perfectly familiar. In circumstances such as mine, it was, per-

haps, quite as well for me to learn it gradually, as I have done, by means of books, with comparatively little intercourse with those who speak it, and with a good deal else to do. But, now that I shall be much more completely initiated into a systematic acquaintance with theology than I was, if I were to have another language to acquire for the purpose of preaching in it, I should earnestly desire to go and live with those who speak it; and the people, and my books together, would enable me to gain it in one third of the time.

I have lately had several conversations with Spaniards, and especially with two or three emigrants. One of them, a man of about forty years of age, seems truly respectable for talents, past condition of life, and well principled manners. He described, in the most feeling manner, the religious state of the Spanish peasantry; they all know the deceits, the impostures, and the wicked lives of the friars and the clergy; and even the very women regard them as cheats. 'These things,' continued he, 'have put us all into confusion; we know not what to believe, and the great majority of us reject religion altogether. Yet there must be truth in it, though I know not what it is. This is the object of my coming to you. I believe the Scriptures to be the word of God, and I see that there is a great difference between your mode of interpreting them and ours; and having thrown aside all the inventions of men, and sat down, simply to read and to inquire into the meaning of the word of God, I think you are likely to know the truth.'

The following I find addressed to an intimate friend of my Brother, at Gibraltar, a pious member of the Church of England.

Gibraltar, March 8, 1826.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I APPEAL only to your own good nature, for a justification of my attempt to give the substance of our conversation last night, on Rom. viii. 28, &c., a more visible and tangible form. It would be more insulting to my understanding than even to yours, to suppose that I have any motive so childish as the hope of swaying your faith, either in a system, or in any favourite notion of my own. My own view on the subject has, I trust, been useful to myself; and, if I wish that it may be so to others, of course I cannot desire that it should be thrown aside by being misunderstood, or even received without being well understood. Pardon my apology, and the intrusion which has occasioned it; I mean my paper, as well as my tongue.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The Apostle is writing to believers, that is, those whom he regarded as real Christians. He has been tracing the history of the experimental application of the Gospel scheme to an individual soul, from his unawakened state, (chap. vii. 8,) through the distresses of conviction and conversion, into the liberty of the Gospel and all its privileges; these privileges are enumerated throughout the 8th chapter. At the 17th and 18th verses the Apostle passes from the *enjoyments* of real Christians in 'this present time,' or their actual state, to their *sufferings*; and all that follows, from ver. 19 to 25 inclusive, is parenthetical, or rather illustrative of ver. 18. In ver. 26, the Apostle again passes from the enjoyments and sufferings of Christians, to the direct *alleviation* obtained by the Holy Spirit's dwelling in them; He makes intercession for them; that intercession is known by the Father, it being according to His will, ver. 27; and then in ver. 28, 'all things work thus together for the good of these' who are in such a case, they being 'lovers of God,' and 'called according to that purpose,' or will, according to which the Holy Spirit intercedes within.

DEFINITIONS.

1. 'CALLED.'—The primary and radical meaning of the verb *to call*, is *to invite*; and, predicated of God with reference to man, its primary meaning is, *the invitation of His Spirit, or His Gospel, or both*.

2. 'PURPOSE.'—*Plan formed for future conduct*.

3. 'FOREKNOW.'—*To know before the existence of the object*; predicated of God, it means *absolute acquaintance and thorough comprehension before the existence of its object*.

4. 'PREDESTINATE.'—*To determine on the destination of what is foreseen*, and that, of course, *as it is foreseen*. Thus a man is foreseen by his Maker in a certain condition of soul; predestination then determines, (at the period of the foresight, which is anterior to the man's existence,) *what in that state of mind shall be his destination*. *If he should change from that state of mind, that likewise was foreseen; and then the effects of a corresponding predestination take place upon him*.

5. 'CONFORMED.'—*Formed into resemblance, as far as the two objects compared are capable of similarity*.

6. 'JUSTIFIED.'—The primary import of the verb *to justify*, is *to pronounce officially that one accused is just, according to the equity of the case*. Admitting, that, in human administration, a difference

between law and equity cannot always be avoided, the same difference cannot exist in the Divine administration; *there*, law is equity, and equity is law; and, whatever is decided, whether less or greater, is decided according to both law and equity.

7. 'GLORIFIED.'—*Made glorious.*

My dear Sir, you will permit me again to apologise for these definitions; they do not offer information, but are presented merely to shew, that, in the interpretation of the passage in question, I do not attach any meaning to the words, but that which is plainest, most literal, and most intelligible.

Now every word in actual use, and forming part of the terms of a proposition, has both a primary and a secondary import; the former being its own distinctive sense, and the latter that which arises from the manner in which it is employed. In other words, *the circumstances, in which a word is actually found in a proposition, must determine the modification which must be given to its primary acceptance*; but a modification can never destroy, and much less contradict, the primary and radical import of a word, for this would be equivalent to a denial, that what was supposed to be its primary meaning, is so in point of fact. Thus, for example, if the primary and radical import of the word *to call* be that of *invitation*, then it never can be made to mean *force*, either mechanical, or in any other way that is absolutely irresistible. At least, thus I must think, until it can be proved, that the same word has two primary and radical meanings, the one *directly contrary to, or, at least, quite inconsistent with*, the other. But to return to

THE INTERPRETATION.

1. Verse 28.—Real Christians are the persons described; their true Christian character makes them 'love God,' and gives them the title to consider 'all things working together for their good.'

2. These same persons are said to be 'the called according to the purpose of God;' and this is assigned as the proof that 'all things must work together for their good.' Now, the great question, on which the entire interpretation of the passage must depend, is,—With reference to what period of time are they denominated 'the called?' Whether, with reference to the period of their conversion? *and then the secondary meaning of the word refers to the means, by which they were converted.* Or whether, with reference to their present and actual state? *and then the secondary meaning of the word refers to the means, by which they are called on to 'conformity to the image of the Son of God.'* In the former case, the action of calling them out of one condition into another, falls upon them *in their un-*

converted state, in order to convert them ; but, in the latter case, the action of calling them, falls upon them *in their converted state*, in order to lead them on to holiness and glory. It was the latter of these views, which I wished to maintain ; the former I denied ; and in this, the following reasons support me.

(1.) The having 'all things to work together for good,' is the peculiar privilege of those who 'love God ;' and, of course, it is *not* the privilege of those who do *not* love God. But it is also the privilege of those who are 'the called,' in the sense of the term here ; because this is expressive of another property in the character of the same persons, and it is quite consistent with the former. Therefore, the word 'called,' here, cannot be applied to their unconverted state, but to them as converted and already 'loving God.' This must be obvious ; since, if it were applied to their unconverted state, all men equally would have the same privilege, because all men are 'called' to be converted.

(2.) The Apostle's assertion,—'We know that all things work together for good, to them who are the called according to the purpose of God,' requires that we should understand the call to conversion, *to have been successful* ; since we do *not* know that all things work together for good to them who are *not* so called : nay, *we know the contrary*. Therefore, the word 'called' expresses some property of their actual state as real Christians.

(3.) Even they who would interpret the word 'called,' as meaning *effectually called*, so as to denote the *efficacy* or *irresistibleness* of the grace which produced their conversion, do by this very interpretation admit, that the word cannot be thus applied to men, *till after they have been thus effectually called*. And, therefore, it is applied to them in their converted state.

(4.) In whatever manner the word 'purpose' may be understood, it is evident from the Apostle's language, that '*those who are the called* according to that purpose,' *are those who at the same time 'love God.'* But those who love God are real Christians ; since no man who is not truly converted can, in the apostolic sense, love God. Therefore, the word is applied to Christians in their converted state. Now then

3. When God is said evangelically to call man, the meaning is, *that He invites him either by His Spirit, or by His Word, or by both.*

But He is here said to call the converted ; or, in other words, the converted are said here to be 'the called according to the purpose of God.'

Therefore the passage asserts, that by His Spirit, or by His Word, or by both, God invites the converted, or those who love Him.

Whether this invitation be resistible or irresistible, is entirely beside the present point; the fact only is wanted, that the passage does assert this invitation of the people of God. *The rule according to which He does this, and not the mode of His doing it, is the next point which the Apostle asserts:—viz. it is 'according to His purpose.'*

4. The next question then is,—What is the 'purpose' according to which 'those who love God' are 'called?'

This the Apostle shews in ver. 29, 30, which are entirely employed in *illustrating that purpose*, of which the knowledge is sufficient ground for asserting, that 'all things work together for good to those' who are its objects.

5. *A purpose is a plan for future conduct*; and it involves two ideas, one, of the time when it was made, and the other of the plan which it laid down.

The time of the Divine purpose, must be anterior to man's existence; and the plan of the Divine conduct, must be fitted to facts as foreseen, and it must take effect when those foreseen facts are in truth realised.

6. We are then led by the Apostle, to refer to *the period of the formation of the Divine purpose, and to observe the steps by which it is described.*

This, of course, is language accommodated to our conceptions; but it is, at the same time, sufficiently definite for our instruction.

7. 'They who are called' are foreknown, as '*lovers of God*,'—'*Whom he did foreknow.*' *To foreknow is to know before the existence of the object.* Now, what is the object here said to be foreknown?—We answer,—*Men, as real Christians,—as lovers of God.* If this should be disputed, the reasons are as follow:

(1.) No other persons or characters are adverted to in the context.

(2.) There is, in the context, nothing to fix the attention on Christians at any other period, than that which is subsequent to their conversion.

(3.) It cannot mean, all that are in every sense foreknown; for all men are foreknown as men, as sinners, or as saints; and this would prove more than objectors would wish.

(4.) It is admitted, on all hands, that none are predestinated to glory, but those who are truly '*lovers of God.*'

8. 'Whom he did foreknow, He also did predestinate.' *To predestinate is to determine on the destination of an object foreseen or foreknown.*

Thus, of those whom God foreknew, as lovers of Himself, and genuine Christians, He determined the destination, as subsequently laid down by the Apostle.

The only question which would probably arise here is,—Whether this determination of the destination of those who are foreknown as lovers of God, be such as to prevent the possibility of their losing the glory to which they are destined? To this we answer,—It is such that they cannot possibly lose the destination, while they continue lovers of God; but, in any other sense, we deny that it is impossible;

(1.) Because there is nothing in the context, to shew it impossible that they should lose their characters as lovers of God.

(2.) Because there is nothing in the context, to shew that they might not have avoided to become lovers of God; and thus have avoided to become foreseen as such, and predestinated as such.

(3.) Because it cannot be proved inconsistent with the Divine perfections, to change the destination of His moral creatures, when they change their characters.

(4.) Rather, it is an essential perfection of His government to do so; and, in the Scriptures, there are many examples of His doing so.

(5.) The use of the word ‘called,’ in reference to this very case, strongly intimates the possibility of disobedience,—a possibility confirmed by Scripture and experience.

Thus we conclude, that, as the foreknowledge intended by the Apostle was a foreknowledge of men, as ‘lovers of God,’ so their predestination was likewise in the same relation, and with the same limitation. But what was the destination to which the ‘lovers of God,’ foreknown as such, were pre-determined?

9. This is the next step in the Apostle’s statement,—‘Them He did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son.’ Now, *conformity is resemblance, as far as the two objects compared are capable of similarity.*

Saints are capable of similarity to the Redeemer, in holiness and in the glory of the better world; hence they are predestinated to this conformity.

And thus, the foreknowledge of them, as ‘lovers of God,’ stands at the commencement, and this ‘conformity’ at the completion, of the ‘purpose according to which they are called.’

10. But it has been said, that a Divine purpose is to be contemplated in two respects; the former, referring to the period of its formation; and the latter, to the period of its realisation. We have already contemplated this purpose in its formation, as *anterior to the existence of its object.* Let us now turn with the Apostle to contemplate its realisation, when its objects, men as real ‘lovers of God,’ are *actually* what the Divine foreknowledge regarded them, when the

purpose which He formed was *fitted to their anticipated case*. What then is the first step in the realisation of this purpose?

11. 'Whom He did predestinate, them He also called;' that is, those whom He foresaw as 'lovers of God,' 'He did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son,' in holiness and glory; and these, being *now actually what they were foreseen*, He also 'called' to this same conformity in order to the full realisation of His purpose.

Or, if any objection should be founded on the continued use of the past tense, as though not admitting the change of time adverted to, the illustration is not at all invalidated; for it is only needful to consider the whole passage, as a development of the plan at the period of its formation:—*viz.* anterior to the existence of its objects.

Thus, *at the period* when He foreknew, He predestinated them to the conformity; and *then* He likewise determined to *call*, and *justify*, and *glorify* them, as means to that end. For it cannot be said, that He did thus before the existence of the persons in any other sense, than that it formed a part of His plan and determination to do so; and the figure is common by which an act determined on is stated as if performed.

12. But when God is said to *call* man, the meaning is, that He *invites him by His Spirit, or His Word, or both*.

Here then the 'lovers of God' are said to be 'called,' in consequence of their 'predestination,' as 'lovers of God,' 'to conformity to the image of His Son,' in holiness and glory.

We conclude thus, *that they are invited by the Spirit and the Word of God onward to this great end*.

If, however, any will contend that the word *called*, means *effectually or irresistibly* led, we demur;—

(1.) Because it is contrary to the radical meaning of the word.

(2.) Because there is nothing in the context, to lead to such a conclusion.

(3.) Because there are various places, in which the word is used in a similar application to the people of God in their converted state; and *that* under such connexions, as to imply the possibility of resistance and a change of character.

(4.) Because the doctrine of a possible change of character, is distinctly taught, both by precept and example, in the Scriptures; and experience confirms its truth.

(5.) To account for the strength of the Apostle's language, and the closeness of the connection between the different steps of the Divine plan, it is quite sufficient to admit, that *it was made for those who are 'lovers of God,' and that it proceeds with reference to those only who retain that character*; without

saying, or intimating, that it is impossible for them to lose that character ; the fact being that nothing is said about it, and the probability, from the nature and use of the word '*called*,' being that it is possible ; and this is a probability, which is confirmed into certainty by other passages, where the subject is directly handled.

We conclude, therefore, that the act of *calling*, in the Apostle's sense of the word, means those invitations of the Spirit and Word of God, which lead true Christians on to the ultimate end of the Divine purpose respecting them, *viz.* their conformity in holiness and glory to the image of His Son. What then is the next step ?

13. '*Whom He called, them He also justified.*' *To justify is to pronounce officially, that a person or claim is just, according to the equity of the case.*

When God is said to justify man, the meaning is, that He, in an official sense, as Governor of the universe, pronounces the person, or the claim, to be just, according to the equity of the case, when taken in all its relations.

Man is a sinner, and, therefore, his justification never can be on the ground of the merit of his works ; but it may be on the scheme of the Gospel, that is, through the merits of the Son of God, and according to the equity of the law of faith. And the fact is so.

In all cases, where a promise is made, or where a benefit is annexed to the completion of a precept, the fulfilment of the terms renders the completion of the promise equitable, supposing, of course, that both the precept and the promise themselves are proper ; and thus, the sinner, who by faith puts in his claim for the fulfilment of the Gospel promises, is capable of justification, *on the ground of the equity of the law of faith.* The merit, however, is not *the sinner's*, but *the Saviour's* ; and the equity of the law of faith assigns to the Saviour a just return for His sacrifice. *But thus it appears, that the principle and the fact of justification may be applied, and actually are, in every instance in which the law of faith is fulfilled, with reference to a promised blessing.*

Accordingly, with a very just and pre-eminent propriety, the sinner, at his pardon and regeneration, is said to be justified. See Rom. v. 1, but especially Rom. *iii.* 24—26.

And this, as every one knows, is a very common use in the New Testament of the word *justify*, though it is by no means an exclusive one ; for, in several instances, even where this is its principal application, it does not necessarily exclude every idea but that one act of justification, which immediately follows the first exercise of saving faith in the atonement and intercession of Christ.

Thus too, in the judgment of the Great Day, men will be judged and sentenced according to the just application of the law of faith ;

so that their eternal safety or condemnation, and all the differences of glory or perdition, will be equitably arranged according to this principle; and thus men will for ever remain justified, or not justified. See Matt. ix. 29; 2 Tim. iv. 8, and 14; Heb. x. 38; Jam. ii. 12; Rev. ii. 23.

I will here remind you, that the word *righteous* is, in the Greek, cognate with *justify*; although, from their etymology in our language, their similarity of origin does not appear; a Concordance, however, will easily multiply instances.

But, between the first great act of justification by faith, in which the sinner is pardoned and regenerated, and the last justification at the final Judgment, there are many cases in which the Christian is necessitous; and to these necessities corresponding promises are made. Now, in every one of these instances the same process transpires, of the application of principle or law, and consequent justification, or the contrary; though, that application may be less visible, if not less sensible, than in the other cases. For example, a Christian is sanctified by faith, as well as pardoned. See Acts xx. 32, and xxvi. 18. By believing 'the word of grace,' the principle, on which the Holy Spirit has determined to infuse the sanctifying power, becomes applicable; an appeal, as it were, is made to the law of the case; upon the rule of conduct, which the Author of salvation has laid down, that appeal is justified; and the power is, consequently, infused into the soul. And so it is with every other blessing: indeed, salvation, in every step of its progress, is carried on in this equitable manner; and, so also, if salvation should retrograde, it is permitted to do so on the same equitable principles of moral and spiritual government. Attentively consider Matt. ix. 29; but a Concordance will supply numerous instances of this ample use of the word *justified*.

Returning now to the word, as it occurs in the passage before us, we know that its radical sense is *to pronounce officially a person, or claim, to be just, according to the equity of the case*. The secondary sense must be ascertained *from the predicament in which the word stands*. What then are the circumstances here, under which the word '*justified*' is found?

It stands between the words '*called*' on the one hand, and '*glorified*' on the other; and this in evident connection with both, as one link between two others in a chain. Hence, the application of its meaning is to a state, which lies between the two states expressed by the other words.

But the word '*called*,' as we have seen, is applied to the real children of God, those who are the '*lovers of God*' in an evangelical sense; these, therefore, must have been *already justified in the leading and distinguished sense of the term*; that is, they must have been accepted with God, through faith, in the blood of Christ, and

pardoned, and regenerated; and, in consequence of this, they have been '*called on to be conformed to the image of Christ*,' according to the pre-determined purpose of God.

Therefore we conclude, that the term '*justified*' cannot here be thus understood; and, consequently, that it must be applied, either in the other sense of progressive advancement according to the law of faith, or else to the transactions of the Great final Day, or else to both inclusively. It is of little consequence to a satisfactory understanding of the passage, and still less so to the interpretation proposed, which of these is chosen.

Hence, the meaning of the Apostle is, that in the Divine plan those whom He called on to conformity to His Son, He justified according to the law of faith, because they advanced in their believing claims, as they were led by His own Spirit; at the same time, He gave them the grace which should produce this conformity, according to their desires, and His own purpose.

If the term '*justified*' be referred to the Last Day, the meaning is, that, in the Divine plan, those whom He called on to conformity to His Son, having actually received that conformity, are equitably prepared for all the happy results of that gracious state throughout eternity.

14. Lastly. There can now be no difficulty in the word '*glorified*.' It means *made glorious*. And all that is needful to be said here, on this subject, may be said in the language of the Apostle. See 1 Cor. ii. 9.

CONCLUSION.

Permit me to attempt a paraphrase of the words on these principles.

'We know, that all things work together for good to them that love God, (they being) the called according to His (own plan, and) purpose. For, (before the existence of the universe,) He foreknew them, (who would thus be His obedient and loving children;) and He (then) predestinated, (that all such should) be conformed, (in holiness and glory,) to the image, (likeness, resemblance, or model,) of His own (only begotten) Son, (in order) that He, (this Son,) might be the first-born, (or chief,) among many brethren, (like Himself in some respects, but differing in others,—the children of God.) Moreover, (according to His plan,) whom He did (thus) predestinate, them He also called, (that is, *determined to call onward*, by His Spirit and Word, to that end of Divine conformity;) and whom He (thus) called, them He also, (in His plan,) justified, (that is, *determined to justify*, according to the law of faith, in their believing advances toward holiness and glory,—see Heb. x. 38; thus pronouncing them prepared for the completion of their conformity in glory, at the Great Day of Judgment.

Finally,) whom He (thus) justified, them He also, (in His plan,) glorified, (that is, *determined to glorify*; thus completing that conformity to which He determined to advance them, and for which He should pronounce them prepared. Now, then, is it not well said, that "all things work together for their good?" For every thing, in this manner, shall bend to the controlling, over-ruling, and sanctifying purpose of God.) What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? &c.'

If I were not tired of the word *apology*, I would here use it again on account of the length of this letter; though I had intended to send only a few lines. However, I now take my leave, barely observing, with reference to the above interpretation, that it appears to me clear in itself,—intimately connected, and perfectly consistent with the context,—simple, and scriptural, in the use of its terms,—according to the analogy of faith,—supposing no transposition needful in the order of the Apostle's words,—requiring no doubtful application of the terms, as epithets which may include the unconverted, as well as the converted,—free from the imputation of Calvinistic predestination,—equally free from the imputation of insecurity to believers,—asking no questionable distinction between persons and characters,—making the persons and the characters to go together, in the Divine purposes,—and, ultimately, as well as through the whole process, gathering all the glory of human salvation to God, while even the finally lost must admit their ruin to have been sealed in equity.

Praying, with deep sincerity, that both you and myself may be more powerfully *called on to this conformity to the image of the Son of God*, and more rapidly advanced in it than ever, believe me, dear Sir, very affectionately,

Your Friend and Servant,

W. BARBER.

CHAPTER XII.

Consequences of over-Study—Popish Sermon on the Merits of the Virgin Mary—Voyage to Algeçiras, in Spain—Barefaced Smuggling—Indifference of Revenue Officers—Dangerous Situation in attempting to Land—Want of Accommodations in Algeçiras—Disgusting Instances of Popish Superstition—Curious Account of a Popish Mission—Popish Sermons—Popular Enmity against the Friars—Ramble to a Spanish Cottage—Popish Processions—Hostility of the Soldiers to the existing Government—Litany of the Saints—Narrow Escapes from the Populace—Pride of the Popish Priesthood—State of Morals in Algeçiras—Manœuvre of a Friar—Affecting Statement of the Religious Condition of Gibraltar—Approbation of enlightened Spaniards of the Common Prayer-Book—Occupation of a Week—Hopeful Circumstances of a few Spaniards—Discouragements connected with the Mission—Death of Mrs. Pratten—Conversations with a Sentinel, a Genoese, and some young Jews—Evils of Popish Mysticism—Affecting Case of a young Spaniard—Hopeful Death of a Spanish Gentleman—and of a Penitent Prodigal—First Spanish Watch-Night.

Journal continued.

MARCH 20th.—Over-study, chiefly on theological subjects, united with extreme anxiety of mind, in reference to my want of piety, and zeal, and usefulness, has convinced me of the folly of the hopes, which I had formed in respect of my health. I feel as if both my mind and my body were crushed to pieces, and I, in agony, suffering the consequences. And yet what is the fruit of all this? It seems talking largely, to mention over-study, and injury of health in consequence; but where is the profiting, which might be expected to appear? Alas! how little is my mind able to bear! how much less to produce! how affectingly weak is my bodily, mental, and spiritual power! Good God! I flee to thee in Jesus, thy beloved Son, to hide me and be safe! O give me, above all things, the benefit of this Refuge! and may the partial rejoicing, which I have in Him, be increased, and greatly animated! I plainly see, that nothing can give me any substantial worth of character, but the influence, omnipotent and prevailing, of the Holy Spirit, flowing to me through the blood of Jesus.

23rd.—I went, last evening, to the Spanish church, to hear a sermon from the Spanish priest. I have not often gone this Lent, and that

chiefly for two reasons ; the former is, that I have not been able to spare the time, and, the latter, that the sight and hearing of what passes there generally pains me too much to be often desirable, especially as nothing can be done to prevent it. Oh ! it is hideous to think of the gross impostures and idolatries, that have thus fast locked up such multitudes in a contentedness with their natural condition, and a complete neutralisation of all that the Gospel does for their salvation !

The subject taken by the priest was,—‘ *Los dolores de Maria, santissima Madre de Dios,*’—‘ The sorrows of Mary, the most holy Mother of God !’ It was, evidently, an attempt at histrionic effect, and quite of a piece with all the preparations for celebrating Good-Friday. His exordium was occupied in fixing the attention of the people on the importance of the period, when the sorrows of the Virgin Mother began with the betraying of her Divine Son. After the *Ave-Maria*, and the requisite number of crossings, he proceeded to declaim on the condescension of the August Mother, and the Queen of Heaven ; the importance of uniting her sorrows to those of her Son, in order to merit pardon, and all the gifts of God the Father, for sinners ; the great need we have of her assistance ; and the amazing love which she bears to all those, who wish to be genuine sons of the church. To these points he devoted much of his energy, evidently endeavouring to move the gratitude and respect of his hearers towards the Virgin ; a manœuvre that must tell mightily on a very numerous class of minds, in rousing their indignation against any religion that does not likewise offer them a Virgin to love. I am convinced, that the Roman Catholic religion itself, must be essentially sensual and demoralising ; and that, even when it succeeds in restraining its votaries from the commission of gross outward offences against morality, a very decided luxuriance and pruriency in the sentiments and emotions, especially of the younger part of the community of both sexes, must be the result of the free indulgence of the thoughts which it inculcates. The Preacher concluded with an impassioned exhortation, to pray, with all earnestness, to this Patroness of the Catholic church ; to ask of her the pardon of their sins, as the fruit of her own sorrows, and her Son’s blood ; to beg her protection continually, both for themselves and for the Catholic church, so beset and combated on every side ; to entreat her for her influence in enlightening and restoring all those sons of the church, that have wandered from her, and whom she still so tenderly loves ; and, lastly, to implore her protection and assistance for poor unhappy Spain, and her king. Here, he evidently felt himself on tender ground ; but, I hope, notwithstanding all the influence of his clerical subordination and interests, that there might have been some sentiments of genuine patriotism in the pathetic bewailings which he uttered.

And yet now, in the face of such preaching as this, as well as in the face of the Litany, and the images, and the pictures, and the incense, and the processions, there are some *enlightened* Catholics, who contend that their church is not idolatrous, and who dishonestly seek to throw upon the ignorance and incapacity of the common people, the blame of every thing resembling Divine worship, as paid to any being but God himself. No, no, it is, exactly in proportion to the sincerity of their belief, the natural and unavoidable effect of the ceremonies which they see, the devotional exercises in which they engage, and the sermons which they hear. The whole scheme indelibly stamps the Roman Catholic church with the characters of immorality and idolatry.

30th.—I have felt so exceedingly unwell lately, that I have at length determined to suspend my application, and to go for a few days into Spain. The affection under which I have been suffering is, I think, chiefly mental, and it is, in a great measure, chargeable upon my own imprudence. I have lately been pursuing, with considerable ardour, some divinity questions, and, in order to complete my purpose, I have sat up very late at night. In this I am certainly culpable, and I now feel the consequences. My mental distress sometimes seems to border upon distraction. Perhaps I am not, at present, a fit judge to determine how much of this is moral; but this I know, that I carry about with me the verification of my dearest wife's last warning, for I am habitually sustaining the consequences of the great evil.

Having procured a passport from Mr. Martin, and got it countersigned at the office of the Spanish consul, I immediately prepared to cross the Bay, in one of the *feluccas*. Till lately, it was not needful to obtain a passport for Algeçiras, the town to which I proposed going: how the necessity has now arisen I know not, though the practice of passing at all, without one, must of course have arisen only from courtesy. To persons in general, the fee for the passport is a dollar, and that for counter-signing it another. To me, however, as a Minister, it was, at the English office, presented *gratis*, and at the Spanish office this example was followed. I had formed an agreement with Mrs. Nicklin, whose daughter, Manuela, has been very unwell, to go for a week or two with them to Tarifa; but, as the wind seems to come steadily from the east, and they are waiting for a person from Tarifa before they make any ultimate determinations, I resolved to go across the Bay, to Algeçiras, for a few days. My object was, immediate health, conversation in Spanish, and enquiry respecting the possibility of obtaining lodgings, for a little while, in the vicinity.

After an early dinner, I took my leave of Mrs. Pratten, Mr. P. kindly accompanying me to the water's edge, whence, after waiting about two hours, the *feluccas* began to move, and I stepped a-board the first that cast off her moorings. The Patron demanded my pass-

port, which I shewed him ; but, as he could not read, and it appeared to him to be different from what he generally saw in the hands of foreigners, going by licenses for trading purposes, he said, that it was of no worth, and, of course not very obscurely, hinted that I must retire. Having expressed my surprise at this circumstance, he called a young man belonging to his crew to examine it. The young man, more learned than his master, pronounced his verdict in my favour, and I took my seat amidst about eight other passengers, an equal number of men and women, but all of the lower class. The distance is about six miles, and we ran it very pleasantly indeed, before an easterly wind, which was a little fresh. The wind, however, together with the swell of the tide, produced a motion of the boat which was sometimes disagreeable. This disturbed, first the fears, and then the stomachs of some of the females ; one especially, at every lurch of the boat, would call, devoutly enough, on '*Maria!*' But there was very great sobriety in the conduct of all ; and, so far as I could understand it, there was nothing improper in their conversation. I do not think, that I ever yet passed half an hour in company, with the opportunity of conversation, without having to regret that I was not more spiritual, and more decided in opening the way of life ; the state of my health and spirits, and, I must add, of my faith and zeal, often leaves me tongue-tied in the most painful manner.

As we drew near the shore, there was played off a fine burlesque upon revenue laws : the patron of the boat took a considerable number of parcels of prohibited goods, and distributed them among his passengers, excepting only myself, in order that they might carry them on shore unobserved among their bundles ; they were, however, placed with so much carelessness, that they could not but be seen by the officers, and not the smallest attempt was made to provide for concealment in the event of an examination. These *extra* parcels were, of course, additional to all that each individual carried for himself ; and hence, by the end of the arrangement, the persons and bundles of the whole company, except myself, were of no contemptible bulk. We cast anchor at an inconvenient distance from the mouth of the river, with a very unpleasant motion of the boat, the rocky shore rendering it dangerous to approach any nearer, except by a smaller boat ; so that no ships of burden can come to the port, and all ships of war are obliged to anchor at a considerable distance from the land, in an exposed situation, and in bad ground. As soon as we had cast anchor, a boat's crew came to us, and, among them, were three revenue officers, of whom one only boarded us ; the chief, who was evidently a military officer, remaining with the other in the boat. This chief had a countenance exceedingly clumsy and ill-looking ; and, upon seeing him, I immediately felt myself, more decidedly than heretofore, approaching the land, where reigns, in all its strength, that political and religious tyranny, which,

from my infancy, has been associated with my most penetrating and terrific sentiments, of injury and cruelty, to the souls and bodies of men. For ages after Spain has ceased to be trampled under foot, in intellect and liberty, by the abominable falsehoods of Rome, her name, in all parts of the world, will call up sensations of mingled horror and fear; just as the vulgar listen to stories of awful spirits, that have appeared, but have no existence now. I could not help thinking, that this officer's countenance must be very much like an inquisitor's; it is possible, however, that in producing that miserable picture of a miserable character, even the corrupting religion of the country had little to do: there is enough, in the political misery of this unhappy land, to account for much of the vice and cruelty of its inhabitants; and the universal poverty, connected with the universal scramble for places, must create a state of public feeling of the most unpromising and terrible aspect. It is thus that, all things considered, I should apprehend the whole state of Spain to be gradually, and most certainly, forming the minds of the people for one of those dire explosions in revolution, which only take place when public morals are undone, and which nothing can stop in its desolations, but the necessity produced by exhaustion, or urged by the dictates of self-preservation. Leaving speculations, however, here, before my eyes, are officers playing the farce of enforcing the revenue laws, and yet making no examination, but suffering smuggling to pass, of which nobody can be ignorant, and of which the amount, daily repeated by several boats, must be considerable.

With some bustle and confusion, after my passport had been examined by the officer who boarded us, we crowded into a small boat, and then proceeded toward the river, and the landing-places. Meantime, the master of the boat came to all the passengers, to collect his payment for this transfer; and, when I had given him a small silver coin, and demanded the change, in order to pay the same as the rest, he took care not to understand me, but kept the whole; at which I could not help thinking, as many an Englishman would have done.

On coming to the river, some misunderstanding seemed to arise between the owner of the boat, and the steersman, respecting the best point for entering. There appears to be a bar running across the mouth of the river; and while the owner was fleecing his passengers, the steersman had gone to a place too shallow. Much gabbling and confusion was the consequence, as the boat grounded in the midst of the breakers; and, instead of being carried by the first wave, across the bar, into the river, we were obliged to wait for a second, which, almost instantly following, broke in upon the stern of the boat, and completely drenched the steersman, and the female passengers who were near him. In consequence of my situation in the boat, I was comparatively protected, especially as I sat before a very stout woman,

who had previously been somewhat an inconvenience by her sickness. The females were quite alarmed, they instantly rose and rushed forward, and I feared that the next moment we should find ourselves in the water. Thanks, however, to the care of a good Providence, we were carried safely over the bar. Both before and after this confusion, I sat contentedly still, and left them to their hurry and bustle, till they were all landed, for which they were sufficiently precipitate; and several of them were nearly tumbled into the water, through the constant motion of the boat, at the rugged, broken, ruinous, and inconvenient landing-place.

Upon stepping ashore with my writing-case, I was instantly assailed by several persons, who wished to carry it; but placing it in the hand of one, and thus silencing the rest, I bade him shew me the way to the house of Señor Brulini, the British vice-consul, for whom I had a letter from Mr. Pyne. This proved of great service to me, for, without it, I should certainly not have obtained lodgings. Señor B. sent his servant with me to several inns without success, as they were all occupied by military officers, of whom there is, at present, a very considerable number in the town. At length, however, partly by using the vice-consul's name, and partly by my own persuasions, I succeeded in inducing the landlord of an inferior inn, to lay a bed for me, in a very small room, on a cross bedstead. It was quite well enough for me; but it was very poor for an inn, and having to be paid for accordingly.

It was now dark, but I procured coffee; and then I determined to go out, and, by the help of the light from the shops and houses, to look about me. Having accepted the offer of a man belonging to the house, and whom I must, by courtesy, call a *waiter*, to shew me a little through the streets, we walked over to the market-place, which is opposite the inn. It is a large square plot of ground, tolerably covered with pebble stones, and having an entrance at each angle; the four sides were occupied by small shops, and the middle space by other dealers indiscriminately. At one of the small shops, where I made some enquiries, the man who kept it had for sale, what I at first thought were some small toys cast in lead. They almost exactly resembled the small leaden toys sold in England, for a half-penny each; but these were saints and holy things! There were, likewise, images of clay, which sold, of course, for a higher price. I enquired if they were intended for worship, and was answered in the affirmative. I then asked, if they were ready for religious use; and was told, that it was needful to take them to the church, that they might be sprinkled with holy water, and then to place them in the situation assigned them at home, and then they would be ready. 'And do the people actually say prayers to these images?' said I. 'Yes,' said he. The man spoke as if he had no suspicion, that what he and others did in this

way were questionable. He did not express himself in any trifling or contemptuous manner, and I am sure that I had no disposition of the kind; but indignation at such a prostitution of Christianity, mingled with pain at the guilt of the upholders of the system, and the danger of those who are involved by it in an almost invincible delusion, kept me in a state of real anguish.

Among these sacred bits of lead, there was one which the shop-keeper particularly admired and commended: as I glanced at it at first, it looked to me like an unmeaning imitation of the star of some order of knighthood, but I found that it was a representation of the *Pix*; the man took it up with the greatest reverence, and having first lifted his hat, and bowed gently toward it, he devoutly kissed the thumb that had touched it, and this example was instantly followed by the waiter who accompanied me. 'Why, what is that?' said I, in a tone of moderate enquiry. '*Es Su Majestad!*'* was the answer; and the waiter, willing perhaps to make this the clearer to me, said, in a solemn and subdued tone of voice,—'*Es Dios!*'† and then the thumb was kissed again. Why, how does all this differ, I asked myself, from Pagan idolatry? Is there any difference, more than in the name? Or, am I not truly in a Pagan land?

Another of these precious articles was intended to represent the agony in the garden; the figure, made to represent the Divine Redeemer, was placed on its knees before a tree, on one branch of which was fixed the figure of an angel, directed attentively toward the kneeling figure. 'And what is this?' said I to my guide. He answered,—'*Es Dios rogando al Angel, para que le ayudase á sostener sus tormentas, en la huerta!*'‡ and then, seeing in my face some expressions which were unusual, and which, indeed, were excited by this melancholy evidence of the wide and deep mischief produced by the fatal doctrine of praying to saints and angels, he added, with some degree of hesitation,—'*Yo no sé si es verdad, pero me lo han dicho así.*'§

My attention was now called away from this miserable cluster of the fruits of Popery, by an observation which intimated that the tradesmen must soon shut up their shops, as *the Mission* would shortly pass by, and the Governor had issued orders, that the *cafés*, and public places, should be closed as the procession passed. I then asked, what this Mission meant; and was told, that it was a Mission of certain friars, appointed by the Bishop of the diocese, the object of which was, to rouse the people to a more general attention to their religious duties; that it was limited, in Algeçiras, to three days, of

* It is His Majesty!

† It is God!

‡ It is God, praying to the angel in the garden, that he would enable him to endure his sufferings!

§ I do not know that it is true, but they have told me so.

which the present was the first; that, during the day-time, attendance was given at the Confessional for the benefit of those who wished to obtain absolution; and that, in the evening, a procession sallied forth, the friars preaching to the people as they walked along the streets.

After having waited about beyond the stated time, and finding that my informant did not appear to be in possession of all the particulars of the business, I walked toward the principal Church, and found it crowded to the very threshold. The principal friar was just then commencing his sermon. After railing a good deal against the philosophy and philosophers of the day,—and, perhaps, the greater part, so denominated, or so denominating themselves, especially in France and Spain, richly deserve to have their principles execrated by all the wise and good,—he insisted largely on the necessity of rendering up reason to faith, and of being united in attachment to the Holy Mother Church; illustrating the perilous consequences of a contrary line of conduct, by a reference to England, and other protestant states, as well as France, and the calamities which she had to trace to her infidelity. But his chief effort was to work powerfully on the feelings of the people, by a horrible description of the torments of the damned in hell. For this purpose, he personated an individual expiring in mortal sin, seized immediately by devils, and suffering in the dreadful torments of everlasting fire. By this means, he evidently produced some effect; for, as he went along, deep groans came here and there from the congregation; though I much suspect, that the far greater part of them treated what he said, I do not say with contempt, though that was the case with some whom I observed, but as if they thought that much greater reverence was due to their religion in this world, than concern for the terrible things of another: the question seemed to be, more between the Government and the Bishop, on the one hand, and the public attendance on this act of devotion, on the other; than between the friar, and his horrific-detail of eternal miseries. There was, I should think, nothing in his address, but what would disgust good sense, when connected with the design, which was plain enough, *viz.* that of frightening the vulgar into a closer adherence to Romish authority, or, rather, the dominion of the priesthood. He concluded his sermon, of course, by earnestly exhorting the people to flock to confession, and thus to take advantage of those peculiar facilities for obtaining absolution, which were now granted by the Bishop, '*Que tan dignamente y sabiamente gobierna esta diocesi.*'* Oh! what an opportunity had this man of declaring, to that great multitude, the free and full salvation of the Gospel, by the all sufficient atonement of Jesus Ch'rist! But, he neglected it; and, if he named the blood of

* Who so worthily and wisely governs this diocese.

the cross at all, it was but to remind the people, that the Church had the only means of communicating its benefits.

31st.—On returning home last night to the inn, I found the men there full of the subject of the Mission ; and, as I wished to hear and see all that I could of them, I remained in the kitchen, of course without informing them of my being a Minister. I occasionally joined in their conversation, and was repeatedly enabled to check the overflowings of their minds towards profanity and licentiousness. It was, however, evident, that there is a rooted contempt and aversion, participated by them all, against the friars, as the authors of a great proportion of the public miseries of the country. Though, at the same time, it must be admitted, that no dependence can be placed on the justness, or even the extent, of an opinion, supposed to be popular, from the lips of the low fellows in the kitchen of an inn : and much less can the purity of their motives be taken for granted, for such persons are likely to be railers against every religion, that would put any kind of restraint upon their vices ; and, I should be sorry to have a Methodist, or any evangelical Minister, thus judged by the profane and abusive frequenters of a public house ; certainly, no just estimate of their character can be formed from such a source of information.

This morning I went to look around the town. Upon passing out of the town to the right hand, I crossed the ground on which, very lately, many Constitutionalists, who were taken prisoners by the Royalists, were shot for rebellion. I pursued my walk by the margin of a stream, which, mingling with the sea-water, becomes the river in which the boats and lateen craft are moored. At the distance of a mile, or a little more, from the town, I joined a peasant who was going home to his cottage, perhaps about three or four miles off. He appeared a simple-hearted, and well-behaved man, and he was driving home some pigs, which he had purchased for fattening. I endeavoured to engage him in conversation, though I generally find it difficult to understand any person, who has a difference of dialect. I tried to learn from him the names of the surrounding plants, though the extreme defectiveness of my memory always renders this a very dry and unpleasing study. In return for the man's kindness, I endeavoured to make myself intelligible on the sweet doctrines of the existence and providence of God, and the designs of mercy in the gift of His Son, as well as in afflictive visitations ; for this man had seen affliction, as well as myself. We now passed a party of revenue officers, or rather coast-guards, who are often the worst, as well as the worst-looking of men. As we went by their hut, my guide, thinking that it was best to give them some notice of me, called out,—‘*Ola ! vea vmd. este caballero !*’ * ‘*Bueno, vaya vmd. con Dios !*† was the surly answer ;

* Holla ! Look at this gentleman !

† Well, get you gone ! God be with you !

and we walked forward to a wood before us. My companion's cottage was situated in the bosom of this wood, on the brow of a lofty hill. I confess, I did not much like the idea of being here in such circumstances; for, if my cottager should have proved unfaithful, I might have been quickly despatched out of the way, and no further intelligence of me heard. However, I felt confident in God and my guide. On entering the cottage, a wife, a sister, and four children, came forth to meet the honest peasant; and I was certainly much pleased with the primitive kind of appearance, presented by the children, as they approached to kiss the Father's hand, while they uttered a short request for a blessing, to which he devoutly responded. The circumstances of this peasant were evidently low, and his cottage presented nothing of those symptoms of comfort, which are exhibited in an English cottage of the same class. He, however, very hospitably provided me with eggs and bread, the only eatables which he had in the house; and afterwards accompanied me around that portion of the woodland, which appertained to his cottage, and for which he had to pay an annual rent of twenty-four dollars, after having had to clear and work it himself.

On my return to Algeçiras, which I had too long delayed, I found myself benighted at some distance from the town. This gave occasion to many reflections on the nature of Missionary work, and the necessity of a special Missionary call. The peculiar habits of my mind, and state of my constitution, cause me many moments of anxiety. So many difficulties, however, have been removed for me to come to this part of the world, and my coming has removed so many difficulties from me, that it has never appeared to me otherwise, than that I have been directed hither by a particular Providence. But then, for what purpose am I sent? where are the appearances of good resulting? where the means to it among these Spaniards? Beside, I cannot conceal from myself, that I certainly am in a great measure unqualified for usefulness. I am far from possessing the requisite facility of accommodating myself to the manners and expressions of foreigners, and thus it must be long before I shall be able to be otherwise than ridiculous in my public attempts to instruct in a foreign tongue; but the greatest deficiency of all is, the absence of spiritual qualifications, faith, love, hope, and zeal. These are things which I am in the habit of thinking may be acquired, and yet I remain without them. Alas! they may, indeed, be gained; but it is only where there is the disposition to use the means, in the determined spirit of a wrestling Jacob, or an importunate widow. In this ramble, how deeply have I felt the need of a Divine influence, which should make me truly and deeply pious, and devoted, if necessary, even unto death, to the Missionary work!

On my arrival at Algeçiras, I went to my inn and procured coffee, and then proceeded toward the Church, in order, again to hear the friar; but, as I was passing along the street, I heard the grave and solemn tone of a voice, which seemed engaged in some religious act in the open air; and, upon looking down a narrow, dirty street, I caught the first glimpse I ever had of a Popish procession, as it moved along at the bottom of the opening. I hastened down to observe it more closely, and had at once realised the very imaginations, which I had often formed from prints and paintings, of these pompous instruments of priestcraft. Many hundreds of the people formed a line on each side of the street, while the middle was occupied by the religious orders, the priests, friars, singers, &c., who in their different habits formed the chief part of the procession. In the front, to give the affair the greater *eclat*, there were carried two standards, ornamented with the representation of coffins, skulls, bones, &c., and surrounded by lights that were elevated in lanterns on long sticks; then followed the friars, then the secular clergy, then the singers, then the Missionary; and the whole was brought up by another profusion of lights, surrounding a well-executed crucifix, which was borne by an aged priest, who, as far as his physiognomy, habit, and gait could go, was the very realisation of all the essential, but horrible, qualities of a Spanish Father-Inquisitor. There seemed seated on his rugged brow, as if upon a judgment-seat, the most unbending spiritual pride, authority, cruelty, and, in one word, *intolerance*. He might, indeed, have been very different from all this, and this impression might have been the mere effect of the association of ideas strongly operating, under such novel circumstances, upon my imagination. But, if I were not deceived, the native spirit of intolerance had been operating upon that countenance for more than half a century; and, aggravated of late years by the struggles of public opinion and successive political agitations, it had, at length, succeeded in nearly perfecting a physiognomy to its taste. The voice, which I had previously heard, proceeded from an elderly friar, who, at the head of the procession, was addressing the people. This was, I suppose, from the nature of his address, which was directed to prostitutes, a noted corner of the town. He spoke many true and tremendous things in a mild and persuasive tone, but, at the same time, as one resolutely an enemy to vice; and there was something about him, and his address, that was really good, so that I am pleased at feeling convinced, that he was a sincere and good man. I could not think in the same manner of another person, who appeared to be principal friar; for every thing about him seemed constrained, except when, now and then, he would stop, and talk, and laugh with some of the other young men in the procession, or when he would occa-

sionally get quite pettish with the people for not walking as they should, for he would cry out,—‘For God’s sake, do walk on! For God’s sake, do not crowd! For God’s sake, move one after another! &c.’ But when he moved up and down, in the open space of the procession, exhorting the people, he instantly assumed a tone peculiarly modulated, and not very unlike that of some Quakers; and then he would frequently utter some truly excellent and awakening warnings. One thing has to me seemed very remarkable, in all that I have read or heard from the Romish clergy,—it is, that they often talk well, and very movingly, in rousing the consciences and the feelings of the people; but they immediately fail, when they talk of the way of salvation. The men before me preached the law, yes, *the law of God*, and that in the most galling manner, but they preached not the gospel; not a word escaped them, of a free and full salvation in Jesus; not a word of faith, as the condition of salvation; not a word of the Holy Spirit, in the work of regeneration; it was all respecting the necessity of penitence, and the way to it, and to heaven, by the Confessional door. We, at length, reached the Church, and the friar again ascended the pulpit; there was a prodigious crowd assembled, but the Preacher did not seem so much at liberty as he was on the preceding evening; he appeared disappointed, and complained much that so few persons had been to the Confessional during the two past days. He, however, produced decidedly less effect than last night.

On returning to the Inn, I fell into conversation with a fine, interesting young man, who had been a serjeant in the Constitutional service, and for that reason had been broken by the new officers. He was now a corporal, but he was a very shrewd and intelligent young fellow. We placed ourselves in a corner of the room, and I soon perceived that, as I was an Englishman, he was glad to have an opportunity to unburden his thoughts to one, who was accustomed to think and speak with freedom. Among other things he told me, that more than three-fourths of the soldiers are decidedly hostile to the existing order of things, and that they were kept down only by the presence of the French troops, and the divided condition of the country. This I knew well enough before, but it is satisfactory to know that they themselves are not ignorant of the fact. This man conversed so freely, that I am well convinced every other individual in the room was of the same mind as himself, and that he must have known it. But when the door moved, he always started and looked eagerly around him. Indeed, I think that I went with him to the very verge of prudence in listening and speaking. However, I endeavoured to draw his attention to the true Gospel, and he very readily admitted a serious difference between the impostures of the dominant Church and the truths of revealed religion; though un-

happily, it was too evident, that for those truths he had but very little taste.

April 1st.—This evening I went early to the Church to see the procession start. After the celebration of Mass, and some considerable delay, the procession moved off, chaunting the litany of the saints. There is, to an English Protestant, something inexpressibly shocking in the scene of a multitude of professed Christians joining in this presumptuous and idolatrous office. The lofty arches of the Church, and the long dark passages of the streets, were made to resound with the oft repeated exclamations,—‘Saint Joseph, pray for us! Saint Thomas, pray for us! Saint Anthony, pray for us! &c.’ In order to see the whole pass by, I placed myself at the corner of a street with my hat on, hoping that the darkness of the night would screen me from observation; but I was mistaken; for I had been there, not more than a minute or two, before the keen eye of a zealous old man fell upon me, and he instantly cried out,—‘*Quitate el sombrero!*’* at the same time, cursing me for a dog and a heretic! I thought it the best way to take it very cheap, that I could just take my hat off, throw myself into the crowd, and move on. But I could not help thinking, that it was rather unfair that all the clerical gentlemen should have a covering for their heads, either a theological cap, or a friar’s hood, while the people must be bare-headed; and, though it may be a heresy in me to complain of this distinction, that man must be blind who does not perceive, that this also is a portion of the scheme by which the clergy are exalted, by the degradation of the laity. On our way we entered another Church, which was far less gaudy than the first; though, to my taste, much neater. Its great fault was, that, from the costly and profusely lighted altar at the end, it looked like a temple lent for the night to a conjuror. The Preacher here was evidently a superior man; he was not a friar, but a clergyman, who, I should think, in the divinity of Rome, must be a very good theologian. He discoursed chiefly from the words of our Lord,—‘Many are called, but few are chosen;’ but it was with great seriousness and earnestness of manner. I was not sufficient master of the language, to be able to follow him, with precision, through the metaphysical part of his discourse; but he employed some time, in endeavouring to clear up the difficulty on the subjects of free-will, and the grace of God; however, the conclusion to which I came, respecting his belief, was, that he inclined to the predestinarian scheme. I could better understand his application, of which there were two points that greatly interested me; the first was, the strong and peculiar way in which he stated his fear, that many would be lost, who think but little of it, and that many in this town would, very

* Take off your hat!

probably, be among the number. In illustrating this, he referred, in a very pointed manner, to breaches of fidelity, respecting the marriage-vow; and he distinctly used an expression to this amount,—that he was surprised, when he estimated the probable proportion of such cases to the population, from the instances with which he himself was personally acquainted: had my special object been, to ascertain the state of morals in the place, I know not whither I could have gone to obtain a testimony so credible, or portable. The other point of his application was, a warning to beware of those who would lead them astray from the truth, and especially to take care of foreigners and others, who might undermine their faith, and induce them to waver in their attachment to the Church of Rome. I was standing by a pillar, as much as possible out of the way, and had before observed, that I attracted the attention of some persons, by neglecting to kneel when all the rest did; but, while the Preacher was proceeding with this part of his application, either those around me again fixed their attention upon me, or else my fancy made me believe it, so that I began to feel myself but ill at ease. I, therefore, seized the first opportunity of letting another into my place, and gradually withdrawing myself, till I had gained the street. After some time, the procession was renewed toward the principal Church, and I again mixed with the crowd, and heard several more addresses. They were all of a similar character, being short, pithy, pathetic, moving exhortations, such, for instance, as,—‘Awake, sinner, from the sleep of sin, in which thou art buried, before the sleep of death overtake thee!—Fly at once to the Church, which holds out her arms to receive thee, and which will give thee all her help, that thou mayest obtain salvation!—Haste!—Haste!—Do not refuse, for now, now already, is near, the last terrible hour of death!’ As we entered the church, I observed the Friar carefully repeat a *manœuvre*, which I had noticed on the previous night; he renewed his spirits and voice, and took care to have some appropriate phrase ready for the moment of entering, when his sonorous voice might sound, along the ample aisles of the church, with equal effect upon the multitude already within, and those who were pressing on to gain admission. The sentence was,—‘*Misericordia! Misericordia! Vamos á postrarnos á los pies de un Padre amoroso—de un Dios misericordioso, que se há dignado á convidarnos. Oh, Padre piadoso! condescendeos á nuestros ruegos! pedimos la misericordia!*’* He then ascended the pulpit, and discoursed for about an hour, when he seemed exhausted, as well as myself; but, if I might judge by his complaints, he had no very great reason to rejoice in the success of his enterprise.

* Mercy! Mercy! We go to prostrate ourselves at the feet of an affectionate Father—of a merciful God, who has condescended to invite us. Oh, merciful Father! hear our prayers! we implore thy pity!

The Mission is now closed, and I am thankful to Divine Providence, that thus I have had the unexpected opportunity of witnessing what Popery is, where it vegetates rank and undisputed, in a soil of its own.

To Mr. Thomas Seaward, Assistant Secretary to the Prayer-Book and Homily Society, London.

Gibraltar, Aug. 16, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE to acknowledge the double favour of your esteemed letter of the 23rd of June last, and of the acceptable and valuable parcel of the publications of the Society, for which you act. The former was received, in due course, by the packet, and the latter through the medium of the Wesleyan Committee. I must beg you to present my sincerest and most grateful acknowledgments for the publications; and, in reply to the more particular enquiries of your letter, I will proceed to a frank statement.

My application for the Liturgy, and Homily Tracts, certainly was for gratuitous distribution, as under existing circumstances here, a sale of publications would be almost hopeless, and that for the following reasons :—

1. The general character of the fixed inhabitants of the Rock is that of utter carelessness to religion; and, therefore, there would be but little care to part with their money for religious tracts.

2. The emigrants here are, for the most part, exceedingly reduced in circumstances, forced to obtain a scanty and uncertain subsistence by daily labour, and indisposed to the subject, as well as to the duties, of personal and vital religion. The majority of them are sceptical, and many of them wallowing in the crudest and most disgusting blasphemies of Paine. And this unhappy, but headlong, tendency, is greatly strengthened and confirmed by the utter forgetfulness of religion, which is almost universal among the Protestant inhabitants.

3. There are a few of these emigrants of another description, but these are far from being unbound from their own superstitions; and the prejudices, in which they have been nurtured against Protestantism, makes their acceptance of our publications a favour conferred upon ourselves, but the purchase of them out of the question.

4. The difficulty, and even danger, of introducing religious publications of any kind into Spain, amount almost to a non-entity of communication on the subject; and, by nearly all the accounts that I can receive, the disgust, which has been conceived by the Liberals against the Priests and Friars, renders the former either incapable or unwilling to discern the difference between hypocrisy and true

religion; while prejudices of the opposite kind infatuate the Serviles.

The almost only question at present is,—Can any thing be done for the inhabitants of the Rock? I really believe, that the most valuable of all means would be the free circulation of the Book of Common Prayer. On some minds I know that it produces impressions and effects, similar to those so often witnessed in our own happy and glorious Reformation. An elderly Spanish gentleman, who has figured considerably in the melancholy political changes of his country, and whose acquaintance I have had the privilege of forming, one day borrowed of me a copy of the Common Prayer-Book; and when I saw him, shortly afterwards, he said to me with great animation,—‘*Señor, este librito me encanta,—absolutamente me encanta; y el escritor que le compuso ha merecido bien de todos sus semejantes.*’* Another gentleman, very much reduced in circumstances, who was formerly an Advocate, and is certainly a very excellent Spanish scholar, and who, indeed, forms one of a little company in which we use your copies of the Common Prayer every Lord’s afternoon, has often expressed his full approbation of it in very high terms; and the few of lower education, who join us in this exercise, are delighted with the simplicity, the intelligibleness, and the devotion of the prayers.

Now, what a pity it appears, that they are not freely circulated! I believe they would do more good than any tracts, however excellent, by shewing the religion itself of Protestantism, rather than defences of it; which, if they are laboured, will not be read, and if not laboured, will be unequal to the subject. To circulate gratuitously, this edition of the Common Prayer, is, of course, impracticable, and to sell them at the common price, at least equally so; nay, I believe, that were they sold for much less, or even given away, their bulk, in the present state of indifference to religion, would be a serious hinderance to their being read at all, except by a very few individuals. That which seems to me eminently desirable for present circumstances is, the Morning Service at least, if not the Evening also, with the Litany, the Collects, and the Articles, printed in a cheap tract form, and liberally circulated. I believe that such a measure would shake the very pillars of the temple of the missal idolatry, by shocking the attachment of the people with the contrast which it would exhibit. This appears to me so very much the more desirable here at present, as the new Church, erecting under the orders of the Government, will, of course, attract considerable attention; and I am afraid, that no pains will be taken to check the influence of that fatally pernicious sentiment, that no one ought to aban-

* Sir, this little Book enchants me,—absolutely it enchants me; and the person, who wrote it, is worthy of the highest regard.

don the religion of his fathers ; a sentiment which here, under the mask of liberality, carries a heart of the most inveterate intolerance. I very greatly regret, that I have not the means of executing my wishes on this subject, persuaded as I am that it would be a most essentially important measure, in connection with the opening of the new Church, which, as I should imagine, will not take place for nearly or quite twelve months.

I beg, Sir, that you will excuse the freedom with which I have written. I do not forget that I am a Methodist, nor that I am addressing a decided member and friend of the Church of England. Whatever other attachments I may have, I thank God that I greatly love and reverence that Church, and especially do I love the Book of Common Prayer, as believing it a chief instrument, in the hands of God, of all that in England is excellent in the state of religion, and of Methodism itself, and thus, in the salvation of millions of souls ; and, moreover, confidently expecting, that it will be instrumental in the salvation of millions more. Believe me, dear Sir, with the sincerest respect and esteem,

Your Servant in the Gospel,

WILLIAM BARBER.

P. S.—At present there are no means of circulating Tracts here, except gratuitously in the streets ; occasionally, indeed, an opportunity offers of sending a small parcel into Spain and South America ; but such opportunities are not frequent. Through the kindness of different friends our stock is at present large ; but I hope to be able speedily to diminish it, as the weather becomes more moderate.

Journal continued.

AUGUST 18th and 20th.—Memorable dates ! Memorable every way ! I am much pained at the consciousness, which I feel, of so little profit from the great affliction that befel me four years ago ; for so long a time is it since I bade my lovely wife a final farewell ; but what shall I say of the intervening period ? Facts themselves are of indescribably less importance than the effects which they produce ; at least, thus it is with the events which occur to man's private history, in the present state of probation. I am deeply guilty before God for the consequences of those events on my spiritual condition. I am but little, very little more holy and devoted to Christ, and his cause, now, than I was four years ago ; and I have still some strong corruptions that are scarcely, if at all, subdued ; yet the thought of yielding to them is to me terrible. My debilitated state, the extreme heat of the weather, and the influence of the climate, which now

seems to be decided upon me, contribute to keep my religious experience low ; but this is little to the almost declining state of the cause here, and some things which operate more directly on my personal comfort in the work of the Ministry. O merciful God ! Thou, in Christ Jesus, art to me, the only source of comfort and strength ! How much of the evident want of success in the English and Spanish work is owing to the defective state of my faith, from which grows my want of zeal, and power, and love, and every Christian virtue !

Mrs. Pratten's case, which has long presented alarming symptoms, now appears decided. This morning I received the following note from Mrs. Hennen, evidently intended to go at once to Mr. P.'s knowledge :—' My dear Friend, I need hardly say, how deeply we are all interested about dear Mrs. P. It seems, that she is now thought beyond the reach of medicine. This I tell you for her husband's sake, because I think it cruel to buoy him up with hopes that I fear he will never realise. Now, my dear friend, all that remains for us to do is, to pray for her without ceasing, that she may have " an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ." I have feelings for her that I cannot describe. I myself have been brought, or, at least, I have felt as if it had been the case, to the borders of the grave ; and, therefore, I know what flesh and blood must feel at the prospect of leaving a husband and two children. God alone can enable her to trust them with Himself. My soul prays for her every moment. I weep with her. May I one day rejoice with her where adieus and farewells are sounds unknown !'

To the Rev. James Dixon.

Gibraltar, August 21, 1826.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

You are, of course, surprised at my long silence ; it is the pernicious effect, if indeed it be pernicious, of intending to write a long letter, and of hope deferred for some good to detail ; but it saves you from many postages, and puts off the evil day of having to wade through a volume of woes. If you knew how little good I have to tell, you could not be displeased with me for not having written before. The cause of God does not prosper here ; there are very few, indeed, who are becoming convinced of sin, and the Society is lessened by frequent changes. My own heart has precisely the same sort of character, which it had twelve months ago. The climate has this summer considerably affected me. I still, occasionally, spit a little blood, and very often fear, that, through inability, I shall be compelled to relinquish my work. A Missionary ought to be a man of health and of firm nerve. Such has been the effect produced upon

me by the climate, that close application to study has been almost entirely impossible. Our domestic circumstances also, have long been very painful. Mrs. P., who, for a considerable time before her confinement, was unable to come down stairs, has ever since been gradually sinking, and she is now declared, by the medical men, to be in an absolutely hopeless state of consumption. In a very few weeks, at farthest, we shall have to bury her. I do implore for her 'an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom.'

As to myself, when I left home I knew that I should have to suffer affliction and trial, because I was convinced that I needed them; and, now that I have them, I find my chief relief in submission, because I still feel that I need them. Yesterday I passed the fourth anniversary of the loss of my precious wife. Ah! my convictions and foresight then have been too faithfully realised! But I have almost infinite reason to dread a doubting, suspicious, and querulous frame of mind. However, unless my health decidedly improve, I certainly shall not be able to continue in the work; for I have neither strength nor spirit to be very active, and what I do is generally with the entire sacrifice of bodily comfort. My existence has long been a burden to my frame, yet all would be well, if the work of God prospered in my own soul, and in those of the poor sheep over whom the Lord hath made us shepherds. I intend, very soon, to write more at large. But you know what to expect. If in my perspective there be any thing bright, it is on that side where runs the River Jordan; and it is very easy to perceive, that its glisten is from beyond the farthest bank. There, I trust, we shall one day meet to enjoy a cloudless day.

Your very affectionate,

WILLIAM BARBER.

To the Same.

Gibraltar, Sept. 19, 1826.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

THERE is a complaint, of which one of the most ordinary symptoms is, reluctance to commence a letter for the purpose of writing a good deal, while self-condemnation is for ever exclaiming against the delay. If you know any thing of such a disease, sympathise with me before you severely censure. I have been continually hoping, to have something more worthy of communication than what has been immediately under hand; however, I will now bring myself at once to the work. You bid me tell you all that is in my heart, and there is no man with whom I would rather trust it than yourself.

You will see, by the farther progress of this letter, that I am again placed amidst circumstances calculated to weigh heavily upon my constitutional depression. Mrs. P. is now in the very last stage of a

consumption, reduced to a mere shadow, and expecting every day to be her last. She is a real, but trembling Christian. But her illness is by no means the whole of what tends to depress me. The want of greater piety in my soul sometimes operates, in conjunction with my morbid constitution, very lamentably to unfit me for my pulpit duties, an evil which is aggravated by my continually having to preach to the same people. I earnestly pray to God, the great Father and Head of the Church, to pour down His Holy Spirit upon me, and to favour me with that blessing, which may richly compensate for the existence of my difficulties. I do not at all wish to conceal from myself, that the want of such a blessing is sufficient to account for the exceedingly small share of success, which has attended my efforts. Had I but the spirit which animates many others,—the spirit of zeal, and love, and a sound mind,—the spirit of deep and ardent devotion,—the spirit of animated faith and hope, I should surely be blest myself, and be a blessing to others. Some few proofs of Divine mercy to me have, indeed, been granted; but the constitution of my body and mind, together with other circumstances, are formidable hinderances. Were my hands less tied than they are, more good might be attempted and done. The Spanish Missionary here ought to be a married man, and to have a house of his own. Were this the case with me, I am quite sure that I could quadruple my means of usefulness; but as matters are, in so small a house as this, and myself only an inmate, I am cramped and crippled excessively. Had I a house, or apartments, of my own, I might invite the Spaniards to come and sit down with me to join in family-worship, and to enter into such a freedom of communication, as in the house and family of another, is impracticable. However, this, I am aware, ought not to prevent the full and judicious employment of existing means; but I should wish you to perceive that my time is employed, at least to some extent, in the way which you so strongly and judiciously recommend. Let me state to you the history of a week:—

On the Sunday morning, at half past six o'clock, I meet an English class; every alternate Sabbath I preach in the morning at the Chapel, and in the evening at the South; and the opposite Sabbath only once at the Chapel; but every Sabbath afternoon, I read the prayers in Spanish; on the Monday evening, I meet a class in the South Barracks; on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, I go to some Spanish family to read and expound the Scriptures; on the Thursday evening, I preach a Spanish sermon; on the Friday evening, I attend a Spanish prayer-meeting at Brother Quierell's, or else go to a Spanish family to expound; and, on the Saturday evening, I hold, if possible, a sort of experience-meeting, or class, in Spanish, at Brother Q.'s. In addition to this, I have been, for some time past, in the habit of spending some hours daily among the Span-

iards, avowedly for the purpose of assisting them to acquire the English language, but by this means I have gained many opportunities of conversation with them on religious subjects. I have sometimes met with men of candour among them; and several, indeed, have appeared, in their way, sincerely pious; but the great majority are determined and blaspheming infidels, with whom I stand but little chance, and that for these reasons especially;—1. The want of spirit, resulting from my constitution and circumstances; 2. The want of promptness and facility of utterance, greatly the consequence of the former; and 3. The utter and universal unwillingness among them to listen to reason, when ridicule comes to their aid; or to distinguish substantially, and in good faith, between the merits of the question, respecting a Divine Revelation, and the adventitious errors and abuses so erroneously heaped on Christianity.

In truth, I believe the virtues of good faith and real honour in the maintenance of religious opinions, to be very rare among Catholics; and, so far as my acquaintance with Spanish Catholics has gone, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to know when they are sincere; for they first oppose the principles of the Christian Religion as if they were merely speculating, as a trial of skill in a contest, and then, perhaps, submit to them as if to escape the inconveniences of a denial. Indeed, it seems as if the terrors of the Inquisition had made Spain a nation of hypocrites. We have repeatedly had several Spaniards at the Sacrament, all of whom have been present by their own earnest request: of these, two or three individuals are free from any motives to deception, and have carried the appearance of being sincerely desirous to know the truth; but I think it extremely questionable, if there be one instance among them of clear, evangelical conversion; so far as I can see, there is among them no satisfactory evidence of that real ‘passing from death unto life,’ which marks and distinguishes the New Testament conversions. Nothing can satisfy me, but the proofs of that real and deep work of grace, which will make the mind taught of God, the heart counting all things but loss for Christ, and the life led by the Holy Spirit. At the same time, I greatly rejoice in any hopeful indications, and if any of these poor men should die with such appearances, I should think it right to cherish hope respecting them, but it appears to me that confidence would be wrong.

I must now turn to some particulars of your letter. I entreat you never to fear, that I shall regard any thing from you, as if it were written in the spirit of dictation; the excellent and truly fraternal counsel, which you offer me, has fixed itself deeply in my mind. I quite agree with you, that nothing is so unfavourable to the disease of my heart as melancholy musings and a state of inaction, as well as that its cure is in the acquirement of habits the least indulgent to its existence. I believe that this cure has been in part effected, but

the summer has exceedingly tried me, and rendered activity both of body and mind quite impossible. I have many times found it next to impracticable to preach, because it has been so difficult to study, and you know that I have no stock of sermons by me. I very much fear, that the people are growing weary of my pulpit exercises; and what wonder, when the great Head of the Church honours them so little in the conversion of souls? Were there no other cause, this would greatly depress me. With respect to visiting the poor, in company with Brother Quierell, that is impracticable, as, about the time you left, he was obliged to give up his situation, and ever since he has gained a livelihood by teaching English to the Spaniards, an employment which keeps him fully engaged from morning to night. As to my forming acquaintances with Spanish families, I have my eye continually on this object, and pray to be enabled to press after it; though, if I were possessed of better health and spirits, and more love, and joy, and zeal through faith, I should be more successful. But I suspect, that your conception of my admissibleness, and probabilities of welcome and success, among them, are formed rather under the influence of your meliorated atmosphere and circumstances, than with a just recollection of the miserable spirit that infects and pervades every class of the people here. To be regarded by nearly all as an object of suspicion, as worse than a Romish priest or Jesuit, and to have to do with people who either hate all religion, or are bigoted to their own, are circumstances which one of my temperament must feel to be great difficulties. However, they do not, and I trust, they never will, prevent my persevering and increasing in effort, as the Lord may give me strength. As soon as Mrs. P.'s illness is decided, I intend commencing a Spanish service in the house of Brother Q., on those Sunday mornings when I do not preach in the chapel.

Upon the whole, with regard to continuing or abandoning this enterprise upon the poor Spaniards, my mind has long been made up to the conclusion, that splendid results, such as have been witnessed in other places, are not to be expected here; but that there always may be a sufficient, and perhaps a gradually increasing, sphere of labour, to employ the plodding activity of some individual, who has piety and zeal enough to bow himself continually down to an employment, which offers so little to cheer and animate his mind, and so much to damp and discourage it.

With regard to my mode of preaching, I believe, that if I ever had any over-attentiveness to mere composition, it is now completely crippled. Through the heat and oppressiveness of the weather, such has been my incapability of close application to study, that I rarely write at all, except a little in Spanish. But, unfortunately for me, my style, both of talking and preaching, is any thing but 'a simple, plain, and

perspicuous statement,' although I try to make it so ; but, for some months past, it has been the sheer want of ideas that, on this subject, has discouraged me ; for I never in my life experienced half such incapacity for thinking. Much of the labour of gaining *words* is now remitted, and I may devote myself more to *things*. I trust, also, that my present plan of reading and expounding the Scriptures, from house to house, will materially assist me in gaining that simpler style of thinking and speaking, of which I deeply lament the deficiency. But, in the mean time, my life and my means are passing away in almost mere preparation. May God help me, by blessing me with the piety which He can honour with usefulness, and then with the usefulness with which He can honour piety ! I follow you in increased attachment to Wesley, Fletcher, and the practical writers ; and, for some time, I have laboured to get into the habit of thoroughly evangelical and experimental preaching, but my heart often betrays me, and therefore I have but little fruit. * * * * Farewell. Believe me,

Your very affectionate Friend,
W. BARBER.

To the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.

Gibraltar, Nov. 21, 1826.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIRS,

THE kind and gentle hint of Mr. Mason, conveyed in his last letter to Mr. Pratten, did not indeed remind me of a forgotten duty, but it determined me at once to lay aside all reluctance to write, arising from the consciousness of having but little to communicate. For this, there are two principal causes, both of which I have been continually hoping would find a remedy in the advance of time ; the former is, the completely stationary situation in which I find myself placed, with a very circumscribed access to those around me ; and the latter is, my great and even criminal want of boldness in the use of the language ; for I find that, though I have for some time attempted to speak in Spanish *extempore*, the want of confidence in myself, and of a more full and regular practice in common life, renders my preaching almost always a great pain to myself, and I fear a much greater to my hearers. I mention this circumstance for the sake of observing, that there is on my mind the constant conviction, which causes me much anxiety, that the work here cannot be said to have had a fair trial, till I can say, that I am sure the hinderance does not lie in me. But this can never be said, till I am not only able to address any Spaniard with fluency and correctness, but to do so always with the strongest motives of zeal and charity. I think, however, truth will allow me to say, that I am advancing. Some degree of power in English preaching, and very profitable class-meetings, are symptoms of this ; but, after

all, every thing about me of a favourable kind leaves me covered with inexpressible confusion, in the presence of God. I cast myself upon his mercy, in mingled doubt, and faith, and hope, enough sometimes of each to produce an agonized state of mind ; and, I entreat Him, to revive His work of grace in me, and all around me, and to open a way for more decided usefulness among the poor foreigners.

You must be solicitous to know, what is done, and what is doing here. Of the English part of the work, it is not of course my place to say any thing. I may, however, just observe, that the extreme heat of the summer, and the affliction of Mr. P.'s family, combined to make some of the past months a depressing and a trying time. The painful termination of that affliction, in the death of Mrs. P., will, we hope, leave both the Preachers and the people at full leisure to reap all the benefits of a dispensation so solemn and so affecting. Mrs. P. died a remarkable example of these three eminent and cognate Christian virtues, the fear of God, invincible patience, and humble and believing resignation ; there can, therefore, be no rational doubt, that she is safe in the Paradise of God. Mr. P. will, of course, have informed you of his own illness, and of the great additional affliction thus laid upon him. I sincerely sympathise with him, that the remainder of his residence here must be spent in the pain of a solitude so dreary as that of an early widowhood. May God help and sustain him through the whole !

With reference to myself, I know not that I can do better than just state the usual occupations of a week, and then give some extracts from my Journal, which, from the very little incident that my circumstances afford, I will acknowledge, is but scantily furnished. Until the extreme heat of the summer, and the height of Mr. P.'s affliction, I used to spend a good portion of the mornings, of every week, in the company of superior Spaniards, to whom I gained access for the purpose of gratuitously assisting them in the acquisition of the English language ; a plan which, to a limited extent, I hope to follow, although I have found it to operate most injuriously on myself, in withdrawing me from the more substantial studies of theology, with which I have formed an acquaintance that is utterly insufficient for the duties of my station. Most of the superior Spaniards, with whom I have conversed, are deliberately sceptical ; and the worst is, that this is accompanied with an utter dislike to the mention of Christianity, though this is not so much a bitter disgust, as a complete indifference ; but thus they are in a state of mind from which, in order to rouse them, it requires both a knowledge and address, of which I have acutely felt my deficiency. Real knowledge, and dexterity in the manner of using it, are two points at which I am incessantly aiming ; but, alas ! I find that a mind but ill-trained and habituated, and possessing no extraordinary vigour to free itself from its difficulties, may disqualify itself for dexterity,

by the very application with which it mines for materials. For more than two months during the summer, so unnerving was the effect produced, both upon my body and my mind, that I found myself almost totally incapable of application; so that preaching was, not unfrequently, a very distressing labour, especially as it is always to the same people.

But that you may see how my time is generally occupied at present, I will state the employment of every day. On the Sabbath morning, before breakfast, I meet a small English class. Every alternate Sabbath morning, after breakfast, I preach in English at the Chapel, and in the evening at the South; and, on the opposite Sabbath, I again preach once in English at the Chapel. Every Sunday afternoon, I read prayers, in Spanish, at the house of Brother Quierell, and, generally, something which occurs in the regular lessons furnishes topics for useful conversation afterwards. On many occasions of this kind, we have had sceptical objections started and discussed, sometimes in a good spirit, and to good purpose, but at others, not so; for, occasionally, through a want of sufficient readiness to repress it, the true spirit of infidel sarcasm has got the uppermost. In the week, I generally devote the principal part of the morning to private study; but, not unfrequently, I go out into the Alameda, or public walks, and, where an opportunity offers, I usually enter into conversation with some one or other; either some foreigner, or one of the sentries on duty, with many of whom I have thus had very profitable interviews. A few days ago, the passing of a party of soldiers, full dressed, to attend the funeral of a deceased officer, furnished an occasion of conversation with a sentinel. 'Ah!' said I to him, 'how painful it is to think of a young man, so lately in the bloom of health, and in the road to preferment, thus suddenly cut down and consigned to the grave! And yet he had a soul, as immortal as yours or as mine, and just the same need as ourselves of a Saviour, and of mercy to pardon, and grace to save him. But he has not been permitted to enjoy so much time as you and I, to begin and to finish the great work of preparing for death. And then, to think that we need a preparation, at least as much as he, and that we may be cut down too as unexpectedly, or at least with as little direct notice!—Have you, my friend, prepared? or, are you preparing? No man can be prepared without a renewed heart, a direct interest in the blood of Christ, and a pardon in consequence; and he, who is yet careless of these things, has not begun to prepare, although he may die to-morrow, or to-day.' The man was a Scotchman, and, of course, comparatively intelligent. He unburdened his soul to me, and told me of the temptations of the barrack-room, and his companions; he related, likewise, his afflictions, and mentioned the almost impossibility of his being devoted to religion as a soldier. I laboured to convince him, that the seat of irreligion is the

heart, that this will be carried every where, that it will find indulgence every where, that religion is a scheme-of remedy made by God for man in any circumstances, and every condition of life, that therefore it is fit and sufficient, and that, if a man have his heart changed, circumstances will be disarmed of their evil tendency, or at least that he will have grace to conquer them. In the midst of our conversation, a stranger, who was either an Englishman or an American, came up, and sat himself down near us, and, as I thought, with a design to hear our conversation. I determined that he should hear it, and following the thread of our observations, I said,—‘The reason of men’s irreligion is to be found in the state of their hearts; they do not love its holiness and spirituality; they do not love the holiness of God, and therefore they flee from Him; they do not love the spirituality of the Bible, and therefore they at least neglect it; they hate the light of true religion, and therefore they close their eyes against it, or hide themselves in darkness from it.’ The poor stranger started from his seat, as if he had been shot, and, stepping away a few paces as an excuse, he paused for a moment, and then walked away, giving a very significant and inquisitive glance from under his hat toward the *strange* being, who had brought this *strange* sound to his ear. Well! thus the seed was sown. I ‘know not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good,’ nor, alas! whether both shall be alike fruitless, but ‘with God all things are possible.’ O that He would condescend to bless ‘the labour of *my* hands!’

On another occasion, I met with a venerable Genoese, with whom I fell into conversation, and found him a man sincerely feeling the necessity of real religion. There certainly was sincerity in his manners, whatever there might be of mistake in his views. I consider his to be one of those cases which, it is to be hoped, are not very unfrequently to be found, as the living reproaches of the gross and criminal system of fraud and delusion imposed by Popery on millions of human souls. He entered eagerly into conversation with me, and I candidly told him that I was a Protestant; and that my chief reason for being so was, a conviction that the Scriptures are the only sure and sufficient guide in the religion of God. I then read him a portion of the homily on the Scriptures, which extremely delighted him. I urged him to seek salvation through the merits of Christ alone, and, by the work of the Holy Spirit on his heart, to look for satisfactory evidences of his being a true and happy Christian. He spoke with abhorrence of the prevailing infidelity and immorality, and lamented, that hitherto he had been able to find so little to satisfy him in labouring to ascertain the way of salvation. After we had parted, I saw him at a distance in the walks, freely using his handkerchief to wipe away his tears; and I have seen him since, and such is the unusual sincerity and simplicity of that good man’s mind, that should it be my happiness, ‘by the

good hand of God upon me,' to arrive in the kingdom of glory, I shall certainly expect to meet and embrace him there.

On another occasion, I met several young Jews on the walks; one of them I found to be a student, and regarded by the others, as well as regarding himself, as very decidedly their superior. They were very civil, and with great readiness answered some questions, which I addressed to them in reference to the fast which was then pending. But, from some of their descriptions, I took occasion to remark upon the difference which ought to be made between trifling religious ceremonies, which are the mere additions of human authority, and which may be injurious and delusive, and the clear injunctions of the will and word of God. This brought on a conversation on the evidence which the Sacred Records have of being of divine authority, and, consequently, binding on the consciences and conduct of men; from which I took occasion to observe, that this forms the basis of the faith of Christians, who, like the Jews, receive the authority of Moses, because his miracles demonstrated that God was with him to sanction his word; while, unlike the Jews, who admit the same argument in the one case which they reject in the other, Christians receive the authority of Christ, because his miracles demonstrated that he too came from God, for no man could have performed such miracles, as were done by Christ, unless God were with him. This they took in good part, though, of course, they could not give any satisfactory reply. Their principal spokesman endeavoured to take refuge in the nonsense of the story of the theft of the *tetragrammaton*, with its blasphemous additions. 'And so,' said I, 'you who are young and rational men, in this age of the freedom of thought, and in this place, where every man has a right to think as he pleases, are thus contenting yourselves to reason against evidence, and to conclude on subjects of such vast importance from tales, that are ridiculous on their very face, and that merit not the slightest credit. Beside, from your very story itself, it appears, that Jesus must have been a most extraordinary man, to have been able alone to discover and to use that name, and that in the way in which you say he did; even this might induce you carefully to enquire about him. But I appeal to you, chiefly as men capable of thought, and certainly destined to appear before God in judgment, to give Him an account of the manner in which you have used your faculties: you were born of Jewish parents, and you have been educated Jews, are these your only reasons for embracing the Hebrew faith? Have you never thought—never examined—never come to a rational conclusion on the subject? How can you then be at peace in your own minds? How can you give a good account to God, if you do not diligently labour to know the truth, and to follow the light wherever it may lead you?'—They left the place more seriously than they reached it; perhaps this was all, and perhaps not, for the progress of

thought is like that of a cone from its point, here indiscernible, but onward it widens to an indefinite extent; and even the kingdom of Heaven is likened to a grain of mustard seed, cast into the earth, and growing up into unequalled greatness. O that I had more simple and ardent dependence on that energy, which alone can effect this! And O that I had more faith in the accompanying influence of the Holy Spirit, and more sustaining and animating confidence in the faithfulness of the great Head of the Church!

But to return to my regular occupations: on the Monday evening, I meet an English class in the South; on the Tuesday, I have been in the habit of attending some private family to read and expound the Scriptures in Spanish; but we have lately opened a meeting at the South, in the house of one of our brethren, for the same purpose, and this must of course take the precedence of a family; there are but few who attend this means as yet, and its success remains uncertain, if not doubtful, for a genuine appetite after the word is scarcely to be found among the Spaniards; an utter indifference, and even *nausea*, at religion, is almost universal, and more to be dreaded than the fear of real persecution. The Wednesday evening is exclusively devoted to reading and expounding, in Spanish families. On the Thursday evening, we have our Spanish service in the Chapel, at which, sometimes, very few persons indeed attend, but at others, as for instance last Thursday, from twenty to thirty; and, I am persuaded, that many more would come, 'if I could but 'speak boldly, as I ought to speak.' When will mercy be given me for this? On the Friday evening, we have our Spanish prayer-meeting, at Brother Quierell's; at this very few generally attend, chiefly because the house is so ill situated: this, however, is an evil which will soon be remedied, as a new house, which he is building, is nearly finished, and into this he intends soon to remove.

Referring to this new house, brings me to mention another circumstance of importance. The illness of Mrs. P. had rendered my residence at the Mission-House, for a considerable time, inconvenient; for some months I, therefore, took my meals chiefly out, indeed I always dined from home; and, had any convenient opportunity offered, I should have removed altogether. But the new house of Brother Q., who builds it for letting by apartments, as is generally the case with the houses here, seemed to offer a providential opening. But the advantages for greater usefulness among the Spaniards, by much greater intercourse with them, in consequence of the numbers that come to him, are so evident, that I could not hesitate to think my course of duty plain. Experience has taught me, that I must introduce myself to the Spaniards, and not hope that they will introduce themselves to me; but this I cannot do at the Mission-House, for thither they do not like to come, simply because *it is the Mission-House*, and because there is

nothing Spanish there, as there is at Brother Q.'s I ought, in truth, to have been among them long before, but fear of expense to the Mission chiefly held me back, though certainly to the injury of my advancement, as well as that of my object at large; and, were I ever to be so placed as to need the acquirement of another language, I should earnestly desire to be allowed to go at once, and altogether, for two or three months among the people themselves, and no others; as I am well convinced that I have lost much time, and suffered a deal of pain, that might have been saved. Nay, I firmly believe, that if I had possessed apartments, and a wife of my own, I should, by this time, have been far more useful than has been the case; and this has often made me think, with pain, of my loss of that inestimable woman who once was mine; but in all this I may be quite mistaken, and Providence, who has decided the point, seems to say, that this is the fact. However, in the family of Brother Q., this difficulty will be greatly obviated; with this removal I shall be much more devoted to, and familiarised with, the Spanish work; and if God should smile upon Brother Q. and myself, we may be able to suggest and pursue such plans, and means of usefulness, as apart are impracticable. In this measure I act, of course, with the approbation of Mr. Pratten, as well as that of our valued friend Mr. Pyne; and I am thankful to be able to say, that, notwithstanding the rent of the room which I shall occupy, the removal will not increase the expense of my support. Add to these considerations, that thus the Spanish and English work will be kept more separate, and in no danger of clashing or restriction, the Mission-House being quite too small for more than one Preacher and his family; and we intend, as soon as possible, to commence a full Sunday morning service in Spanish, on the alternate Sabbaths on which I preach only once. As this statement will put you in possession of the principal motives and objects of the alteration, it will also, I think, satisfy you of its propriety.

With regard to the direct prospects of forming a Spanish society, I have hitherto been desirous of deferring the measure, chiefly from two motives; the former is, that I have wished to possess more decided evidence of a genuine work of the Holy Spirit, for I cannot yet say, that among the few Spaniards, who generally attend our services, there are those characteristics of such a work that would justify the formation of a Society; and, the latter is, that I have wanted to attain a sufficient fluency and accuracy of converse, to be sure that I am conveying to them correct sentiments of what it is to be a Methodist, as well as of the rise and progress of Methodism itself. With some of the Spaniards, it is no great difficulty to talk of what they mean by Christian experience, though, to me, it is a great difficulty to ascertain, whether all this is not the mere mysticism, or animal excitement of Popery; a thing which, I should think, is the most cruelly tormenting

bane of vital religion existing, for it blunts the edge of the sword of the Spirit itself, and breaks the point of every arrow that is shot to pierce between the joints of the harness ; it adopts the very phraseology of real religion, in a sense which never reaches the heart, and, without being hypocrisy, it involves the danger of imposing the most cruel of all cheats. There are some individuals who would not hesitate much to become Methodists, and who, I believe, would even wish it, because something spiritual or temporal might be gained by it, just as they would join any *cofradía* or *hermandad** among the Catholics ; but then, this, in their opinion, would not disqualify them from continuing Papists, and going to mass. Few as the number is, with whom we have any special intercourse, they yet present a mixture which might be puzzling to men far more sagacious than myself, but it is particularly so to my extreme inexperience. We shall, however, be better able to judge, when matters are a little more settled than at present ; as yet the trial has not been sufficient, and, although no splendid results can be expected, there is already some little good done ; and this I do know, that many souls have had, however feebly, the principles of evangelical truth set before them. The discouragements are indeed great, so much so, that I know not any one thing, separate from a direct sense of duty, and hope of usefulness among these wanderers from truth and happiness, that could make my present circumstances desirable. But even here, in this truly rugged*and unthankful soil, if the Lord would but favour me with much love and gratitude in my own soul, and with the sight of some genuine and decided conversions, I should be very happy.

I had intended to give you some extracts more directly from my Journal, but the length of this letter, I trust, will excuse me. If the admirable Catechism on the Evidences of Christianity were translated into Spanish, it would prove an invaluable boon to millions of souls ; for, by its bulk, its plan, and its limpid clearness of statement, it is already just fitted to the state of multitudes, and that is a state of mind which is yet to be the bitter experience of multitudes more. Perhaps, however, with the facilities for doing this well in London, it may be already accomplished, or at least in progress. O that I were sure that this is the fact ! Our recent heavy losses, in the death of Mr. Butterworth, the Brethren at Antigua, Brother Threlfall, and the Links's, are affecting circumstances, which have made considerable impression on some of the people here ; and, I think, that our Missionary Society is somewhat reviving, though removals of late have crippled us sadly.

It would have been a great satisfaction to me, to be able to send you a more encouraging account, but truth is more valuable than honour, or than the delight which an honest mind may feel in giv-

* A congregation ; a fraternity.

ing pleasure to the benevolent and good. Will you accept the assurance of my sincere respect and love? And I am, dear Sirs, to the Committee and yourselves,

Your affectionate and obedient Servant,
In the Gospel of the Lord Jesus,
W. BARBER.

P.S.—The fresh supply of copies of the Common Prayer, from the Prayer-Book and Homily Society, was most valuable.

Gibraltar, Dec. 12, 1826.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS,

* * * * * As to my work in the Ministry, you will easily believe that, in my state of health and spirits, I found it very difficult and painful during the heat of the summer. Many times I had the utmost difficulty to go through the services, and I was so much discouraged, that I should often have gladly buried my head in obscurity and silence for ever. It is now, however, much better with me, and my delight in preaching the Gospel to the poor and perishing men around me, has in some degree returned; the Lord has in a measure acknowledged and blest me; but my want of faith, and love, and hearty and zealous devotion, has prescribed very narrow limits to my usefulness. I am very far from being faultless, and this has made me willing to bear and forbear; but, surely, were it otherwise with me, I ought not to be less disposed to patience and kindness. I do and will pray, to be more pious, and full of love and active charity. I have begun, for some time, to preach in Spanish, *extempore*; it is true, I have, as yet, had but little pleasure in this exercise, the difficulty of preaching in a foreign language has oppressed me much; but, as I am obtaining greater readiness, correctness, and abundance in it, my discourses are becoming more interesting to my hearers, and our little congregation is, accordingly, increasing. Thanks be to God, there are many here who love me, and some who love me very much. I know not what more any man can hope for in this world; and, were it not for the consciousness that I am not so useful as I ought to be, I might say that, notwithstanding all my difficulties, I am comfortable. My health is certainly better now than it has been at all; and my studies are very pleasant to me.

* * * *

I am,
Your Son and Brother,
WILLIAM.

To his second Sister.

Gibraltar, Dec. 15, 1826.

MY VERY DEAR PRISCILLA,

* * * * I AM here amidst much that distresses me, with the great aggravation of my being but little able to relieve it; the presence of many of the Spaniards, banished by political convulsions from their native land, and without the means of obtaining any thing like an adequate subsistence, is very distressing. They are not all equally reduced, but many of them are absolutely dependent upon the casualties of occasional help; and yet the scenes of excessive misery and want are, I suppose, not nearly so numerous here as with you, though very much more falls under my notice than I can relieve. There is a Spaniard here, a fine young man, from whom I just now parted with a heavy heart; he was here two years ago, when the recent revolution of Spain had compelled multitudes to fly from their homes, and to seek exemption from the gallows in the shelter of banishment and indigence in foreign lands. To admit a foreigner into this place as a resident, it is necessary for some established subject of the British crown, whose responsibility will be admitted, to take the stranger into his employ, and become bound for him to the Government, both as to his maintenance and good behaviour, under a penalty of about twelve pounds. Hence the difficulty of obtaining a license is very great, and, for want of it, this young man was obliged to remove from the Garrison, and return to his own country, taking all the chances that would be involved. The consequence was, as he tells me, that he was compelled to fly from one place to another, and for about eighteen months could 'find no rest for the sole of his foot.' On one occasion, he experienced a remarkable deliverance from the hands of his persecutors; they had intelligence of his motions, and he, likewise, of their being in pursuit of him; he left Cadiz for Seville, and, by the same day's post, the information went to the police of the latter town, and they were ordered to apprehend him; the very next day, he went into a public ordinary, and sat down to dine, and the officers, who were in pursuit of him, were at the same table, but did not know him; they asked him, however, whence he came? He replied,—'From Cadiz.' 'When?' said they. He mentioned a particular day, which was not the true one. They immediately rejoined,—'Then you must know the people of Cadiz?' He answered,—'Many of them.' 'And do you know,' said they, 'any thing of one *Don José S.*, a young man of that town?' This was his own name, and he immediately perceived his danger, as well as the means of his escape. He therefore paused, and put himself in the attitude of recollection, and, at length, said, that he had some

indistinct knowledge of him ; and then proceeded to give an account of his personal appearance very different from his own ; he said, that he was a tall, stout man, with a fair complexion, which was the very reverse of himself. He thus, by deception, indeed, got time to finish his dinner, walk quietly to the bar to pay his account, and take his leave. He then went to the place where he had left his trunk, and, taking from it a clean shirt, instantly left the city. And thus, for many months, he was hunted up and down the country ; till, at length, his Mother, having a little property, determined to sacrifice a great part, in order to compound the matter with his persecutors, which was ultimately effected. But then, the great trial was to obtain a living ; for when I asked him about the state of commerce in Cadiz, he replied,—‘ *Ya no existe*,’ that is,—‘ It no longer exists. Indeed,’ continued he, ‘ to ask for the commerce of Cadiz, is like asking for Catholicism in England ; it once flourished, but it is now destroyed.’ And then, to obtain employment under the Government, compromised as he had been, would have been difficult, if not impossible ; but, had it been easy, it could have been only by the sacrifice of principles, which, as an honest man, it was impossible to disavow ; so that, had he consented to this, it would have been to stamp himself, for ever, as infamous to other men, as well as despicable to himself. He, therefore, determined to come once more to Gibraltar, and to try to gain a livelihood, however lowly, where thought is free, and utterance unshackled by any other restraints than those of liberal and rational law. But then, the commerce of Gibraltar itself is in a state of ruin, great numbers of the inhabitants are already out of employ, and hence to obtain a license of settled residence here is at present impracticable. I have been trying to obtain employment for him, but without success ; and I have just had the pain of dismissing him, under the afflictive conviction that no visible remedy remains.

But such cases as these are only a part of what really pains me ; too many of the necessitous Spaniards would come to me and join the Society, for the sake of some temporal relief, and then withdraw as soon as they discover that nothing can be gained. As they are but little influenced by the love of truth, for its own sake, they dislike or despise us, just as they happen to be impressed with the idea, that we are unable or unwilling to help them.

And yet there are some few among them, who seem truly pious, or at least under religious impressions. An elderly Spaniard, who, in the time of the Constitution, was a gentleman of considerable importance in his own country, lately died here, broken-hearted, for the miseries of that unhappy land. With that gentleman I had frequent interviews, and some very delightful conversations. The very last time that we were together, we talked of heaven through the merits of the Redeemer alone, and of the confidence which a firm faith in

His atonement may inspire the soul, and of the transport with which we may eventually meet each other in the realms above, and rejoice together in an eternal freedom from sorrow, sin, and pain. And there are several others, who seem to be serious and diligent enquirers; and when I find myself more among them, I hope to see them more decided followers of Christ. But I have, on many accounts, a difficult and painful task; however, the greatest misfortune is, my want of greater devotedness and zeal. I am sure, that I owe much already to the prayers of my dear friends; but, in this respect, I want to feel myself under still greater obligations. * * * *

Your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

Journal Continued.

Dec. 24th and 25th.—Two passages in Luke i. have particularly interested me for the important services of these two days. The former, includes the 67th to the 71st verse, descriptive of ardent anticipation of the coming of the Saviour, and His salvation, in the interesting interval between the birth of John the Baptist, and that of Jesus. I preached from this passage with tolerable liberty, and my mind was somewhat affected by the abundant provision, which is made for guilty man in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The other passage, includes the 46th to the 48th verse, and embraces the amiable views of herself assumed by Mary, and her correspondent estimation of God's gracious goodness to her. On this subject, I preached to a small congregation, dwelling particularly on the personal character and experience of the Virgin Mary, as described by herself, in opposition to the gross and idolatrous abuses of her history made by the Romish church. I intend to translate this latter sermon, and to preach it to my poor Spaniards, on Thursday evening next.

The poor Soldier at the hospital, as well as Dogherty, is sinking fast. The latter has been so miserable in his life, that, with any measure of conviction respecting its enormity, it is a wonder to see him so little miserable in his death: however, I cannot but entertain very pleasing hopes.

28th.—The numbers that crowd to the Spanish Church, afford a most affecting comment on the efficacy of Popery, or any other merely formal and national religion, to lull the minds of multitudes into a fatal security, by the discharge of a few prescribed ceremonies. But here, around me, is this monstrous system of error reveling in all the strength of an almost uncontradicted influence, and pompously and tyrannically guiding men by millions, through the grossest of errors, to the greatest of dangers. Oh! how is it, that this does not operate with greater force upon my mind, and make me

more diligent and faithful in seeking to pluck some, at least, as brands from the burning?

I preached this evening to a very good number of Spaniards from *Luke i. 46—48*; and, from the Virgin Mother's own account, I plainly stated to them her conscious need of the salvation of the very Redeemer, whom she was honoured to bear into the world, her happy enjoyment of that salvation, and the consequent falsehood of the common notions respecting her, and the idolatry of the worship which is grounded on these notions. My hearers were profoundly attentive, and I pray, that infinite mercy may seal the truth upon their hearts.

31st.—At our Spanish meeting, this afternoon, for reading the prayers, there was a strong party of apparently sincere and serious worshippers. With several of them I am much pleased, although repeated instances have occurred, in which expectation has been, in some measure, raised only to be disappointed in the end. O that I could perceive such clear marks of sound scriptural conversion among them, as would be as 'a city set upon a hill!' Brother Q. proposed, what I was, at first, afraid would be deemed burdensome, *viz.* that we should meet again at eleven o'clock, to spend the last hour of the year in prayer, as it had also been proposed to do at the Chapel, in English. I knew that I was expected at the Chapel, and, therefore, gave no promise to be at Brother Q.'s; but, upon mentioning the subject to Mr. Pratten, he consented, at once, to my going to the Spanish meeting. When I entered the room, at the appointed time, I was surprised to find about twenty-five persons assembled. We joined in singing and prayer; several Spaniards engaged with much propriety, uttering not a word of personal merit, or the intercession of saints; indeed, their prayers seemed as free from the infection, as if their minds had never been imbued with it. They readily entered into the design of the meeting, and expressed desires that had, at least, the appearance of sincerity, to be yielded to the service of God; but their prayers certainly embraced much more than they themselves are yet aware of; and they would, perhaps, be astonished at perceiving what is, in spirit and in truth, implied in being a Christian indeed. Following a posse of them toward the Mission-House, I found them in the hands of the patrol, who have received orders to arrest any persons seen in the streets after twelve o'clock at night, unless they have a special license. One of the party possessed a special license, and was in the act of unfolding it to the patrol when I came up. 'What is the matter?' said I. Upon being told, I said,—'We have been well employed.' The corporal, who was at the head of the patrol, seemed to know me, for he answered,—'You can pass on, Sir, with your friends,' alluding to those who came up with me. 'But these too,' said I, 'are of our company. I am a Methodist Preacher,

and we have been together, spending the last hour of the old year in praying for a blessing on the new one.'—'Oh! very well, Sir,' was the civil reply, 'I am glad that you could employ your time so well; very few have done the same.' And thus we passed on. Upon the whole, our time was spent profitably, and it left a good impression on the minds of several who were present. I do pray, that good may result from it, if not in the way of direct and clear conversion, yet in preparing them for that happy event. Thus was celebrated the first Methodist watch-night ever held on the Continent of Europe, in the Spanish language. Would to God, that His providence may perpetuate the observance, till the last shall be celebrated in the hour of the coming of the Lord Jesus, in the glory of His final kingdom!

CHAPTER XIII.

Review of the past Year—Renewing Covenant with God—Doubtfulness of a Death-Bed Repentance—Left alone again in the Work—Climate of Gibraltar—Encouragements in the Spanish Work—Promising Conversion of a Spaniard and his Wife—Report of the Gibraltar Auxiliary Missionary Society—First celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Spanish Language—Contemplates a Second Marriage—Mixed Character of Success among the Spaniards—Mischief of Hyper-Calvinism—Grossly Inconsistent Conduct of a Spaniard—His consequent and awful Apostasy—Reward of Virtuous Decision—Promising Case of a Spanish Gentleman and Lady—Interesting Letters from an enlightened Spanish Priest and his Friend.

Journal Continued.

JANUARY 1, 1827.—My mind was much affected last evening, while preparing and preaching. I often feel at a loss to determine which, in my case, should preponderate, the sentiment of gratitude, or that of shame,—gratitude for the amazing goodness of God, or shame for the strange obstinacy of that carnality which keeps me always unfaithful. The past year, and especially the latter half, has been a period of great trial to me; I refer to the exercises of my mind, with reference to a growth in grace, and the prosperity of the work of God. There has been in me so little real piety, either before or during the family trials, that I wonder not in the least, that there should have

been so little acknowledgment of my labours. O how afflicting to think, that a young Minister should have been labouring for twelve months with so very few cases of conversion! I have, on various occasions, been deeply wounded at the faults of those around me, but very sure I am, that I have suffered most from my own. I have greatly given way to discouragement and unbelief, and degenerated into a comparative waste of time. It is true, I have a great adversary in my body, but I am deeply sensible, that a greater adversary has too successfully impaired the diligence and resolution of my soul. Oh! thou great Head of the Church, the Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Father, whom I really believe to be present with all thy faithful people, unto the end of the world, hear my ardent supplication, that the present year, whatever may be its trials,—and trials I fully anticipate,—may be a season of complete triumph in my heart, of the simple, but meek, humble, diligent, and zealous principles of thy own truth! O ‘sanctify me through thy truth, thy word is truth!’

But, after all, what are the present state and the prospects of my soul? I still continue in a wounded and unprofitable condition, ready, every hour, if not shielded by the persevering faithfulness and care of God, to become ‘the prey of the mighty.’ O Lord God, to whom I now renew my act of self-dedication, I beseech thee, for the sake of my Lord Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved and only begotten Son, to deliver me from the deep-rooted evils of my own corrupt and unbelieving heart! Remember, oh! remember thy cause!—Pour out thy Holy Spirit on my colleague and myself, as well as on the English Society, and the little Spanish congregation!—Let this be a year distinguished by the baring of thine arm, and the glory of thy grace, in the conversion of souls! Oh! I cannot free myself from the impression, that it is greatly through my own unfaithfulness, that such a want of prosperity is evident; and yet I do try to preach the truth, both plainly and strongly; but then, preaching is not the half of my business.

5th.—I have this day attended to a note, which I received from a gentleman in the barrack department. It appears, that his housekeeper is in a declining state of health, and that she was desirous to see one of the Missionaries. I found her lying on the sofa much debilitated; she is about fifty-two or fifty-three years of age, and apparently sinking under the exhaustion of death. From her account of the doctor’s treatment of her, I judge that he despairs of her recovery; but in the present uncertainty, my way is obviously to labour to bring her to a scriptural view of the plan of salvation by faith. She freely stated the leading features of her past life, expressed her thankfulness that she had been enabled to live in an honest and industrious manner, and was very particular, and even earnest, in declaring, that she did not mention this last circumstance, because she had any trust, or reason to trust,

in it, for she felt herself unworthy of the mercy of God. She emphatically expressed her sorrow, that she had too much neglected religion, and owned that now she found no consolation which could satisfy her mind. In all this, there is of course something hopeful; for it is far better to hear such acknowledgments, than to listen to any boasting in herself, or to perceive an absolute blindness to the danger of that sinful way of life, which, in an honest deportment, wraps up a neglect of the great salvation, and presumptuous hopes of escape together. However, I do not perceive any thing decidedly evangelical in her present feelings. She seems alarmed at finding death so near, and herself unprepared for it; but how different is this from the brokenness of heart, which makes the doctrine of the cross truly welcome!

To his eldest Sister.

Gibraltar, Feb. 7, 1827.

MY DEAR SARAH,

* * * * I HAVE just completed, in my new residence, the most comfortable month of many that I have spent here. It is a delightful situation, and where I have much better opportunities of usefulness among the Spaniards, than I had before. I have the use of two excellent rooms, and the advantage of constant intercourse with the objects of my Mission, while there is no additional expense to the Society. Mr. P. has been absent for a month, on an excursion to Lisbon, for the recovery of his health; and, immediately subsequent to his departure, Mr. Davis, our good old Local Preacher, was taken ill, and laid up with the gout; so that, again, I had the whole duty, both English and Spanish, devolving upon me. I was, however, helped by the members of the Society, on those occasions when two services happened at the same hour; but I am perfectly able to do this work; and, with the exception of the summer months, I should but little regret its continuance on my own account; however, the people would, of course, be the worse for it, and I am in no danger of being tried. I shall, on Mr. P.'s return, immediately get deeper into my Spanish work, of which I think some little fruit, through infinite mercy, begins to appear; but I am fearful of appearances, till time has somewhat mellowed them. I most earnestly commend to all your prayers, myself, as a poor, unworthy, sinful, and inexpressibly feeble creature, and the work in which I am engaged.

Your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

To his elder Brother.

Gibraltar, March 5, 1827.

VERY DEAR A.

* * * * IN this place we never hear, as we do in the West Indies and other places, of persons suddenly falling victims to the climate, and when they suffer beyond mere relaxation to a moderate extent, it is generally attributable to their own negligence or excess. Gibraltar is sometimes visited by epidemics, and every autumn some individuals are carried off by fever; but really, from what I have seen, and from what has transpired for many years, I question if a greater number of persons are carried off here by fever, than in any town of equal population in England. As to the cases of Mrs. Dixon and Mrs. Pratten, I believe that the climate had very little to do with the first, excepting, indeed, the great mistake which was made in coming out in August, and just nothing at all to do with the last; Mrs. P. having died of consumption, but not superinduced by the climate. In summer, you have not unfrequently greater heat, at mid-day, than we have; but in North America; for instance, Quebec and New Orleans, it is often much greater. Throughout the year, our thermometer is seldom lower than seventy, or so high as ninety; and hence, our barometer is far less variable than yours, and our changes of weather are by no means so uncertain, or so great. In the winter, indeed, it is sufficiently wet and cold, to make a thoroughly good fire acceptable, and, indeed, indispensable to comfort; but, at this moment, we have a very fine clear blue sky, and a warm animating spring atmosphere. We have had a very unusual quantity of rain during the past winter, and the season is very backward; but there is generally a large proportion of fine days in February, and they are not scarce in January.

With regard now to myself and my work. The past year has not been one of much prosperity; but for this, the afflicted state of Mr. P.'s family will, in great part, account. However, that is now past, and Mr. P. is returned from Lisbon in a state of health so much improved, as to justify the warmest hopes of a great amendment. In the Spanish work, I now engage more fully than ever. We have three services a-week; a sermon on the Thursday evening in the Chapel, at which we have a congregation of from thirty to fifty persons; a prayer-meeting on the Friday evening, with about twelve or fifteen attendants; and the Church service, and a sermon, on the Sunday morning in Brother Q.'s house, where I now lodge; this last service has been commenced since Mr. P.'s return; and, therefore, it does not permit me to say, what is the number of the congregation; however,

on the only occasion we have as yet had of this nature, there were thirty persons present, nearly all of whom were Spaniards, who very cordially joined in the liturgy, and afterwards expressed their great approbation of the prayers. We have also Spanish hymns, or rather lines strung together, and somewhat versified, which are very acceptable to the people; although, poor as my judgment is respecting Spanish poetry, I suspect, that there is little in them to merit the name of poetical composition. Added to this, there are several houses to which I go, during the week, to read either the Scriptures, or tracts, to expound, and to pray. With all this practice, however, I have hitherto found it impossible to acquire sufficient boldness and freedom in the use of the language. I speak and preach with great fear; and, therefore, I easily lose my self-possession, and get confounded. Indeed, my dear A., I find myself in the midst of an arduous, and very humiliating, scene of labour: at this, I am neither surprised, nor disappointed; but Spanish reading and composition, together with the disgusting labyrinths of the Popish controversy, unbinge my mind, which is far from a powerful one; bewilder my memory, which has become more than usually defective and unfaithful; and, in truth, reduce all my faculties into such hyppish fear and despondency, as I think must often render me more an object of pity than of any other emotion. In these circumstances, I keenly feel the want of the society of my own family, and especially of that inestimable Friend, in whose grave the light of my earthly happiness was extinguished. For this sensation, I have only one relief, it is, that He, who has withdrawn me from all those whom I particularly loved, has placed me in this insulated condition, because He knew the idolatrous tendencies of my heart, and the train of evils which idolatry always introduces; reasons, indeed, of the wisest and most beneficent character. May the kind and gracious God, whom we serve, continue to look down upon *you* with favour, and shelter you from harm, by saving and sanctifying you in the midst of all things that He giveth you richly to enjoy! Amen. I am in the flesh, in the Spirit, and in the Ministry, (thank God for such a three-fold cord!)

Your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

P.S.—There are three or four Spaniards that decidedly appear to have got good, they seem awakened and in earnest for salvation; indeed, one of them has lately entered into the liberty of the children of God; but I must, I believe, feel more holy and happy in my own soul before a full blessing will descend.

By the foregoing Extracts it will be seen, that my dear Brother had one considerable fault, I allude to the habitual tendency of his mind to desponding views of himself and his work; for which, if the testimony of others can be depended on, there really was not the occasion that he imagined. I am convinced, that this peculiarity arose, on the one hand, from an amiable humility of soul, for which he had long been remarked by those who knew him best; and, on the other, from a too cautious fear of presenting accounts of his usefulness, which might afterwards appear exaggerated; but there can be no doubt, that he allowed these motives to carry him much too far for his own happiness, as well as for the glory of God. The consequence of the melancholy statements, which he had repeatedly made to the Committee in London, was an order from them to proceed to Malta forthwith, as to a place of more probable success in the work of the Lord. This at once elicited the truth, which was of a much more encouraging nature than the Committee had supposed, and the result was, that, after waiting till their answer could reach him, during which interval he applied himself to the attainment of the Italian language, in order to qualify himself for a confirmation of his orders, he was directed to remain where he was. It appears from a letter written to Mr. Morley, shortly after the last to myself, that four or five Spaniards had become the subjects of the converting grace of God, that about eight or nine were in a state sufficient to justify their being received into Christian communion, and that from twenty to thirty, speaking 'within compass,' were *regular attendants* on the means of grace. And, when in addition to this, it was stated to the Committee, that so many as fifty persons generally attended the Spanish service on the Thursday evening, it is not to be wondered at that their decision should have been so quickly altered.

To his younger Brother.

Gibraltar, May 2, 1827.

MY VERY DEAR SAMUEL,

* * * * * If any one at home should imagine, from the glowing and heart-warming representations that are often made from the press, the pulpit, and the anniversary boards, that the Missionary, who sallies forth from his country, has nothing else to do than to alight upon some chosen scene of labour, and to be received, and venerated, and listened to, as if he were an angel of light and peace, I can assure you that nothing can be more foreign from the truth. A Missionary has to be despised and rejected, not to say persecuted, by the great majority around him, and it is only

in the bosoms of those 'whose hearts the Lord opens, so that they attend to the things which are spoken,' that he can find any relief from that painful neglect of sacred things which every where meets his eye. However, I have been much relieved and delighted by the evidences, which have lately occurred, of some success in my Spanish ministry. Immediately on my removal to Brother Q.'s house, I opened my own apartments for public worship, and this was at once followed by an increase in the number of attendants on our different means. Among the rest, one individual came, who has since distinguished himself as a decided man. He is a mason, a native Spaniard, who, in the former part of his life has roved sufficiently; but now, for many years, he has been settled on the Rock, following his daily employment, and gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow. He has not been a very bad man, as in truth the majority of Spaniards of his class are; but he was a man following the course of the world, both in things temporal and spiritual, with, however, this peculiarity, that, while he was strongly addicted to the observances of the Roman Catholic religion, he hated the friars. This is natural enough for any one, in whose breast hatred can exist at all, except, indeed, the friars themselves, and those immediately dependent on them, or devoted to them; but it is an essential article in the politico-religious creed of a modern liberal. S., for that is his name, some years ago received, through the medium of the Bible Society, first a New Testament, and then a Bible. These, under the guiding influence of Him, who knows how to work by preparative as well as by perfective means, did the poor man immense good. He saw that the religion of the Bible, and that of the Roman Catholics, do not agree; and he perceived that the guesses, which, under less enlightened circumstances, he had made respecting the system of fraud and imposture carried on by the priests, were confirmed by examination at the fountain-head of truth. But as yet, no events occurred to unfold to his view a more consistent system, which, seizing on the principles of truth, should reduce them to a saving and experimental religion. In the end, however, he was providentially invited to attend our meetings, which he did several times before, in any particular way, he attracted my attention. But I was soon informed, that he had been struck and powerfully influenced by the conformity of our teachings with the Scriptures; as well as with the simple, intelligible, and constant use which we make of those divine records. He quickly expressed his desire to join us, acknowledging, in the deepest and most affecting way, his conviction of the sinfulness of his condition, and his want of the light and enjoyment of vital religion. He was immediately instructed in the plan of salvation; the worth and efficacy of the death, atonement, and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ; the work of the Holy Spirit; and the nature, necessity, and exercise

of faith, in order to an actual participation in the blessings of the Gospel. He immediately sought those blessings with all his heart, and soon obtained a most delightful answer to his prayers. When he came to inform me of the great inward change which he had felt, in consequence of his remaining ignorance he said, that he thought a miracle had been wrought in his favour, and that, as he was fully persuaded the knowledge of that miracle must convert many of those around him, if not all, it was his bounden duty to proclaim it to the whole world. It was a difficult, if not a hazardous, attempt, to temper his zeal without reducing its worth, by endeavouring to convince him, that, without being a miracle, in his sense of the word, the change, which he had experienced, was an answer most graciously given to the prayer, which he had uttered in faith, and thus the fulfilment of a divine and merciful promise. I did, however, succeed in my object, under the care of the great Head of the Church, to whom, my dear Samuel, your soul, and mine, and that of S., and all others, are inexpressibly valuable. 'Full of joy and peace through believing,' S. went on, under the idea, however, that nothing would or could interrupt him. I repeatedly warned him; on this subject, with great kindness, but the great adversary had well nigh been too skilful for him, and too successful for me. The poor man, by and by, disapproved of the attendance on our meetings of another person, who was not adorning the Gospel; and, therefore, wished me to forbid him. Of course, I durst not do so; for my business is to call sinners to repentance, and, if they be willing to come to the public means of grace, to help them as much as I can. However S. was positive, and my resolution fixed. He was on the point of leaving us for ever, and expressed himself so rashly, that I reminded him of my former warnings. He left me much displeased; but, after passing a miserable night, he came the next day into my room in an agony of distress, and, in tears, threw himself upon his knees before me, entreating me to pardon him. I assured him, that to me, personally, there was no need of apology, the evil had been done to himself, and the injury to the Holy Spirit whom he had grieved. We then prayed together, and poor S. soon got restored to his peace of mind, and I doubt not that he has gained wisdom by what he has suffered.

I have proceeded, uninterruptedly, with this narrative, but I now go back to bring up his wife. She was a pious Catholic, devoted to her religion, and as much attached to her husband as he was to her. They had their house full of images, pictures, &c. But, when he became a changed character, he read the Scriptures to her, prayed with her, and told her what had happened. She saw that he was better, holier, and happier than he had been, and, therefore, she also came to our meetings. She soon caught the light which divine love

threw upon her willing understanding, and the images, &c. all disappeared. She also found liberty and peace, and, I believe, with the exception of the interruption caused by the above-mentioned circumstance, and by a little moving of despicable persecution, she has enjoyed continual peace ever since. In addition to these, several others are getting good. Our prayer-meetings are interesting and solemn seasons, and the public congregations are increased; but I must leave you, Samuel, to continue the account to our dear and honoured Father, whom it can never be our duty to love and revere less than second to Him, who redeemed us with his blood. May that Redeemer save you, and

Your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

To his Father.

Gibraltar, May 2, 1827.

MY VERY DEAR AND HONOURED FATHER,

* * * * * Amidst these light discouragements, my maxim is to push coolly and silently forward, plainly declaring the truths of God, and boldly proclaiming the free and all-sufficient mercy of God, in Christ Jesus. In these circumstances we were, when, about a fortnight since, I most unexpectedly received a letter from Mr. Morley, informing me that the Committee had resolved, that I should immediately proceed to Malta. This has not a little disturbed me, and my few affectionate Spaniards; and, without being thought to desire to exalt myself, I may add, that the expressions of regret from many others, who, as I had conceived, had no particular regard for me, have been very gratifying. Every one here thinks, that it would be wrong for me now to leave the little rising work; and, as there was in Mr. M.'s letter an intimation, that the Committee, from my own representations, had but little hope of any very favourable result of my Mission in this place, the friends considered me culpable in not giving a fair account of what was actually doing. Perhaps, there may be in this some truth, at least I am certain, that as I very early resolved, that I never would send home any exaggerated accounts, so I have kept my resolution to this hour. Upon these circumstances, however, is founded the determination to which I have come; that is, to write immediately to the Committee on the subject, and await an answer confirming their order before I move. Accordingly, I am now in a state of complete suspense, respecting what I shall have to do. I should, however, observe, that, during the interval of the passage of Mr. M.'s letter, he must have received other letters, which, perhaps, would have weighed heavily in the balance to induce a different resolution. But, whatever may be the final determination

respecting me, I certainly intend to execute without hesitation. I commend myself anew to your prayers, and am,

Your very affectionate and obedient Son,

WILLIAM.

The following is an extract from the Gibraltar Missionary Report, dated June 6, 1827, and written by my Brother :—

‘The principal design of the Annual Report of an Association for Religious Purposes, may be comprehended in three particulars :—First,—To present a view of the progress, and present state, of the Association itself. Secondly,—To shew the condition, at large, of that work, for the furtherance of which the Association was formed. Thirdly,—To offer such suggestions as may be called for by circumstances, in order to replace the original importance of the object fully in view ; to urge on the attention of those, who may hitherto have stood aloof, considerations to induce them to sympathise with proper feelings ; and, to enlist volunteers in the aid of the general cause.

‘Your Committee will rapidly glance at some of the principal circumstances thus included, so far as their means render information practicable, on occasion of this, the Seventh Anniversary of this Auxiliary Society. With regard to the labours and present state of our Association, there is little to be said ; yet your Committee cannot but be impressed with the conviction, that there is much more reason for gratitude than for despondency, and, it is trusted, that this will be the general feeling. As to the pecuniary efficiency of our Society, there does indeed appear a diminution in the amount actually collected ; but this may be fairly attributed to the large deduction from the members of our Church, made by the removal of inhabitants from the Garrison, especially among the troops, which from this place proceeded to join the army in Portugal. But if, in truth, some portion of that diminution must be assigned to either forgetfulness, or negligence, or an insufficient view of the case, it is matter of rejoicing that other persons have thought and felt more appropriately ; and it may be confidently anticipated, that a recurrence to principles, and motives, and the great end of all our endeavours will stimulate and quicken again to keener sensibility every individual, who has ever had his heart moved to tenderness on the subject.

‘Your Committee feel it a pleasing, as well as a bounden duty, again to acknowledge, in terms of warm approbation, their obligations to the different collectors, with the strong conviction, that almost all the little which we can do, for the extension of our Great Redeemer’s kingdom, must depend on the attachment and the perseverance of such persons ; if they grow weary in their well-doing, the cause languishes ; if they are discouraged, the cause droops ; if they relinquish, the

cause expires : and what then would be the melancholy scene presented to our view ? It would be almost an anomaly, at the present day, in the Protestant world ; but this would only cover us with deeper shame. Gibraltar, a place so singularly disciplined by Divine rebukes, and favoured with distinguishing mercies, would exist without doing any thing to promote the spread of saving truth, and the emancipation of the world from the bondage of superstition. That cause would, indeed, proceed, but we should have no part in its progress ; the world would be made free, but we should have no share in destroying the oppressor's yoke ; the Redeemer " must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet," but we should not be employed in preparing his way before him, nor in making ready a highway for his triumph, nor in " making the crooked things straight, and the rough places smooth." And surely then, if we now prove, by our inactivity, that we have no hearty value for his cause, our voices, at his actual coming, must falter, from a consciousness of our being traitors at heart.

' The addition, lately, of several active collectors, gives rise to the pleasing expectation, that their strength, added to that of those who have preceded them, will create a very marked improvement in our funds ; thus enabling us to transmit a larger amount to the Parent Society, and to give them the proof, as indeed it must be the measure, of how much we value that Gospel which they, at an expense so considerable, have established among us. On this subject, your Committee cannot but feel somewhat anxious, because we must ever bear in mind, that other churches have been, as it were, impoverished, to bless us " with the unsearchable riches of Christ ;" and though it is true, that much more is expended in support of our present establishment, than it can be expected that we should subscribe ; yet, the more we actually exert ourselves in this good cause, the more there will be liberated of the means of the Parent Society, for sending the Gospel, and its eternal blessings, " into those regions beyond " us, which lie farther off from the seat and centre of that warm and spiritual life, which animates us, and gives us the power and the hope of salvation ; and the more deeply will that Gospel be sent into those countries, where successive generations of our fellow men have, for many ages, been seated in a state of abandonment and wretchedness, amidst the chills and the devastations of spiritual death.

' Your Committee have turned their attention, with interest and with pleasure, toward some symptoms of usefulness among the Spanish population of this Garrison ; on these they would be far from calculating with expectations too sanguine, but if there have been any one proof of genuine conversion to God among them,—and more than this appears probable,—they would hail this as the demonstration, that the obstacles arising from the education, and the prejudices, of persons

reared on the favourite soil of the Inquisition, and exposed to the full action of the most refined, defended, and unmitigated abuses of Popery, are not insurmountable to the simple exhibitions of God's Holy Word. The earnest desire, manifested by several Spaniards, to communicate with us at the table of the Lord, *proceeding entirely from themselves*, and that amidst circumstances more calculated to repress than to encourage such a feeling; their *actual presence* at this sacred means of grace; their *joyful participation* of the communion, *in both kinds*; their distinct recognition of it, *only as a means of grace*, instituted for the purpose of memorialising the passion, and death, and atonement of Jesus Christ; and their unequivocal declaration, of utter disbelief and abhorrence of the false doctrine and delusion of *Transubstantiation*;—are circumstances, which your Committee cannot but regard as entitled to consideration, and to the renewed and hearty exercise of prayer, that God, far from “despising the day of small and feeble things,” would “make the little one to become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.” Surely, were there but an effusion of the Holy Spirit, to bring the Catholics under the full action of renewing grace; and were that influence but poured upon us liberally, at the present moment,—there would be many born from above, who would rise up to bless God for their deliverance from superstition and infidelity; for there never has been a period, in the history of the abuses of Popery, when its credit was so widely and so deeply shaken, as the present. Let us hope that this lofty, thick-walled tower of error and spiritual tyranny, entrenched and fortified as it is, and covered with the spoils and the dust of many ages, is now trembling to its fall. Let us hope, if human power cannot destroy it; and if it still not only maintain an existence, but is advancing in the repair of those deep and ghastly breaches, which have been made again and again in its works, that the noise which we hear from afar among the nations, whether of political excitements, or religious reformations, may be the rumbling which gives the certain indications of that approaching earthquake, which shall overthrow it utterly and for ever. Your Committee leave entirely to the care of politicians, all subjects and observations appertaining rather to their province, than to that of a Religious Association; and equally out of place would it be, to dwell upon any doubtful or difficult interpretations of prophecy. But, enormous as is the moral evil of Popery; offensive, as it cannot fail to be, to the God of truth and holiness; and ruinous, as there is every reason to fear it must be, to myriads of human souls;—surely, its annihilation is most ardently to be desired; every sign of the invasion of truth upon its territory must be hailed with joy; and, encouraged by the unequivocal intimations of prophecy and the signs of the times, we cannot help stretching eagerly forward in hope and prayer, that the moment may quickly arrive, when the Bible alone shall be the religion

of the world, and when every heart shall be bowed to the happy dominion of Jesus Christ.

* * * * *

‘Not fatigued by the employment, but compelled, by a sense of propriety, to withdraw the eye from the widely excursive glance which we have now taken of the Missionary field, your Committee revert to the circumstances of our own station, in order to conclude the present Report; and they confess, that, from the melancholy picture, which surrounds them on every hand, they can feel no relief but in the assurance, that their cause is that of God, and that here there exists “a remnant of his people, for whom He will make a highway, like as it was to Israel in the day that he came up out of the land of Egypt.” The day shall surely come, in which, after passing through difficulties which shall be cleared from before them by the power of God, this remnant shall gloriously pursue their march of prosperity, and rapidly augment the number of their friends, till the Sion of the Christian Church shall be “the praise of the whole earth.”

At present, however, from our narrow and insulated Rock,—which seems reared by Providence, and thrown into British hands on purpose that it might hold out to the surrounding nations the clear, unshifting lights of truth and liberty,—all along the shores which meet the eye both north and south, there is scarcely a single point on which the attention of a Moralist, and much less that of a Christian, can dwell with pleasure, up to the very spot in which the wearied searchers might meet, and sit, and weep on the ruins of Jerusalem, or the profaned and degraded hill of Calvary. And even in our own immediate vicinity how little is done, and how little attempted! how little, indeed, at present, seems practicable! Moors, Jews, and Catholics form the bulk of our population; and who can deny that ignorance, irreligion, and vice strongly mark their general character? True, they may, in many instances, be scrupulous about the formalities of their peculiar professions, and the more so from their being in the presence of those whose profession is different from their own; but what avails all this in the presence of Him, who is “a Spirit,” and who requires those “who worship Him, to worship Him in spirit and in truth?” And then, even of the more instructed and enlightened among our population, I mean, the English inhabitants, how few are there of whom it can be fairly hoped, that they live according to the Gospel of Christ, on which all their hopes, in profession at least, are, nevertheless, entirely dependent! Your Committee contemplate these things with great concern, and lament that so little of an efficient agency can be brought to bear, for the purpose of changing this sad condition of those around them. What, however, can be done? Your Committee earnestly recommend, that each individual, who has the slightest concern on these subjects, should think more

justly, and talk more frequently, and pray more earnestly, and strive more perseveringly, and subscribe more liberally, than heretofore, and that he should by all means urge others to do the same. And thus, surely, individual exertion will realise a greater collective amount of usefulness; and, above all, that want of Divine influence which has so long afflicted us, and left us in comparative barrenness, will be removed by the descending dews and streams of grace and love, which running freely among our families and friends, shall wrap their moisture close around the roots of the individual plants of righteousness, and thus filling them with vigour, and covering them with beauty, shall again make our little spiritual garden rich in the blessings of salvation. And thus, indeed, this abundant influence, by spreading from one spot to another, shall produce not merely "a sight in the night visions," but the realisation of what they were intended, in the case of Daniel, to predict; — "And behold! one like the Son of man shall come with the clouds of Heaven to the Ancient of days, and be brought near before Him; and there shall be given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom; that all people, nations, and languages should serve Him: His dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed!" "Even so; come Lord Jesus!" "And let the whole earth be filled with thy glory! Amen and Amen."

To his Father.

Gibraltar, Aug. 13, 1827.

MY VERY DEAREST FATHER.

* * * * * ON Sunday, the 5th inst., for the first time, I celebrated the Lord's Supper, *in Spanish*, with seventeen communicants, all of whom were once Catholics, and some of them of a very bigoted and idolatrous character. With every one I, previously, had repeated conversations; and, so far as we know, all of them, as to outward conduct, are 'walking worthy of the Gospel.' Several, I believe, are truly converted to God; but I cannot say so of others, for, although they profess to be seeking real religion, and to me, in private, they have distinctly renounced the worst errors of Popery, they have not yet given decided evidence of a work of grace in their hearts. Thanks to the protection of the British flag, we have, as yet, no violent persecution, but every thing goes on without any one daring to make us afraid; though, in several quarters, there is enough of ill-will. Perhaps the quietness, which we enjoy, is owing to a special Providence over our feeble beginnings, but it may possibly be attributed to our want of piety, devotion, and zeal. However, peace is a great blessing, it is certainly the fittest

for sowing time, or, as the farmers say, — ‘the best for broadcast.’

I am, at present, spending the heat of the weather with the family of Dr. Hennen, who is at the head of our medical department, and whose kindness to me is like that of my own family. With this letter you will receive a pair of Morocco slippers, sent as part of a present from the Emperor of Morocco to Dr. Hennen. * * *

I am, my dear Father,

Your very affectionate Son,

WILLIAM.

As the health of my dear Brother had now decidedly improved, and there was every probability of his living to be long useful in the glorious work, in which he was embarked, he had, for some time, been directing his thoughts to a second marriage; but, in consequence of the peculiar situation in which he was placed, his principal difficulty was to find a person properly suited to be a help-meet for him in the Mission. This was a subject so manifestly full of importance, not only to himself, but to the Church of Christ, whose Minister he was, that it often brought him to ask counsel of the Father of lights; and he had begun seriously to think, that, if he could obtain the consent of the Committee in London, it would be necessary to revisit the land of his birth in order to prosecute his design. To this measure, however, he felt, on several accounts, a very strong repugnance; he hesitated at the prospect of expense which would be incurred by the Society, he felt anxious respecting the fate of his little flock during his absence, he feared the loss of his health in a climate which had already proved so prejudicial to his constitution, and he felt a very keen dislike to the nature of his errand; he, therefore, determined to pray earnestly, that, if it were agreeable to the Divine will, a person, every way suited to him, might be placed within his reach.

Just at this time a Missionary and his Lady, connected with another denomination, arrived from England, attended by a young lady, a Methodist, and a near relative of one of our own Preachers, who quickly attracted the attention of William. But his conduct on the occasion shall be stated in his own words.

To a Friend in England.

Gibraltar, Sept. 10, 1827.

VERY DEAR _____

* * * * * With some portion of my history you are doubtless acquainted. You know that I am a widower.

I married early to one, who was excessively endeared to me by every virtue, that can adorn the character of woman ; and still her memory, though it is now a thing quite unearthly, is more precious to me, than to a mystic Papist is the belief and recollection of his guardian Angel ; but, on the very day six months after our marriage, my dearest Anne was translated to heaven through the fire of the dreadful typhus fever, and I was left in a deeper grief than that of the Prophet, without his mantle to console me, or his double portion of the spirit of the departed saint. I am now in the sixth year of my widowhood, and I leave you, to whom the distress of that state is not unknown, to judge what has been my situation. I have passed nearly three years on this rugged Rock in very great discomfort ; though, at length, a gracious Providence has, in a good degree, re-established my health, and infinite Mercy has, in some measure, condescended to bless me in my Missionary work. But my widowhood is a serious drawback on my usefulness ; and I have long felt, that, could I but realise the happiness of a union with one whom Providence should select, my comfort, my holiness, and my success in the Ministry would be greatly augmented. I have had serious thoughts of an early return to England, with this object, but I dreaded both the plan and the purpose ; the plan, because of the risk which my health would run ; and the purpose, because I should, in all probability, be unhinged and greatly injured by the confusion, distress, and anxiety, attending the journeying about with such a view. I had, therefore, though the thought seemed almost hopeless, for some time been desiring and praying that God would kindly choose and send along this way the person whom he would desire me to have. In this manner I was situated, when Miss ——— arrived at Gibraltar. Two or three days passed before I saw her ; but, in the mean time, I heard several very lively descriptions of her, which interested me, and roused me to think that, perhaps, this might really be an answer to my prayers. After one or two interviews, I certainly did not imagine the descriptions which I had received to be exaggerated ; and, before I was aware, I found my thoughts very busily engaged in pondering, whether this matter was of the Lord for me. I soon ascertained that the estimation in which Mr. ——— and his lady, held her character, piety, talents, and temper, was of the highest kind. She was introduced to our friends, and she mixed with them. I set one or two persons, with whom I was intimate, and in whose judgment I could confide, to scrutinise as much as possible, and every report was more than favourable. They did not venture to urge, but I saw that they thought I ought, by no means, to let such a treasure escape me if I could secure it. For the greater part of the three weeks of their stay, my mind was acutely exercised ; the past, the present, and the future, all supplied food for my anxiety ; but all my

reflections terminated in this, that, if I could only be convinced that I should possess the approbation of the Lord God of my life, my own heart could be abundantly satisfied. But the difficulty of knowing this involved me in painful distress, and I felt my spirit sink into despondency, when, conversing with some intimate friends on the subject, I felt constrained to lament the necessity of my having that to do again, which had been once done, and, apparently, so well.—O how keen,—how pungent, were my feelings of the unfaithfulness, which had compelled that dispensation, and placed me in the bondage which I had suffered so long ! When I retired to my room I had to think on my departed wife,—on my present state,—on my Missionary work,—on my want of help,—on Miss. ————,—on the possibility, propriety, and probable consequences of attempting to make her my own,—and then I had to pray for the help and the blessing of Him, who had given me a wife before and demanded her again, and who might find infinite reason in my own heart to *disappoint me anew, and again to wither all my earthly schemes.* * . * . *

In this cool and cautious way did my Brother proceed on this important business ; and as, after repeated applications to a throne of Grace for direction, and frequent consultation with his private friends, he found his mind more and more impressed, that God had, in this remarkable manner, been answering his prayers, he, at length, opened his views to each of the parties concerned ; and the result was just according to his wishes, though the affair was concluded only a few hours before a re-commencement of their voyage. Circumstances obliged the young lady to accompany her Missionary friends to Malta, where she intended to remain, till it could be ascertained from her connections in England, whether her choice were approved. In the mean time, William wrote to the Committee on the subject, requesting leave to prosecute the plan which he had proposed. By the peculiar providence of God, however, as the issue afterwards disclosed, their decision was not exactly agreeable to his wishes ; having demurred on the yet equivocal state of his health, they strongly urged his deferring marriage till after the ensuing Conference, which, upon the reception of a proper medical certificate, would receive him into full connexion with the rest of his brethren, and, consequently, but allow him to fulfil his intentions. This to him was a painful denial, but as there was no other remedy, he found his relief in submission to the will of his God, and the decision of those to whom was entrusted the management of the Church.

To his elder Brother.

Gibraltar, Oct. 30, 1827.

VERY DEAR A.

* * * * * You will be solicitous to hear somewhat of the affairs of my Mission. They have been more promising than they are. For several months from the early part of the year, the Spanish congregation was gradually increasing, and it kept up better than I expected, and that, notwithstanding, from some peculiar circumstances, I have not been permitted to continue to them my preaching on the Sundays. Several persons have, I believe, been truly converted to God, and they continue to walk in the liberty and power of the Gospel. A good many communicants, that is, from sixteen to twenty, have urgently pressed to be admitted to the sacred Table, having explicitly declared to me that they abstain from gross sin, that they believe the doctrines of experimental religion, and that they abandon all dependence on the false dogmas of the Romish faith. Of these persons, some, in addition to those above mentioned, have appeared to be under deep impressions, and some little better than mere professors. Among the other attendants on the general means, some have undoubtedly come for mere by-ends. They are, generally, poor labouring men, and dependent on the public works for daily subsistence. One of the principal officers of those works is my friend, and he often attends; thus many come merely to please him, or to gratify me, as having some influence with him. Some of these works are now finished, and this has brought about a discharge of men; thus some have grown cold, others have given way to sin, and when they are discountenanced by us they forsake us altogether. The members of our congregation are not, however, all thus poor and dependent; for several Gentlemen have attended, and some of these have evidently gained good. An affecting case of this kind has lately transpired, but I cannot stay to recite it. However, neither at home nor abroad, is Methodism generally the religion of Gentlemen, and I feel no objection that my Mission should be to preach the Gospel to the poor. * * * * *

May the Lord, out of Sion, prosper you with His most cheering smiles; and may He, not seldom, glance them on

Your very affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM.

To the Rev. James Dixon.

Gibraltar, Nov. 20, 1827.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR valuable letter was received with the warmest welcome, and now demands my most grateful thanks; but I will not employ many words about them, nor in the lighter descriptions of the affection with which I think and feel toward you. He, who is accustomed by the touch to the pulsations of the heart, can judge better by the patient's hand than by his tongue. Yet none of your expressions of regard are lost upon me. I think them quite few enough; but then they are deep, weighty, and sincere; and if, in a desert where there are few springs, we live by the side of but one that is inexhaustible, who would fear death from thirst, maugre all the aridity of the sands, or the solitude of the place, or the implacable fire of a sky unshaded by a single cloud? I may, it is true, be reminded that the term *inexhaustible spring* is one, which properly belongs to the Lord of the heart alone, to Him who gives Himself, in His word and Spirit, to be, in the believer, 'a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' But I deliberately admit this, and, therefore, think that they, who have 'Christ in them, the hope of glory,' for that reason possess within them the fountain from which alone can flow an eternal friendship; and this makes me turn with delight to yours, away from all the painful evidences around me, of the instability of what is not divine, but merely human.

'Why, what is the matter now?' you ask: 'I thought that affairs were going on better with you.' And so they were, but 'Satan is now hindering;' and to tell you a little about this, will be to give you an answer to your enquiries, respecting the work among the Spaniards. More than twelve months ago, I gave a tract in the street to a man named S——, and this was accompanied by a few words, and, among the rest, of invitation to our Spanish services. He accordingly came, got powerfully affected, and joined us with heart and hand; his wife quickly followed, and they both appeared soon to obtain Christian liberty, and to be filled with the power and love of the Gospel. He is employed under ——, a Gentleman of whom you must have often heard. Providence seemed to mark out this Gentleman's attachment to me, his influence among the Spaniards, his belief in the genuine change wrought in the character and conduct of S——, his promptitude in attending the Spanish services, and his zeal in countenancing them among the Spaniards, as reasons why I should cultivate his acquaintance and try, through it, to profit the

souls who were thus induced to attend. This I have, therefore, done all along, though with caution, for I know something of human nature; and human nature in Spaniards seems a more than ordinarily suspicious thing. Many came zealously forward to renounce their dependence on the false dogmas of Rome, and to beg admission to communicate with us at the table of the Lord. Those of them who seemed sincere, and who declared that they were not under the influence of worldly views, nor in the habit of committing any known sin, were allowed to attend; but several were refused, because, when they were told that they must break off all their wilful sins, and become decided and spiritual followers of Christ, they could give no satisfactory account of themselves. Circumstances, however, have hitherto withheld me from forming any Society in Church-membership. 'I had not sufficient confidence in the people for the purpose; and I could not discern that powerful working on their hearts, by the Spirit of God, which was necessary to satisfy me that they would properly consider the importance of such a step, or stand fast in the day of trial; beside, there was now approaching a period when they would be put to the test,—the public works were about to be closed, and the people, of course, to be discharged, and then we should see which of them came for the bread of life, and which for the loaves and fishes. There were, however, some on whom I thought I could have reckoned, and among them S. and his wife; of these few I was about to form a Society; I had already spoken to them about it; they had gladly entered into the design, and had assured me, S. especially, that I might depend upon them, and that nothing would ever separate them from me, &c. &c. in the usual Spanish style. Meantime, various intimations, floating and occasionally reaching me in some vague form, made me still hesitate and defer the measure. I heard that S. was ambitious and tyrannical, and that he did not govern his temper and tongue. Several times he greatly grieved me, and once, especially, by a quarrel which he had with a certain man, against whom he took a violent dislike, and who, indeed, is not a man of firm principle. S. insisted that this man should be expelled from the house, or else he himself would not come. I remonstrated with him, on the impropriety of shutting the doors of the public services of religion against any man because he is a sinner; and shewed him also now utterly inadmissible it was, that any man should presume to dictate to me whom I might receive into my own house; assuring him, at the same time, that I neither could nor would, for the love of any man in particular, allow him to insult a person in my presence, nor to assume an undue influence over me in the management of things spiritual. The next morning he came back, threw himself on his knees before me, declaring that he had passed a sleepless and distracted night, and implored my forgiveness. I immediately knelt by his side, and we im-

plored God together for a real work of the Holy Spirit on his heart, and for the fruits of genuine humility and holiness.

Somewhere about this time I perceived, by various indications, that the germ of hyper-Calvinism was spreading among us ; and while I was at the Naval Hospital, with Dr. Hennen, during the heat of the summer, poor unstable T., over whom you have felt so much, and who had become, as I had hoped, somewhat established, turned a violent Calvinist, giving way to the spirit of Huntington, whose works he much read. I have perceived, that the same germ has been working among the Spaniards also. Poor S., the man whom I have mentioned above, has repeatedly got his mind so completely overwhelmed by it, and so much ingulfed by doubts and difficulties, which I am sure must have been suggested to him by an agency of the devil, that, at some times, he has been nearly distracted, and at others nearly insulting to me. I have, however, borne all this, because I loved him, thought him sincere, and therefore believed, that the Good Spirit of God would shew him the evils of his heart, and enable him to overcome them. I treated him with all imaginable tenderness and care ; and, I am sure, that I sought by example, as well as by precept, to shew him the right spirit of the Gospel. But he is, constitutionally, a violent, passionate, obstinate, ambitious, and jealous man ; and he could not conceal, that no one must rival him in his influence with me, and his employer in the public works ; nor, indeed, would he allow even us to question the propriety of any one of his suggestions. This ungovernable spirit burst all bounds on Friday week last : he and his wife came in rather early in the evening, and sat down to converse with me ; as it drew nearer the time of the prayer-meeting, the unfortunate fellow, whom he so much disliked, came in and sat down also. He has been long evidently afraid of S., and I can testify, that he has sometimes gone out of the way to soothe and flatter him into tolerance ; however, the poor man, on the present occasion, began an unlucky story, which tended to exalt the family of another of our Spaniards, the most truly valuable man among them, and who really is of a superior family, he having been a Captain in the Spanish service, for I have myself seen his testimonials and commissions. While he was telling this story, I was watching poor S., from one corner of my eye, and I saw that he was waiting only for an occasion to vent his dislike ; at last, he thought he had found it, and, rising in a passion, he declared, that what the other had said was false, and, after uttering a few irritating expressions, he left the room. The other presently followed, for the purpose of explaining, and pacifying him. Both, however, shortly afterwards returned into my room, S. in an absolute fury, which he proceeded to vent in the most opprobrious language, in which the words, *mentira*, *embuste*, *embustero*,* &c. made the room of prayer resound again. I

* A lie, a cheat, an impostor.

entreated in vain ; I then arose, and putting myself between the disputants, who were already wringing their fists at each other, I insisted that, in my presence, they should instantly drop the conversation. At length, I prevailed upon poor S. to sit down, but he could not recover himself; he certainly was silent, but he presently began to tremble with fury to such an extent, that he sensibly agitated the room, and the table, on which he was leaning, shook like an aspen-leaf. He presently seized his hat, and withdrew entirely ; our meeting was of course spoiled, several persons present were greatly stumbled, and the mischief appears irreparable. I have, however, sent S. several kind messages, and I have written him a faithful pastoral letter, but he insists that the other man shall be forbidden the house ; a thing which it would be impossible to admit from any one, even if it were deserved ; but much more so in this case, when, not only was the conduct of the latter on the above occasion irreprehensible, but, as I have since verified, he told the very truth in the story which he was relating. Yesterday, I received a letter in reply from S. ; at first I did not intend to open it, because I had reason to apprehend its spirit ; but, desiring to inform you of the whole, I have just read it, and, as I expected, I find it full of self-justification and violence. I have, therefore, however reluctantly, given him up into the hands of the Lord. The consequences will be very painful, for he will influence the minds of many ; and the separation will do immense mischief to this little infant cause, indeed, I should not wonder if it seemingly destroy it. I have only one consolation equal to the occasion, and that is, when the devil moves, God will move too. But if there have been, as I fear, an improper use of means to disseminate the principles of hyper-Calvinism, and with its speculative points, instead of those which are fundamental, to occupy the minds of these *mere peepers* into the hidden mystery of the wisdom of the Gospel, a line of conduct which, on my side of the question, I have most scrupulously avoided, I would not for the world be in the place of those who will have to bear the blame ; but ‘the fire shall try every man’s work, of what sort it is.’ I am, however, greatly grieved and depressed by this circumstance, but God knows why it is permitted. Perhaps it will prevent greater mischief ; though truly my hopes of usefulness are fluttering in the wind, there is so little evidence of any deep work of the Spirit of God. O my beloved friend ! pray for me, ‘that my faith fail not.’ * * * * *

Your very affectionate,

WILLIAM BARBER.

To the Rev. George Morley.

Gibraltar, Jan. 21, 1828.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but feel it very desirable, that you should have full information just now, as to the state and prospects of the Mission confided to my care ; for, though it has been to me, and still is, the source of great anxiety and disappointment, it is yet not without interest, nor by any means without hope. It is not, of course, necessary to repeat what I stated to the Rev. Joseph Taylor, respecting the unhappy failure of my apparently well-founded expectations, from the friendship of a certain officer in the public works, and of a Spaniard under him, who seemed the most promising of all our congregation.

Before I pursue the story, let me however just state, lest, at the end of the letter, it should escape my memory, that I have been for some months reviving and ardently pursuing the study of Greek, and that, if the Committee continue to wish it, I shall soon be able to enter with energy on Arabic ; but, for this latter language, it will be indispensable that books be sent me from London, as nothing of the sort can be procured here ; a good Grammar and Lexicon are all, however, that I want, it matters not for which of the South-European languages they are framed ; but I earnestly beg that I may be furnished with these, as well as a copy of Buxtorf's Hebrew Lexicon, new edition. Meantime, until I can fairly start with the Arabic, I shall make all possible progress in Greek and Hebrew.

Our Thursday's congregation has materially suffered from the conduct of poor S., the Spaniard, who, I fear, has but too plainly proved the truth of those suspicions of his sincerity, which some had formed ; as well as that of the positive declarations of others, that he would soon shew himself in his true character. Upon his leaving us, he went to the Spanish Vicar, to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, and, I suppose, to tell all that he knew of us ; though, thanks to the grace of God ! that could be nothing evil. He has again gone publicly to Mass, and forced his poor wife to do the same. He has, also, become quite a profligate, daringly licentious with his tongue, and, I fear, equally so in his conduct. He is now an old man, perhaps more than sixty years of age, and, only in September last, was severely ill by the rupture, as I supposed, of a blood-vessel in the lungs. At that time, we all most anxiously wished, and prayed for, his recovery ; but, whether his actual restoration was in answer to prayer or not, it has been an awful thing for him. God knew him better than we did, or than he knew himself ; but the issue is a mystery to us, for it seemed that death, at that time, would have been to him the glory of a better world, but now the case is widely different. Yet how apparently

sincere he was ! how seemingly genuine his conversion ! I thought that, amidst some faults, which evidently still hung about him, I could perceive the traces of a real 'renewing in the spirit of the mind ;' and he gave an account of the work of grace upon his heart, which, I am persuaded, would have been admitted any where in England, as a very fair, if not a remarkably clear, statement of the 'justification of the ungodly that believeth in Jesus.' If he really were sincere, then I fear the mischief must be charged on the hyper-Calvinism of ———, who, most imprudently, and against my earnest indirect cautions, many times repeated, introduced and urged those sentiments on the minds of some of our weak ones, and thus irreparably poisoned and injured the souls of several. I certainly thought his friendship a providential opening for usefulness, and, on that account alone, I cultivated it ; however, I have ceased to 'trust in that man,' and to 'lean on that arm of flesh.' I wish I had equally done so in all other cases.

As to poor S., he has not only done himself, but others also, great mischief. His poor wife is greatly to be pitied ; her very appearance is quite altered ; she comes now and then, by stealth, to see us, and she says, that she has left Heaven for Hell ; her husband, who, while with us, never treated her unkindly, beyond a scolding word, now uses his hands or his feet, without heeding where he strikes her ; and even the vile and the profligate of the place speak with surprise and disgust at the visible change for the worse, which he has suffered. I am afraid that he will soon sink into general detestation, and then into the grave ; in that hour, may the infinite mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ save him from sinking still lower !

Yet, if we have lost in one way, we have gained in another, and, it may be, that we have gained more than we have lost. In character and reputation, at least, we have gained ; for we have thus given a decided testimony to the world, of what has really not been lost upon it, that we will not swerve from our principles for the sake of proselytes, and that the avowed and explained principles of our Founder and Society, fixed as they are on the scriptural base of a Christian church, are the only terms on which we will hold fellowship with any one. The Spaniards, especially, are somewhat struck at perceiving, that we will not on any account, no, not for fear of the greatest losses and want of success, receive to the bosom of our communion those who openly walk in sinful darkness. A very little time before the occurrence of the unhappy event which withdrew S. from us, and made him our enemy as well as his own, a certain emigrant Dignitary of the Church several times visited us, attended our services, and was present, as a spectator, at one of our sacramental services ; he expressed to me, in strong terms, his approbation of our proceedings, and his wish for our prosperity ; at the same time regretting, that he was unable to stay in Gibraltar long enough to give our system a full exa-

mination. While he was waiting for a wind to take him to America, the unhappy business occurred, and poor S. went to him and discharged into his mind all the venom, which was dictated by his malignity. The Clergyman repelled, and even rebuked him for his improper temper; but, as he did not call upon me again, and no opportunity was offered me for undoing the mischief, I have reason to believe that an unfavourable impression was really made. Yet a friend of the Reverend Gentleman, who is a resident here, and a man of decided respectability in character and station, was so struck with S.'s improper conduct, and our manner in reference to it, that he, and his lady, have ever since continued constant attendants on our public worship, and they now appear among the most humble and promising of all our hearers. The latter presented herself, at our last sacramental service, dissolved in tears of spiritual sorrow and joy, told me that she was determined, cost what it would, to give herself to God among us, and exclaimed,—‘O what an alteration do I feel! I have heard very many arguments against my Church, though nothing ever moved me till now; but your reading the Scriptures, and explaining them so simply, and so plainly, has made me feel what I never felt before.’ This was delightful, but now for the proofs; hitherto she and her husband are doing well, may God, of His infinite mercy, verify my hopes and prayers for the future!

The emigrant Captain, whom I think I have mentioned to you before, continues our fast friend; his story is one of most affecting interest; and there are several others, of whom I entertain strong hopes. Our discussions are often very interesting; but every Mission to European Roman Catholics must be one of extreme trial to patience. I cut short every thing now, however, to give you an important letter from a Clergyman, now in Spain; he is the Vicar of a large parish, and a man of liberal and pious views. It was sent to an intimate friend, an emigrant deputy of the *Cortes*, with whose friendship I am favoured, and who is doing every thing that he can, to secure the spread of true and enlightened religion. I may, hereafter, refer to him again, but now I must give you an extract from the Clergyman's letter, from which you will see the mutual sentiments which they entertain of us; and you will have, moreover, an additional evidence that, even in that most degraded nation, the Lord has still, as I hope, ‘a remnant according to the election of grace.’ Every indication of the Clergyman's residence is of course suppressed.

‘ ———, Aug. 18, 1827.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ I CANNOT express the satisfaction which we felt, from receiving your valuable letter, with the inestimable little packet of five Bibles. I assure you, that this precious remittance will produce

abundant fruits of blessing in this neighbourhood. I had already received the new translation by Amat; its decided superiority to that of Scio, is very evident and transcendent. Oh! that we may realise, as indeed may be hoped, the seeing it printed by those evangelical men, as well for the sake of having it freed from the deforming and excrescent mass, with which, from a wish to obscure its supernatural brilliance with the darkening shadows of mere human opinions, the Divine Word is profaned, as on account of its typographical execution for the generality of readers.

‘I think it probable, that the British Bible Societies will immediately determine to print this translation, since it so greatly improves on that of Scio; beside, this superiority would conduce to its more rapid spread, as the little, which has been said about it in the Gazette of Madrid, excites enquiry for it; and the greater number of those, who seek the Book of Life, would accept it without scruple, though without notes; and, it is also to be remembered, that the reduction in bulk and cost are not trifling considerations.

‘Believing that you will not feel it irksome to promote, by any means, so worthy an object, we venture to entreat you, meantime, to profit by the first opportunity of sending us at least three more Bibles of the same form, that is, let them contain the full Old and New Testaments; and we limit our request to this number, because it is difficult to send the cost with safety; and as, indeed, it must be difficult for you to send your parcels to us, we will not, until happier circumstances permit, abuse your kindness by requesting a larger number. However, if you could find a proper opportunity, by which you might receive the amount, little as it is, do not fail to embrace it, and purchase for us twelve Bibles complete, and twenty-five copies of the New Testament, unless, indeed, you can direct us how to get them from Portugal, whence communications to us are far more easy. You are aware, that these requests are equally agreeable to Don ———, and and to our mutual and respectable friend, the neighbouring Vicar.

* * * * * In order that the Scriptures may begin to circulate in Spain, they must be precisely the translation of Amat or Scio complete, and just such as they are, except the notes, &c.; and, I repeat, that for the impression to be executed in Spain would be extremely desirable.

‘The tracts, which you enclosed, we have highly appreciated. The Sermon on ———, and the Life and Epistles of St. Peter, have greatly pleased the Vicar; of the latter, especially, we wish to have more, as well as similar tracts, if there be any, relating to the other Apostles. Of the tracts on the Lord’s Prayer, we likewise wish more. One observation has occurred to me, it is, that nothing of this sort could be more useful than the printing of the Decalogue, the original form of which you know how maliciously all the Spanish, rather say

Roman, catechisms have disfigured. Perhaps such a tract is already printed, and it has not occurred to you to send us copies; in this case, try to send us all you can obtain; and, if there be none such, promote, if you can, a work so worthy. Represent the Gentile idolatry, in which so large a part of Spain lies involved; you know it as well as myself; but, if you have forgotten our conversations on the subject, I would remind you that the altar of ——— still exists; and so do the battles between the processions of Jesus and the Virgin in ———, and the stripping and abuse of the image of Jesus; and so also the conflicts between the people of ———, and those of ———; between the Holy Christs of ———, and those of ———; between the Virgin of ———, and that of ———; beside many such proofs equally sacrilegious, as in all parts are presented of the deplorable idolatry, which profanes our soil, and which is found in the same degree on that of other provinces, and in almost all the towns infected with Monks.

‘Let those Apostolic men,* so respectable for their going, as you say, even to the very Antipodes, to carry the light of the Gospel, know that there is a nearer field which yet more loudly demands their zeal. But, at least, let these convenient little vehicles of the word of God be given us. We need, for circulation, such extracts as Isa. liv. and Jer. x., &c., but, above all, the Decalogue, without mutilation; and advise particularly, as the most desirable mode in such extracts, that there should be much text, very much text, and little discussion or exhortation; remembering about the oldness of the cloth, in order to avoid doing the greater mischief by unwisely applying the amendment.

‘If there are Methodists in ———, as I cannot doubt, for it is not possible to suppose that a zeal so fervent as theirs would disregard what is so near, when it goes forth to what is so much more distant, endeavour to obtain for me the address of some one who understands Spanish; at all events, whoever is there could easily find some one to understand written Spanish, while he might answer me in English; just as I understand written English, though I cannot write it. From that place it would be as easy to correspond, as it is difficult and perilous from Gibraltar; and on this account, however I may wish it otherwise, I shall write to you only by the few opportunities that are safe.

‘The information, which you ask, respecting the ancient Mozarabic Spanish liturgy, and the use of it having been happily preserved in the chapel at Toledo, our friend, the Vicar, will charge himself to furnish, as he can do it more fully than myself. I only know the general history of that interesting subject, and the having been present at the celebration of Divine Service according to that liturgy; and, on

* Alluding to the Wesleyan Methodists.

these two points, you know as much as myself. I know not whether it may be possible to obtain the liturgy, and a detailed account of its history; but what may be, shall be done, and we will send you the result.' * * * *

With the copy of this letter there was sent the following, from the above-named friend of the Clergyman to our friend, the Captain.

'DEAR FRIEND,

'IN deference to you, to the Methodists, and to that good friend the Clergyman, who has the cure of a town in ———, and who is one of the few of his profession worthy of esteem, I have copied largely from his letter, which I do not send in its original form, because it refers to other subjects which require reserve. I have concealed every thing which could indicate the place of his residence, because, as he is an enlightened man, he is watched and compromised, and only the ——— has hitherto saved him. I require you most sacredly not to shew my writing, which is well known; and, in order to give it to any one, I beg you to copy it.

'It is very desirable to put this person into correspondence with the Methodists, but not with those of Gibraltar, because he cannot write more than twice a-year, when another Clergyman, a friend of his, comes to ———. Enquire if there be any Methodists in ———, and ask the address. As to what is requested, procure me, if you can, two copies, at least, of the Bible, as I cannot now afford to pay for more; and send them as when I sent the five to which he refers, and I will seize the very first opportunity. What he says is, in truth, very important.

'Tell the Methodists, that if we receive that of the ancient Spanish liturgy, it is for them that it has been solicited, in order that they may profit by it, and print it; for it is very desirable, that they should immediately print something on the subject. You must well know and be able to explain what I mean; but, if not, do understand and impress upon them, that, not only during one, but more than two thirds of the centuries that Christianity has subsisted, that is, until the time when Rome reached both predominancy, and the summit of corruption, Mass and the offices were said to Spaniards in their own tongue; tell them also, how much it cost that Rome to make Spaniards listen to Latin, which they should not understand; and the intrigues which she employed, during the feeble reign of the concurring fanaticism of a Queen governed by a Romish Confessor, &c. &c.; then too, the ancient duel, fought before the court of Talavera, to decide which liturgy ought to prevail; and, although the champion

of the national liturgy conquered, that the two books were submitted to the trial of fire, and both were burnt, contrary to what was hoped, from a certain trickery with which the Latin liturgy had been prepared; and, that, at last, Rome bore down every thing, and all that could be gained was, that the national liturgy should, by special privilege, be continued in one chapel of Toledo.

‘ This liturgy, and what relates to it, is that which I had asked, in order to put it into the hands of the Methodists, who, I suppose would publish it in Spanish; and you well know how much that would avail, in the present state of our countrymen, in emancipating them from Rome. To let them know, that for more than two-thirds of the time since Christianity began, the Mass and offices were in their own language, would be, to the multitude, quite novel intelligence; for they verily believe, that even Christ Himself spoke in Latin. If the Methodists wish to have this liturgy, and the notices of the mode of celebrating it in the chapel of Toledo, I will inform you how they may obtain them; but it will cost them some money, and I, at present, do not possess this. One thing I may, indeed, offer, on condition that you promise me to conceal that I am the author; it is a dissertation actually in progress on the historical fact of the change of the liturgies; for I have sounded the subject to the bottom, as its importance demands, and I am well acquainted with the history of our country. I only want the volume of Mariana, (the learned Spanish historian,) in which the business is treated, in order to refresh my recollection of particulars and dates, and not to depend entirely on my memory. I limit my request to Mariana, because any one has that, rather than any other history to the point. Let us cultivate the friendship of those good Methodists, since it is so important for the religious reformation that we need in Spain, a necessity as urgent as it is inevitable. Send me the book I want.’

‘ Yours ever, &c.’

I will not, dear Mr. Morley, add any thing to this; it will greatly gratify you, amidst all that may be deficient and discouraging. Brother Quierell desires to be remembered; he says, that I have not dealt fairly with our little cause here, that our congregations are improved and improving, and that matters are much more favourable than the former part of this letter would seem to imply. Well; I do not flatter. I sometimes do the reverse; and lately my mind has been bowed down and tried. By going, however, oftener to Jesus, and by closely applying to study, I hope I am rising. I beg to be remembered with affectionate respect to the Committee, and am

Your Servant,

In the bonds of the Lord Jesus,

W. BARBER.

● CHAPTER XIV

Discussions among the Soldiers on Experimental Piety—Journey from Almería to Granada—Unexpected Meeting with an old Friend of his Father—Interview with a Spanish Prior—Reflections on the pernicious Influence of Popery—Description of the Country—Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants—Ludicrous Effects of Bigotry upon a Fat Spaniard—Candour in Reference to Ministerial Deficiencies—Offer of the Education of the Officers' Sons—Medical Certificate of Health—Affecting History of an unfortunate Spanish Emigrant, with a Letter to his Son—Letter of Condolence on the Death of Mrs. Dixon.

Journal Continued.

JANUARY.—On the last day of the old year, at a tea-meeting of the Soldiers, there was excellent order, and a very admirable spirit of hearing and prayer. The tea concluded and laid aside, after singing and prayer, a conversation was introduced on religious experience. Two questions, chiefly, were proposed; the former was,—What should a Christian do when he prays from a sense of duty, without feeling an answer to his petition? and the latter,—What is the best evidence of a justified state? The discussion of the first of these questions, drew forth the observations of several of the soldiers, and shewed them to be well acquainted with the exercises of Christian experience. They generally thought it the duty of a Christian to pray on, and more fervently, till the arrival of the answer; but some appeared to lean too much toward the idea, that such seasons of barrenness are special appointments of God for some end of His own, and, therefore, that our duty is to wait His pleasure for their removal. This afforded an opportunity of endeavouring to shew, that though the barrenness may be the result of the Divine will, yet it is very improbable for that will to be so directed, but for some reason founded on an impropriety in the Christian himself; and, therefore, that its removal would probably follow only on a removal of the cause, whatever it might be. The Scripture does not warrant our believing, that God would be more glorified by our barrenness than by our happy fruit-

fulness ; and, much less, that it can be His will to refuse answers to prayer, which has, for its only object, the fulfilment of His own declared purposes toward believers, unless there should be some fault in them. Consequently, the duty of a Christian, who prays without being answered, is self-examination, and importunate faith in express and appropriate promises.

The second question brought out different sentiments, but the only one which seemed to hold the minds of the brethren in suspense, was the evidence arising from the love of the people of God,—‘ We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.’ Some seemed persuaded, that this is enough to prove the justified state of any one. To this it was remarked, that, if we were not on our guard, we should be betrayed into a very erroneous conclusion ; not that what the Apostle asserts can be at all doubtful, but that we may attach to his words a meaning which he never intended them to bear. This will arise from two circumstances ; first, the violent separation of the text from its connection ; and, secondly, the fixing on the word *love* a signification which it was not designed to convey. In the connection of the passage, the Apostle has described the Christian character in terms which leave it impossible to doubt, that liberty from guilt and sin, and holy communion with the Father and Son, are inseparable from its possession. Therefore, nothing which may be called *the love of the brethren*, apart from these other characteristics, can prove a justified state, because the absence of the other qualifications would prove the contrary ; and it would, moreover, prove, that the love of the brethren, which such a person may have, is not that which the Apostle meant. Hence we should greatly mistake by making the word *love* in the text expressive of affection in general, because the Apostle evidently intends some particular kind of affection, which is possible only when the saving qualities of a justified state concur. Now we know, that many persons, either by education, or by a peculiar tenderness of conscience, or by conviction produced in various ways, have an esteem for the people of God, and some delight in their society ; but it would be most unsafe, nay, most delusive, for them to suppose that, on this account, they are truly justified ; for they may never have felt any power over inward sin, nor love of the Saviour, nor deliverance from guilt, nor witness of the Spirit, nor faith in Christ, nor struggling to enter the kingdom of God, nor any particular conviction of sin ; in short, they may have appeared to themselves, as well as to others, too amiable to need much change ; and thus the truth may come out, that they never experienced a change of heart, and that they are in their natural state, notwithstanding that love of the brethren which they have felt. Much less, therefore, ought any one, who has formerly lived in wilful sin, to be beguiled into the imagination, that he is justified

before God, merely because, having become the subject of religious convictions, he has felt, along with other pleasing sensations of which the Lord does not leave the repentant sinner entirely destitute, a very cheering affection and admiration of the people of God. He may be 'seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' and he may be at the very door of mercy, but that love of the brethren, which he has, is no evidence that he has already found 'redemption in the blood of Jesus.' He must seek still further proof, and for that he must have further experience. What then is the best evidence of a justified state? I answer,—*The testimony of our own spirits*, that we do actually now come to God, through the atonement of the only begotten Son, confiding in it, and appropriating it to ourselves for pardon and regeneration; together with, *the answering testimony of the Holy Ghost*, that we are adopted into the family of God, and that we can in the Spirit of adoption call Him Father. This testimony of the Holy Spirit cannot deceive any one who possesses it; and, therefore, every such person must feel his evidence of justification to be clear. But the same cannot be said of any other evidence; for, as it is not in the nature of any other evidence to be quite clear and assuring, so every other may be imitated, and the timid, though genuine Christian, will be the most likely to be dissatisfied. It is true, a person may profess to enjoy the witness of the Holy Spirit, who has it not, and therefore he can give no assurance that what he says is true. I reply,—We are talking of the best evidence for our own satisfaction, and not as a proof to others; now a man's own satisfaction must arise from the testimony of God's Spirit, for he cannot, or at least he ought not, to be satisfied with any thing else; and that, if he possess it, will satisfy him, because it always comes so attended as to leave no room for uncertainty. If it should be said,—What then will reach the case of one, who thinks that he has the witness of the Holy Spirit, without really possessing it? I answer,—He is either sincere, or not so: if he be insincere, he must take the wages of his hypocrisy; but if he be sincere, his believing erroneously, that he has the witness of the Spirit of God, is almost impossible; many possess it, who will not call it by that name; but that any sincere soul should not possess it, while he believes that he does, can hardly be; for his sincerity must prevent his saying what he knows is not true, as well as his believing any thing to be true without reason and evidence; and if he be truly anxious for the Spirit of adoption, by faith in the atonement, there is no reason against his receiving it; but if he be not, he will not believe that he has it. But let the case be granted as just possible: then I contend, that it cannot, in the nature of things, endure long; for the Good Spirit will not leave such a sincere soul without bringing him to God, through Jesus Christ, and thus to justification; and then the witness will be given in truth: on the other

hand, still allowing the witness to be false, the fruits of justification will be obviously deficient, and, his soul being sincere, must soon, inevitably, be thrown off its balance of enjoyment; whereas, were the witness truly divine, neither would the fruits be absent, nor would the soul be quickly shaken from its hold.

To a Friend in Malta.

Almería, April 15, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS is a place in Spain, which may just be called a commercial town, because a few ships occasionally come hither for lead, of which there are mines and works at the distance of about seven Spanish leagues, reckoning nearly four English miles to each league; and here I am, removed from the immediate protection of English law, and under the government of a country on which I cannot look but with compassion. But I have no other object, than to see and hear whatever occurs, and, by this employment, to gain that strengthening of my system, which shall enable me to persevere in the prosecution of my various duties.

This has been to me a day of considerable enjoyment, occasioned by the unexpected meeting of an old friend of my honoured and beloved Father. He is a Captain Rosewell, a member of our Society, and, I believe, a truly pious and experienced Christian. He knew my Father long before his marriage; was present in Bristol when that event took place; and now, at the distance of some thirty years, he has had the opportunity, by a singular Providence, of meeting in a foreign land one of the fruits of his friend's marriage, in the form of a Minister of the Cross of Christ. I cannot easily describe the pleasure, which this meeting has afforded me: it has revived associations of the most gratifying kind; it has renewed the memory of my boyish days; it has called up to my imagination my Father's delight in friendships, and his worth in forming and maintaining them; and it has made me bow in spirit before the throne of Him, who has promised to His believing people a blessing upon them, and their children, and their children's children, to the third and fourth generation; a promise not annulled by afflictions, but often verified and established in them, as well as by events which wear an aspect more grateful to flesh and blood. How sweet was it also to bow, together with this old friend of my Father, and Captain Ducker, the pious master of the brig, in which I have come hither, and his fine little boy, before the throne of Grace; and that too, in a country so unaccustomed to the prayers of British Christians, and whose inhabitants so universally regard as 'heresy, the way after which we worship the God of our fathers!' From that

Bible, which has been my companion in many sore troubles, we read together the twelfth chapter of Luke, and then threw ourselves before the mercy-seat of our glorified Lord, imploring, with our little power of faith and prayer, the Almighty blessing, upon this unhappy country, particularly with reference to those points, in which we cannot but judge that it is most needed. We prayed also for each other, for the church, for home, and for those whom we love; and that which is generally considered common-place, was, in our circumstances, by no means viewed in such a light. When it came to my turn, I could not forget to pray, as if I had been alone, for that truly endeared Parent, who has yet his days to finish, and his work to complete, before his entrance into that glory, which will hereafter be his portion; and from whose side has been taken away that other Parent, who was equally worthy, and equally beloved, the Mother of his children, the balm of his anxious active years, the aid of his piety, and the diligent hand that helped him to sow all those seeds of holy principle, which have rooted themselves in our younger minds, as well as all those, which our negligence has suffered to wither away, or our impiety to blight in their earliest shootings.

This evening I have been profiting a little, by an opportunity to cast some seed by the way-side, among the family of the inn-keeper, in whose house I am staying. I meddle not with their prejudices, because it would be worse than useless. I touch only on those grand and leading principles, which are common ground to all Christians, and which are indeed the essentials of Christianity; and I strive to lead all to a knowledge of the heart, to a feeling of the depravity of human nature, and the evil of sin; and to a consequent improvement of the fitness, and the value, and the efficacy, and the indispensable necessity of the blood of atonement. I could perceive, that I gained the confidence, and the hearts, of my hearers, and, perhaps, the Divine blessing may multiply this very scanty and inefficient seed of life.

I visited, in succession, several of the churches; pitied the inhabitants of three convents of monks, and two of nuns; noted the levity of a young clergyman, as he went to say mass; observed several indications, in public inscriptions, which manifest the abhorrence that reigns around, of the fallen form of government; but saw nothing that can particularly interest a stranger.

The principal part of the evening has been spent in a visit to two different families; the former of which, was that of a person born in Ireland, educated in England, a rambler through the world, and, at length, a settler in this southern corner of Europe. At this house I met two Clergymen; the one, who was once a Friar, but is now a secular Clergyman, was apparently a man of but little interest; the other, was the Prior of the cathedral; for I should have remarked, that this is a Bishop's see, with no very indifferent income, since I am told that

it reaches to at least four guineas a day. This Prior is quite a gentleman ; he is also learned, affable, and, in the common sense of the word, though not in the political, he is liberal. I enjoyed his conversation, and wish to renew the pleasure, though I observed that he very dexterously shifted the turn of the conversation, when it tended toward any subject which might cause a difference of opinion. Yet the queer, semi-Irish, Englishman, said things which surprised me ; for I should have thought it impossible, with impunity, to talk so freely, as he did on certain subjects. The good Prior very kindly told me much about Granada, in the university of which he was educated ; and he concluded by writing for me, notices of certain books on the Spanish theology, which may best initiate me into its mysteries.

My other visit was to a very afflicted family, into whose hearts I had the mournful pleasure of pouring some little sad consolation. But, of them, I must speak hereafter.

I have been before the Governor with my passport, and for permission to pass on to Granada. I have experienced no kind of interruption, all is prepared, and to-morrow, at day-break, I start, on horse-back, for this celebrated inland city, a distance of twenty-four leagues, under the conduct of a man of confidence called a *Cosario*.

April 16th.—I arose at five o'clock, and, after the devotions of the closet, I saw my little luggage placed on the *capachos*, on a mule's back. These *capachos* are panniers, made of dry grass platted, and extended over a frame-work of sticks ; they are certainly very strong for what they are, though Englishmen are fond of more substantial articles, even if they should be of a more costly kind. I then proceeded out of Almería to the suburbs, where the *Cosario* resides, and there I found, waiting for me, a Spanish horse, very much resembling myself and Don Quixote ; that is, he was long-legged, raw-boned, and very uncertain in his gait and actions. The British Consul had kindly lent me an English saddle, a thing which the horse had never yet borne upon his back, and which the *Cosario* had never used in all his life. While I was waiting, several neighbours came to look on ; with these I began to converse about the road, and the vicinity of Granada. Their description of the former was not very animating, for I soon learnt that it was hilly, and infested with robbers ; but when they came to speak of the latter, they were all in raptures, and it was plain that Granada is regarded as the Paradise of the present inhabitants of the province, as it used to be by the ancient Moors. I began here too, to remark a very decided difference in the dialect of the language ; there is a general difference in the tone and pronunciation, which sometimes disappointed me of the meaning ; and the more particular difference, which I subsequently found to be universally prevalent, now first fixed my attention,—I mean, that in the almost ceaseless use of diminutives, (that is, of words which are made to include the idea

of our word *little*, by the addition of a syllable at the end, as, for instance, *cosa*, a thing, *cosita*, a little thing,) they change the letter *t* or *l*, before the last vowel, into *c*; for example, instead of saying *una cosita bonita*, a very pretty little thing, they would say, *una cosica muy bonica*. I insert this observation, to impress my own memory rather than yours.

At length, our arrangements being made, we started on the road at about half past 6 o'clock. The morning was very fine; and our way lay up a gentle acclivity towards the north-north-east, so that we soon obtained a fine land and sea view, such as I have not had since I left England. The most prominent objects were, 1. The long tongue of Rock, which stretches away far to the south into the sea, and the extremity of which the Spaniards call *Cabo del Gato*, but which we denominate *Cape de Gatte*, although the proper translation would be *Cape Cat*; 2. On the opposite side of Almería Bay, were situated the snowy mountains of the Province, rising in succession one over another; while the strengthening beams of the sun were rapidly clearing away from their bosoms the cool grey mist of early morning, and, like too many other over-heated friendships, by his very ardour sporting about both beauty and comfort; 3. Between these two scenes appeared the Town itself, with its long train of cultivated gardens, seated, as it were, upon a throne on the margin of the sea, which was prostrate immediately before it, and seeming to bow in homage by the successive waves, which it sent bending, rippling, and murmuring out its kisses on the beach. The whole scene to me was new, for nearly four years I had seen nothing like it, and it cannot be surprising, that, while beholding it, I felt a momentary enthusiasm; but, to an Englishman, and a conscientious Protestant, such a sensation can be only momentary; for how can he avoid reflection? God has made all this to be possessed and enjoyed by His obedient children, and He has vouchsafed them a clear revelation of His will, that they might be made and kept obedient; but, alas! they are not obedient; even that very revelation has been made subservient to grossly anti-christian institutions, which are idolatrous in their nature and influence, and grossly anti-christian doctrines, which are misleading in their instructions and effects. And those very towers which I see rising above the rest of the town, and glistening in the sun, like the diadem of a monarch in the splendour of his coronation, are but the signals of the existence, and the residence, and the activity of a systematic conspiracy against the authority, unmixed and unmutated, of the Son of God; and they only remind me of the violence and fraud, by which they continue to cover and give shelter to the 'spiritual wickednesses,' which are still domineering in these 'high places.' How grievous, also, the reflection, that you, my dear friend, are travelling amidst thousands and myriads of your fellow-beings, who are, at

least the victims, if not the willing and active agents, of a system, whose operation is to turn the pure elements of Christianity into a powerful machinery of misinformation, by which it fetters, cripples, and destroys the liberty, and knowledge, and prosperity, as well as the eternal well-being, of the soul! Under the most favourable collective circumstances of a town or nation, the difficulties in the way of salvation must be great, and many individuals will be lost; he therefore, who multiplies those difficulties, diminishes the probabilities of salvation, and augments the numbers of the eternally undone. Does not Popery accomplish this? Let the condition of any Catholic country be examined, and let its moral state be compared with the descriptions, found in the Bible, of the condition, which genuine religion originates, and which is, indeed, the only infallible proof that such a religion exists. Let it not be said, that the melancholy conclusion, to which this examination would lead us, is not chargeable upon the system itself; for the connection between some of its doctrines and downright immorality, is obvious; and whatever proximate causes of a civil or political kind may be assigned, these too equally owe their origin, though, of course, somewhat higher up, to Popery.

We very soon lost sight of Almería, and found ourselves upon a very excellent road, well constructed and maintained by those buttresses of masonry, which occasionally support a road when the turnings are sharp, and when the ground has to be raised from its original level, in consequence of the gullies and unevennesses that it occasionally presents. This good state of the road occasioned me some surprise, for I had anticipated a much worse provision for travelling in Spain. I expressed my thoughts to my companion, and asked him who maintained the road in such excellent order. He told me, that it was the King. 'And how,' said I, 'are the moneys raised, which are thus appropriated?' He replied,—'Partly by certain tolls, which are paid at particular points by a certain description of passengers; but chiefly by a revenue, raised from taxes on all the inhabitants of the country.' 'And how far does this good road extend?' said I. 'There is,' said he, 'a cart-road which reaches quite to Granada; but it is not all the way so good as this.' Indeed, I soon found his words too true, and my pleasing reverie was, at once, at an end; the good road lasted us not more, I think, than six or seven miles, before we lost all traces of it, for a considerable distance. I should, however, have observed, that, at about four or five miles from Almería, we reached a point from which a very charming view of a rich vale opened before us, apparently in a high state of cultivation; and, as far as the eye could reach, studded with villages, from the midst of each of which rose, conspicuously distinguished, the tower of a Church of good stone erection; many of these towers were neat, and

some even elegant, and they gave the whole picture an air of animation, which I had by no means anticipated. But, on a nearer inspection, my pleasure quickly vanished; the villages, through, or by which we passed, are wretched in the extreme, the Church or Convent is the only good building, which any of them can produce; for the houses are built of a kind of mud, or, at least, they betray very poor masonry, of which the wretchedness is not concealed by the daubings of white lime which look so brisk at a distance: this was the character of all the houses, with the occasional exception of a *quinta* or country-house of some rich citizen, merchant, or nobleman, which stood forth to shew the greatness of the gulf existing between the peasant and the grade above him, in this country. There seems here, an absolute want of that variety of stations, which, even in the country of England, enables you to ascend by almost indescribable approaches, from the lowest and the poorest of the people to the richest and the most endowed.

As we passed along the road, I could not help observing the varying nature of the soil, which successively presented beds of sand; sand and gravel; clay of several classes, from the light-coloured, of the consistency of the potter's, to the deep grey, of the consistency of soft and brittle slate; then slate itself of almost all grades; then massive stone, in fragments; and, lastly, continuous rock: and I frequently said to myself,—Why, all this must once have been the bed of the sea; here are the clearest evidences, that, for ages, this ground must have formed the bottom, over which, to a great depth, the waters must have passed and repassed, and now it is land redeemed and appropriated to the use of man. I looked round to observe the configuration of the country, as it reached out toward the sea; and I clearly saw, to my own satisfaction, that a mighty river had once found its outlet at the very spot where the town of Almería now stands, between the long promontory formed on the left by Cat Cape, and on the right by the high hills, at the base of which the town is situated. I expressed my persuasion to the *Cosario*, and he immediately confirmed it, as he pointed to the valley, in which the cultivated lands and the villages stand so thickly. 'There,' said he, 'is the channel of a river which, during a great part of the year, is dry; but, in the winter, the fresh water from the surrounding hills swells it into a considerable torrent, and in that direction flows out into the sea.' But when could this have been? For, if this ever were the bed of a deep river, what must have been the level of the Mediterranean? and what must have been the difference of its visible shores? These were some of the thoughts which amused me; but I could bring them to no result; for geological enquiries have never been my study, and of so mighty a change in the elevation of the sea we have no certain record in history.

After descending into the vale, and passing some of the above-mentioned villages, and the bed of the torrent, we came again into a decent road, and continued our journey in a north-westerly direction, which, with only occasional trifling deviations, continued all the way afterwards to Granada. At about twelve or fourteen miles from our starting point, we stopped to breakfast at one of those dens, for the accommodation of passengers, which in Spain are called *Posadas*; they are instead of our English inns, but are, in reality, wretched hovels, where almost nothing is to be had for either love or money. The family were taking their morning meal, which consisted of a handful of small dried fish, I believe they were anchovies dried in the sun; they were prepared by being thrown upon the embers of a wood fire, and then rudely stirred up with the ashes; and, when in this manner they were sufficiently warmed, they were eaten with coarse brown bread; as to coffee, or tea, it is a luxury rarely admitted among the peasantry, in this part of Spain; and their only beverage appears to be water, or the poor sour wine of the country, or occasionally the *aguardiente*, which is distilled from annise.

I was much surprised by the appearance of a girl, belonging to the family, who had not completed the fifteenth year of her age, and who was so large in pregnancy as to be scarcely able to support herself. I beheld her with great compassion, and the more so, because I could not imagine that she was the wife of any man. In the course, however, of conversation, a young man of about eighteen or twenty years of age was presented to me as her husband, and I was, so far, relieved of the apprehension of any thing worse. On enquiry, I found it quite customary here to marry so early. And thus it is, thought I, that wherever there is but little in life to be enjoyed, people marry very young. Here there are, evidently, but few comforts attainable by the poor, for there are almost no resources, or objects of industry; the manner of living requires, indeed, but little; and hence, a child soon becomes as able to procure a livelihood as his Parents, because nothing is possessed, by either, except a hovel and the food, coarse and scanty, of every day. In consequence of this, there is nothing to prevent an early recurrence to marriage; for the Parents will not object, because it relieves them of a burden; and to their children it is the almost only source of peculiar comfort. But marriage so very early must, in many ways, be mischievous. How, for example, can families be well ordered, since the people become Parents before they have ceased to be children? And, although the peasants of Spain seem a fine and hardy race, it is what I could scarcely have expected where such very early marriages are common; perhaps, however, they are far from being general.

I was here accosted by a poor mendicant sailor, who had long

served in the Spanish navy, and who had been engaged in the battle of Trafalgar, against the English, under Lord Nelson. I was certainly interested by his tale, and more so by the circumstances, in which the poor fellow was placed; for he was begging of a man, belonging to the very nation against which he had fought, and on the very soil on which he had been engaged. I thought of the unquestionable bravery, with which he and his companions had conducted themselves; and of the thousands, who, on that day, under the tremendous attack of the English, had lost either their lives, or their liberty and property; and of the mercy, which has preserved my own country from the devastations, which Spain has, since that time, experienced; and of the difference in the circumstances, which had providentially led this poor man to me as a beggar, and me to him with the ability of relief, in acknowledgment of the distinguishing goodness of God towards me. I wish that it had been in my power to do more than I did; and I could not avoid feeling a deep regret, that those who fight and bleed for their country, should ever, in their age and decrepitude, be abandoned to the uncertain resources, and the certain wretchedness, of a mendicant beggar of alms. This man indeed, like many others, may possibly have proved himself unworthy of any thing better; but without knowing that such is the fact, I have no right to think so; and even the vilest of men should, on account of their very vileness, have some safer mode of subsistence; but alas! my own country sees many cases of the wretched abandonment of old servants, without an adequate provision; and, in a crippled and exhausted country like this, the Government can have no resources for generosity.

At this *posada*, I began to prove the benefit of having made some provision before I started on my journey. A good piece of roast beef, and a couple of pairs of chickens, together with coffee, sugar, wine, and brandy, were not very despicable means of subsistence on the road; for in this part of Spain, an Englishman can obtain nothing to which he is accustomed, except bread, eggs, and occasionally milk; as to meat of any kind, or vegetables, or fruit, I do not say that there are none, but I could neither get nor see any, during the whole of the journey. The peasants chiefly use bread, fish, and eggs, which last they fry in oil and milk. I had taken the precaution to purchase a couple of pewter spoons, or I should have been puzzled how to get at the inside of my egg-shells; for they have no spoons, except the wooden ones, with which they eat their prepared messes out of the frying-pan, or the crock. Pocket-knives are universally used at table, and no such thing as a fork could I discern, from one end of the road to the other. *Ollas*, or crocks, are always used for boiling water; and in these my coffee was prepared, except twice, when a tin

chocolate-pot seemed a little more civilised. When the coffee was ready, a glass, or some kind of basin, was used to drink it, for nothing like a cup or a saucer was any where visible.

Soon after quitting the place, where we had breakfasted, we left the cart-road, which had already become indifferent, and we struck into the bed of a mountain-torrent, where there was no road at all; along this, lay our way for many a weary mile, the advantage of going by it being, that it is much nearer than by the cart-road, though it is not passable by any kind of carriage. We afterwards ascended some hills, which presented themselves one after another, in very varying heights and proportions. The slaty substance of these hills shone with a natural polish, exactly resembling black-lead; and the numerous chrystalisations of white spar, which are embedded in the very substance of the stone, gave a pleasing sparkle to the general appearance, and made many detached pieces look very pretty. At the distance of some few leagues, I understand, there are lead mines; but whether there is any connection between the bright polish of this slate-stone at the surface, and the lead ore in the bowels of those hills, though to me it seemed most probable, I am not mineralogist enough to determine. In our progress, we found ourselves continually rising; but the ridge of hills, which we were passing, seemed only as the younger brothers of the loftier ridge immediately on our left, which are denominated *Sierra Nevada*, or the snowy ridge; or rather, our hills might be considered as the mere children, gambolling in their rising strength, at the feet of their Parents, whom the bleaching frost of many winters had whitened with the snow of age. We had subsequently to descend, and to pursue our way again along the bed of the mountain-torrent; and now the sun, striking down his beams between the hills, which of course reflected them upon us, and pouring his strength from a very high elevation on the sand and gravel, over which we travelled, made both men and animals rapidly weary.

I forget the exact distance which it was from Almería, that, on emerging from the narrow ravine which we had taken on our way, we entered the town of *Nacimiento de Dios*, 'the birth-place of God.' 'Aye,' said the *Cosario*, with an arch smile, 'God the Almighty was born here, so they say.' He treated the idea with nothing but contempt, but I should not be surprised if there are to be found people of the neighbourhood, ignorant enough to believe that the town has received its name from the Redeemer's having been born there. This town is one of the best on the road, and, as it was past mid-day when we entered it, we staid an hour or more to dine, and to repose ourselves. To the *Cosario* I handed the beef, and I laid my account with a chicken; but feeling little appetite, a couple of eggs, and a little brandy and water, assisted me mightily. My at-

tention, however, was soon aroused by the entrance into our *posada* of a personage, whom I soon discovered to be a man of *huge* consequence, though of what precise class, or *calibre*, I could not accurately divine. He was one of the fattest men that I ever saw, being, I should think, of a bulk by no means contemptible by the side of Daniel Lambert; for I do not question, that five or six such men as myself might have been buttoned within his waistcoat, without any other inconvenience than a little close and clever packing. His neck was really of an inordinate capacity, and that which was visible of it, together with his chin and cheeks, were of an ominous purple hue, and seemed continually to menace the bursting of the vessels, through which the blood was straining, and the instant extinction of life by apoplexy. Indeed his whole appearance was such, that I could not help thinking of the probable dangers attending an accidental incision; and it was a problem, of which I had no means of procuring the solution, whether, in such a case, the catastrophe would most resemble the ripping up of a porpoise, or the bursting of some capacious vat of fœtid liquor. I am sure, that, from my heart, I pitied the poor soul, to which such a monstrous mass of body was linked, in order continually to drag it about wherever its impeded motion might find it necessary to repair. It is worse, I am sure, than the wedding of a short, sprightly, active, good-tempered girl to a tall, slim, melancholy, and morose companion, whether Scotch or Englishman. Aye, it seems to me, much more unnatural than the conduct of the little dwarf ivy, which is often seen to fling its arms around some tall pine of the forest; and creeping slowly, yet diligently, up its sides, seems to promise, as if in acknowledgment of the benefit of such an alliance, and the value of such an elevated support, to hang about its spare and barren limbs, in unfading evergreen, abundance of luxuriant leaves and berries.

But to return, for comparisons are always odious when invidious; that soul, though so oppressed and evidently fatigued, could yet manage to make itself heard, out of the midst of its thick-walled dungeon; and, being already disposed by pity to favour, it soon interested and occupied my attention, even more than the exterior of its massy prison. My new acquaintance, who was supported by a sound and substantial staff, which was indispensably needful to prevent the fall inevitable, when by loco-motion his centre of gravity was thrown out of the line of direction, gradually approached the end of the *posada* where I was reclining upon a bench, and observing the process by which he moved along. It resembled, more than walking, that operation, by which porters sometimes move about a heavy package by setting it on end, and sidling it onward, alternately balancing it on two of the lower corners, which become successively the pivots on which the opposite side is made to gain something in advance. Well; arrived at last, down he sat, (but oh, what a crush!) upon the ample

provision, made of board and brick-work, around the wood fire-place. Though it was not without a speculative thought, about the probable quantity of superincumbent weight upon the spot, I was glad to observe, that the dogs, and cats, and fowls, which were numerous about us, had previously made a timely escape; for had any ordinary animal been at the moment beneath, all hope, even in mere witnesses, of deliverance, must have been instantly extinguished, while the luckless creature itself could not have had an instant left, in which to hope at all.

He began by asking the landlady, (if that epithet, so significant and intelligible in England, be not dishonoured by an application to the mistress of this wretched place), some trifling question, as the occasion of his call; but its very frivolousness left one at full liberty to think, that the real motive was, that, having heard of the arrival of a stranger, his curiosity was excited to know something about him. I soon perceived, that curiosity in him spoke with a tongue superior to the rest of his neighbours; and I dare venture to affirm, that he is reckoned a prodigy of erudition by the town and neighbourhood; surely therefore, enjoying such a reputation for qualities, both intellectual and corporeal, his happiness must be great. He soon attacked the *Cosario* with questions, evidently intended to find out something about me, while I sat silently listening and pondering what might be the issue. At length, finding my *Cosario* rather dexterous in evading the true point, to which his inquiries were directed, he determined neither to keep, nor to be kept, any longer at bay, so he plumply asked him, of what nation I was? whither I was going? what was my object? and what my profession? To run from these queries, there was at hand no ready loop-hole, to which the fat man would be prevented by his bulk from following; and hence, the *Cosario* resolved, manfully to stand his ground, and to give his answers with patience. He therefore replied,—‘The Gentleman is an English Captain of a vessel, going on business to Granada!’ No sooner, however, did I hear this, than I began to be a little uneasy; for I am not fond of Jesuitical evasions of truth. I am not, thought I, a Jesuit Missionary, but a Protestant, and a Methodist, two names, pre-eminently consecrated to Truth, and to its bold and uncompromising avowal. It is true, that I am not certain, I am in conscience bound to tell here, who and what I am; nor am I bound to correct any mistakes, into which others may fall, respecting me; but here may arise an occasion for useful conversation, and who knows, but this man’s curiosity may be the instrument of Providence, for his good, as well as my own? I therefore said to the *Cosario*,—‘No, my friend, you are mistaken; some one has misinformed you, I am not a Captain of a vessel.’ ‘Indeed!’ replied he, ‘I was told so by the English Consul at Almería.’ ‘It is,’ said I, ‘nevertheless a mistake.’ It, however, at once oc-

curred to me, that the Consul might possibly have said so, with a view to conceal the truth, and to save me from importunity, or insult, or at least from inconvenience, in consequence of the ignorance and bigotry of the people, among whom I should have to pass. By my reply, however, the fat man's curiosity was redoubled, and it seemed as if he had felt suddenly illuminated by having discovered just nothing; and persuaded, that where the truth was thus involved in mystery, there must be something worth seizing, if it could but be disinterred. 'You are a Merchant then?' said he. 'I am not a Merchant;' answered I. 'Of course then,' rejoined he, 'you are employed by the Government as a military or naval officer?' I replied,—'I am not in the employ of any Government.' 'A physician then,' said he, 'or a lawyer?' 'I am neither,' said I. This was worse and worse, what could this *non-descript* be? for as to supposing me a Clergyman, that evidently never entered his thoughts; and if it had, the probability is, that he would have instantly rejected the supposition, because he had been accustomed to see animals of this species to differ so much from me in the head, the neck, the skin, and the tails, that he could not have imagined me to be one of the genus; and it seems, that he was not naturalist enough to suppose it likely that a difference of country and clime may produce effects of the most extraordinary character upon creatures, of even the same class. But who can paint to the life, the effect produced on this mountain of a man, when I satisfied, or rather alarmed his curiosity, by the utterance of four simple words,—'*Yo soy Clerigo Ingles!*'—'I am an English Clergyman!' He even started, and began to roll from side to side, somewhat as, I presume, a whale does when first struck with a harpoon; he drew back his head as far as his neck would allow him, and the blood, shocked from his heart, came rushing up into his face, just as we may imagine in the case of seamen, when, upon the sudden striking of their ship, they spring from below, in order to see where the danger lies. In a moment, what was visible of his body assumed a hue deepened in the most extraordinary manner, and the sweat began to pour profusely out of the pores, like the condensed steam from a boiling engine furnace. I observed all this as coolly as I could, though I confess, that I was somewhat alarmed, both for myself and him. At length, however, he contrived to suffer some expressions to escape, in the shape of words, among which were the following,—'*Aye! Aye!—Que lastrina!—Que desgracia!—Hombre!—Aye Dios mio!—Esto me da pesadumbre!—Esto si que me hace triste!—Aye, buen Dios!*'—'Oh dear! dear!—What a pity!—What a misfortune!—Alas!—O my God!—This greatly distresses me!—This makes me melancholy indeed!—Oh, good God!' Seeing the poor man so terribly affected, I began to think, that no time was to be lost; though I could not tell how far the bigotry, which such a bulk might possibly

contain, would be likely to influence the pity that he expressed. So with a plaintive tone and accent I said,—‘*Que hay ?—Que hay amigo ?—Que es esto ?—Que es loque le hace a vo tan triste, y le causa tan grande pesadumbre de esperitu ?*’—‘What’s the matter ?—What’s the matter, my friend ?—What is it ?—Do tell me what it is, that makes you so sad, and causes you such great distress ?’ He soon afterwards obtained relief, by uttering the tremendous words,—‘*Porque esto es una cisma !—Si, Señor ; nada menos que una cisma, in el gremio del Señor !*’—‘Because this is a schism !—Yes, Sir ; nothing less than a schism, in the flock of the Lord !’ For a few moments I allowed him to proceed, without interruption, in the same strain ; but I perceived, that his politeness made him abstain from using the words *heregia* and *herege*, heresy and heretic, and I began to reply in a tone of kind conciliation ;—‘Perhaps Sir, if we knew each other better, we should love each other more. I am very strongly inclined to believe, that many persons greatly dislike each others’ principles and persons from a want of knowing their opponents’ sentiments. Superstition may be the result of mistake ; but bigotry and prejudice are the birth of ignorance ; and even the errors of our fellow-men, in order to be refuted with effect, should be examined with patience.’ ‘True,’ said he, ‘but you cannot make any thing of this but a schism ; and one which has devastated the true Church. England was once the garden of the Church, but you have rent it away, and you have taken millions of souls from the true Shepherd.’ ‘Stay a moment, my good friend,’ said I, ‘let us proceed slowly and cautiously. You say that I am inculpated in the charge of schism ; you are, it is true, a little older than myself, but we were both born only a very few years ago ; you, in the providence of God, happened to be born here in Spain ; and I, by the same providence, happened to be born there in England. Now I ask, why did you become what you are, a decided Roman Catholic ? It was, because your fathers before you were such, for you were early baptised, and initiated into all the rites of the Church, to which you belong. I might plead the very same reasons, for being a Protestant. You have been accustomed to hear your Ministers, and to form the belief that what they say is true ; and so have I, with reference to Protestant Ministers ; thus you and I are, so far, on equal terms ; but had you been born in England, and I in Spain, the case would most probably have been reversed in this only, that you would have been the Protestant, and I the Catholic. If then you have reason to blame me for my creed, it must be, because that is wrong, and yours is right ; but can you shew me this ? I am ready to hear, if you can. Nay, how can I possibly be chargeable with schism, when there is not one fundamental principle of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which I do not hold and verily believe ?’

He listened with attention, admitted the force of my observations, but expressed his doubts as to the truth of what I averred, respecting the agreement of my faith with the Gospel. 'For how otherwise,' said he, 'are you not united with the true Church?' I entreated him to name the fundamental articles of the Christian faith, and I would answer him sincerely, whether I believed them or not; but finding him rather tardy, I began to do so myself, and I enumerated several leading articles, nearly in the words of the Apostles' Creed. 'And do you believe,' said he, 'in the doctrines of the Trinity, and the divine nature of Jesus Christ, the only Son of God?' I immediately answered,—'Most assuredly we do; it is the general belief of Protestant Ministers and Churches; and the very Apostles' Creed, which your Church regards as the symbol of her faith, is equally the symbol of ours; and we are in the constant habit of using it, in the same words, and in the same sense, as your own Doctors generally.' He then questioned me about the Virgin Mary. I disclaimed the giving her any divine honours, but said,—'We treat her memory with respect, as a woman, as a Christian, and as the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ.' He enquired, as to the doctrine of the perpetual virginity. 'As to that,' said I, 'Protestants, as well as great numbers of your own Church, say that it cannot be known; it is neither revealed, nor is it necessary to know any thing about it; and, therefore, we neither affirm nor deny.' When, however, we came to talk of the expiation of the death of the Son of God, and the merits of His blood and intercession, he gave me an excellent opportunity of preaching to him Jesus, and the way of faith. 'And now, in conclusion,' said I, 'let me repeat, what I have already said, that if we knew each other better we should love each other more.' 'Ah! Sir,' said he, 'but do you acknowledge his Holiness, the Pope?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'we acknowledge him as the Bishop of Rome.' 'And nothing more?' said he. 'Nothing more,' answered I, 'for, as to those claims, which he makes of universal sovereignty and dominion, over the Churches of Christ, and the consciences of men, we cannot admit that they are any thing but usurpations.' 'Aye, there now,' said he, 'it is, as I said, for you do not acknowledge the only centre of unity, and the Vicar of Christ.' 'As to the centre of unity,' I replied, 'we believe, that it is Jesus Christ Himself, who is the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets. And what need is there of a Vicar, when we have Christ Himself, continually present with us by His Divine Nature, and by His Spirit? Now you still think that I am wrong: well; I am doing, what I think should be done by every one else who can, that is, I am using the means to gain a knowledge of the truth; I am going to Granada to see your religion at a sort of fountain-head; I am going to converse with your learned men and

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Clergymen, to see your College, to look at your books, and to purchase some of them, that I may read and know the truth; if, on examination, I should find that your Doctors are right, and that I am wrong, I will not hesitate to acknowledge it; and I wish that every one else would do the same. Meantime, I again repeat, that if we knew each other better we might, perhaps, love each other more.' 'Ah! Sir,' said he, rising, after two or three desperate efforts, 'I believe, that, at present, you are out of the way of salvation; may God guide you into it! I am sorry that I must leave you, but, if we sat for seven hours together, I think that we should talk on all the time.' I then took a melancholy leave of him, for I was oppressed by my feelings for the people, who are kept in such utter ignorance of the means of knowledge; and, though capable of the most generous and affectionate emotions, worked up to intolerance by delusion and priestcraft.

After being cheated by the landlady, who, though she had listened very piously to our conversation, and seemed greatly edified by the learning and zeal of her comely neighbour, charged me about two *pisettas* for four eggs, a bit of bread, and a little straw; we pursued our way, still following the bed of the torrent, which, at this place, widens into a passable road.

Ah! my friend, what an infinite mercy it is that you and I are Protestants! Not merely because we were born such, but because, having the means of knowledge open to us, we have read and thought for ourselves; we have examined the testimony of God, we have studied and felt the words of Jesus Christ Himself; and, therefore, as His Word and Spirit, have instructed and guided us, we have 'believed with the heart unto righteousness, and with the mouth we have made confession unto salvation.' This is evidence of the highest grade;—this is the crowning proof of being right;—for, 'he that believeth hath the witness in himself.' Whatever we may gain or lose may we retain this! may we prove our sincerity by this! and may its glowing clearness of testimony confirm us every hour in the resolution, to 'run without weariness, and to walk without fainting,' in the way of holy obedience to His sacred and divine commands! Yes, may we thus be even enabled to 'mount up with wings as eagles,' constantly exhibiting, both in our experience and our practice, the noblest elevation of a devoted, animated, and still aspiring piety!

I see the end of my second sheet; I, therefore, release you for the present, intending, at another time, to resume my narrative from this place. I hope that this will interest and entertain you; and if your gratification, in reading, should correspond with mine, in writing, I shall be richly repaid for the labour of planting such a thicket of

words, in the shade of which you may recline, and cherish your affection for one who sincerely loves you. Adieu !

I am, my dear Friend,

Your very affectionate,

WILLIAM BARBER.

I greatly regret that, among my Brother's Manuscripts, I can find no other documents than the above, respecting this journey to Granada.

To the Rev. George Morley.

Gibraltar, May 21, 1828.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

* * * * * The different topics and questions of your letter, require me to write with conscientious frankness, in reference to my own capability for the work, and the state of things here, as it regards the hope of future prosperity.

As it regards my *bodily* fitness for the work, I answer, conscientiously, that there is no labour to be done here, which I do not feel myself adequate to accomplish. Your first letter asks, if I can undertake to preach four times a-week, and your second five, beside performing the other duties. I answer, that I have long been preaching three times a-week, and occasionally four, beside attending meetings every evening except Saturday, and daily prosecuting my own studies ; and all this has been without difficulty, nay, with constantly progressive improvement ; and I now anticipate no bodily difficulty, with any moderate increase of labour.

As to the *mental* labour of continuing constantly to preach to the same people, both in English and Spanish, which is what your enquiries regard ; I confess, that after being here between three and four years, and feeling myself, as I do, comparatively inexperienced, with little theological knowledge, a very faulty style of preaching, no stock of sermons upon which to improve, and each discourse being literally no more than the earnings of daily labour, I feel strongly disposed to pity the people, and to fear for myself, if I should be left here, and especially alone ; for, by the tenour of your letters, and the questions which you propose, this appears to me to be the line on which the Committee is tending. If I am right in this conjecture, there are involved several things of great importance ; and, since you desire me to write freely, I will not be restrained.

I take it for granted, that the only motive for continuing me here

any longer, if that be resolved on, is my possession of the Spanish language; and this, in truth, is the only ruling consideration which makes me abstain from expressing a decided wish to be removed; for it is obvious, that, were I removed to another station, I should not be under so severe an obligation to new sermonising, as must be the case if I am continued here; and, consequently, I should be more at liberty to prosecute the study of languages, than can be possible, if I am here alone; there are other considerations to which I will hereafter refer. But as it cannot be the intention of the Committee to continue me here always, nor even for any great while longer, how is the Spanish work to be continued? It will not do to give it up, for there are enough of serious hearers to render it important to continue the preaching in that language, at least twice a-week; and there are some, whose minds are really impressed with Divine truth, and who demand this much of us. How, then, is it to be maintained, unless some other Preacher learn the language? All these considerations will, probably, be of equal force, one, two, or three years, hence, as now. This has suggested to my mind a thought, which I now offer only, and instantly leave. In the event of my being continued here another year, would it not be worth while, to send out some young man to reside with me during that time, and to learn the language, in order to take my place, when, according to the order of our connexion, I am removed elsewhere? Were such a plan adopted, I have only to say, that he should find in me a friend, and a diligent, willing, and affectionate help in Spanish, as well as in some other languages, if need were; while our mutual study of divinity and composition might be, as I believe it would, a very fertile source of benefit to each other. Thus then, what with Spanish, divinity, composition, and pastoral duties, to use an expression of Mr. Wesley's Father, 'we might be idle if we could;' and thus, too, might not that Preacher be, afterwards, left for a considerable time alone? I hope, however, that neither from this, nor from any of my other suggestions, any thing like designing selfishness may be imputed to me. I know, that I have it not; but, not even the fear of seeming to have it, shall deter me from saying what I think my duty, as seeming to me best.

But, what would be the feeling of the people, at finding me left alone, here, for a season, if that were resolved upon? May I be permitted to express myself on this delicate point, not without feeling, but with the same frankness as on any other? I do say, then, that I have unequivocal proof, that the great majority of the pious and affectionate members of our Society are strongly attached to me, and I believe that they would be glad of such a measure. But I have reason also to believe, that this is not universally the case; for,

though no one has given me any painful proof of it, various reasons may be assigned why it should be so.

I have some great faults, in the style of my public Ministry. I have heard complaints of the length of my prayers and sermons. But that is neither the whole, nor the worst, of the business; for I am considered obscure, and too recondite, and indeed sometimes unintelligible. With regard to the first, and the last, of these complaints, I have no difficulty in believing them to be just; for when a Preacher's ideas are obscure to himself, they cannot be otherwise to his hearers. But as to the second, it cannot be true, for my mind has been too much engaged on other subjects than those, which relate to extensive reading and investigation in divinity, to allow of the justness of this complaint. My sermons, I am ashamed to say, have been almost always comparatively unstudied; not that my time has been wasted, but otherwise employed. I am glad, however, that I have lately been made acquainted with the existence of these complaints; as, whether I remain here, or am removed elsewhere, I am determined, by such a diligent attention to divinity and composition, and especially in its clearness and spirituality, to labour in the sight of our blessed Redeemer, and by His grace to amend of these grievous faults.

Another circumstance, which has displeased some persons, is my seldom visiting them, and my having displayed a partiality in favour of particular individuals or families. To this, the observations above made, will serve, in some degree, as a key; the ground is also too limited, to admit of the constant visits of more than one Preacher; my duty and my taste, have equally led me to keep closely to my room; and I have no time for gossiping. I will also admit, that, as my duties have lain chiefly among the Spaniards, and the members of my own Classes, I have visited them principally; while the little time for other visiting, which I have had, has of course been chiefly employed among those, whose piety, and intelligence, and consistency in the rearing of their families, have in truth made them the objects of my preference. With regard to cultivating acquaintanceships among the worldly-minded, though of superior rank, and occasional attendants at the Chapel, in whose society there is no taste for serious conversation, and no spirit for serious prayer, I neither desire them, nor will I seek them; such associations offer me nothing worth gaining, and risk me every thing that can be a loss; the very least that I can fear from them, is, that they would unfit my taste for the simple, but more profitable society of their inferiors, who 'live in the Spirit, and also walk in the Spirit;' and among whom the probabilities of usefulness are, at least, a hundred to one.

The Rev. Mr. Keeling, of Malta, has expressed a strong wish, and even hope, to have me with him as a Colleague ; if I should be removed, there is no spot to which I would rather go. The Spanish work, and many endeared friendships, here, are the only motives, which would induce me to regret the change ; for, as it regards Mr. K. himself, I have no doubt, but that, ' as a son with a Father, I should serve with him in the Gospel.' But I will have no choice, either to go there or elsewhere, or to stay here. I am ready to submit to any arrangement of the Committee. I will only pray to Heaven, that I may largely possess for any place, the fear of God, the love of Christ, and the unction of the Holy Ghost. And to the Conference I will request, that I may not be thought unworthy to be received by them into full connexion with my Brethren ; and that, with their forbearing kindness to a young man, they will permit me to labour with them, as the Lord may enable me, in the service and cure of souls. It may be proper here, however, just to say, that in no point of doctrine or discipline, has my mind swerved from the principles, which I professed on my examination before the Committee ; that the only difference which I find in my views is, the confirmation gained in the conception of truth by increasing time, reflection, and experience ; and that I am not conscious of holding any view of these subjects, which the Committee could wish me to change, or which they could regard with regret.

I am sorry to be tiresome to you ; but one thing more I must add ; my only reasons for it being, the difference of opinion to which it has given rise, and the desire that I feel not to appear to neglect any thing likely to further the interests of the Mission. Some time since, an Officer of rank sent to say, that he wished to see me ; on my waiting upon him, he said, that several Officers had been conversing together on the subject of the education of their sons, and lamenting that no good and well-conducted Academy exists here ; that they had resolved to provide some premises, which should save a Master the expense of rent, which is so heavy here ; that they would subscribe a handsome salary for him ; that, at first, they had determined to invite a Clergyman from England, for the purpose ; but afterwards, having understood that I had been accustomed to the work of tuition, that it was resolved to make the first proposal to me. I answered, that I felt greatly favoured by the consideration of me, which he had expressed ; but that the engagements, into which every Minister enters among the Methodists, prevent his being occupied in any secular means of gain ; that all my time is required for those studies, to which our Committee had directed me, and for the discharge of my Ministerial duties ; and, therefore, that, impressed as I was by such attention to me, I must unavoidably decline the favour. He rejoined, that he had understood I had been so occupied in the Garrison, and

that I intended to increase my engagements in that way. I replied, that it was true I had assisted two or three individuals occasionally; that it was only in the way of private friendship, and totally without pecuniary considerations; and that I never had any intention of fixing such an establishment. He then asked, if I could not give private lessons to a few pupils. And I answered, that the reasons before stated would prevent me. Thus I considered the affair quite terminated; but in a conversation, subsequently held with Dr. Hennen's family, I was surprised to find that they, as well as Mr. Pratten and Mr. Pyne, thought I had been too precipitate in my answer; and that to be an accredited instructor of the children of the Officers here, would do more to further the interests of the Mission in the Garrison, than any one thing which an individual Missionary could do besides. I certainly never imagined, that a single doubt could have existed on the subject; and I well knew, that when Mr. Pratten should remove, it would be impossible for me to attend to any such occupation. Besides, as I could not of course expect, or desire, to be settled here by the Committee, I could not enter into an engagement of the kind, when I might at any period, and possibly very soon, be called away. Added to this, it certainly is not a secular, but a ministerial and pastoral life, to which I am devoted, and which I desire to lead. The door is indeed now closed; but after what has been said, I deem it right to submit my conduct in the affair, to your judgment.

If I am so fortunate as to induce you to wade through this letter, I shall deem myself happy, though at your cost; for I am impressed with the truth of my statements, and their importance to the prosperity of the work in this place.

May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, preside, by His Spirit, over all the deliberations of the Conference! May He greatly bless you, and your family at home, as well as your numerous family of Missionaries abroad; nor leave unrefreshed

Your affectionate Servant

In the Gospel,

WILLIAM BARBER.

P. S.—We of course know not when to expect Dr. Bialloblotzky; but, whenever he comes, I shall receive him with the affection and respect due to his rank in literature, and in your estimation. There are two things which I ought to have mentioned before; the first is, the work which must be done here; viz. in English, four sermons and one prayer-meeting; and in Spanish, two sermons and one prayer-meeting, weekly; but, with the help of our Local Preachers, I cannot see why one Missionary would not be sufficient for this work. The second is, that, immediately Mr. Pratten leaves, I intend removing to the Mission-House, with a young man, a Span-

ward, to attend me. Of this Spaniard I have great hopes, he is a genuine fruit of the Mission.

With the above letter, was sent the following certificate of my Brother's health; with a view to his admission into full Connexion, at the ensuing Conference.

To the Rev. George Morley.

Gibraltar, May 19, 1828.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

MR. PRATTEN informs me, that your Committee are desirous to obtain some further information on the state of health of their Missionary, the Rev. W. Barber. It gives me much pleasure to say, that, since the date of my last communication, upon that subject, in November, 1827, Mr. B. has progressively amended. Within the last three months his improvement has been *very marked*: he has made a tour to Granada, from which he has recently returned, apparently, in a state of perfect health. I entertain, that he may now undertake, without risk, any duty which, in the *ordinary* course of Missionary labours, he may be called upon to fulfil. My friend, Mr. Pyne, who proceeds to England in a few days, will deliver you this. I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours, very sincerely,

I. HENNEN, M. D.,

Inspector of Hospitals.

To the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

Gibraltar, Aug. 1828.

REV. AND DEAR SIRS,

* * * * * I GLADLY seize this part of my sheet, to state to you some interesting particulars respecting a Spanish Gentleman, who, while a refugee here, frequently attended our meetings; most evidently gained spiritual good; and, being eventually compelled, by circumstances, to sail for the Havannah, has just written me thence, in a way which, not only revives all the affection and hope that I formerly felt for him, but has led me to confide that we shall, one day, see him, among many others, crowned with glory in our heavenly Father's kingdom, and evidently the fruit of our Spanish Mission.

It may be well for me to premise, with regard to his earlier history, that he is of a respectable family, that he was himself possessed of property, and that he was for many years successfully engaged in an extensive mercantile concern. He is a person rather advanced

in life, and evidently a man of education, reading, and thought; but that which gives a singular impression in his favour is, the more than ordinary simplicity, integrity, and cordial affection, which severe misfortunes have not been able to disguise. He has a wife and one son; the latter was given him in answer to many prayers after, I think, at least 12 or 14 years' childless marriage. His wife and son, for whom his affection is, at once, most exemplary and most distressing, are not the companions of his flight, but the living victims at home of the persecution, by which it has been caused. Some years ago, he procured a copy of the Scriptures from Gibraltar, but whether it was more than the New Testament I doubt, but do not know. The perusal of this copy, the events of the late revolution in Spain, the disclosure of many popish impostures, and above all the good work of the Spirit on his heart, produced much of the enlightening of his mind on the nature of inward religion; and he often sought in the retirement of reading, and in the devotion of secret prayer, those consolations which mere ceremonies, always pompous when they are not ridiculous, could never yield him.

The re-establishment of despotism in Spain, put the enemies of all liberal and enlightened men into power, and of this an unprincipled relative took a cruel advantage. He laid an unjust claim to a portion of my friend's property, and when the attempt was steadily resisted, he accused his relative of crimes against Religion and the State, and created against him a severe and most unmerited persecution, which compelled him to seek in flight his personal safety from assassination, long imprisonment, or an ignominious death; while, in the mean time, his property was wasted among the Friars, his vile relative, and the officers of *injustice*; and his beloved wife and child, were reduced to poverty and dependence. He was for some months in Gibraltar, endeavouring to find means of establishing himself here; and he eagerly clung to this hope, because of the liberty with which we are favoured, and the comparative vicinity of this Garrison to his home. But the commercial interests of Gibraltar have long been rapidly declining, till at length they seem to be near the lowest ebb. After many struggles, therefore, my good friend came to the resolution of going to the Havannah, where, remote from the scene of persecution, and neither having nor having had any treasonable designs, he might be guided by the hand of God to some means of provision for himself, and his tenderly endeared wife and son.

One day, when he called to see me, I perceived that he was much depressed, and, upon enquiring the reason, he informed me of his resolution; and added, as he drew some papers from his pocket, that he could not rest without writing to his son a letter of paternal advice, which he had brought for my perusal, that I might candidly express my views of it, and point out its defects. He had great difficulty in

proceeding, and, sobs frequently interrupting him, he was at length obliged to give up the task. I took a copy of the letter, which I will now transcribe.

‘MY VERY AFFECTIONATE SON,

‘WITH tears in my eyes, I have taken up my pen to write thee this letter; those tears spring from the fountain of thy Father’s heart. Let it not be wearisome to thee, for me to repeat what I have already often said,—Fear God, obey thy Mother and thy superiors, and be a good boy. Fix for ever thy attention on what I am about to say. Remember, that it is thy affectionate Father, who speaks to thee, by means of the present writing, for thy spiritual and temporal good; indeed, this he desires for thee, as much as for himself. The malice of certain persons has been, in the secret judgments of God, the principal cause, so far as I can see, why I have seen myself compelled to separate from thy endeared society, and that of thy beloved Mother. She may ever tell thee, with truth, of the struggling feelings of our hearts mutually, in the moment when I took leave of her, in the afternoon of the sixth of April, in the present year, (1827;) and thou canst not cease to remember, when I made the sign of the cross upon thy innocent face, that thou sawest fall from my eyes the tears, which sprang from the grief and emotion which filled my heart; while I thought, that perhaps this would be the last time, and that possibly thou wouldst never again kiss my hands, nor I thy beloved face, as we then did that very afternoon, just before thou wentest to school. And thus it was, that thou wast separated from the bosom of thy Father, till God’s will be served.

‘I arrived on the 20th of the same month at this place, where English generosity has opened to me an asylum, and here I still remain. I have endeavoured to find some means of subsistence here, until I might be restored to thy company, and that of thy Mother; but, in spite of all the enquiries which I, as well as other good persons, have made, it is not possible; especially as I do not possess the English language, and the place is overflowed with emigrants, many of whom converse in various languages. Finding myself in such critical circumstances, and not gaining a farthing, but, on the contrary, being upon daily expenses, I have not ceased to implore God to direct me, as to what I ought to do. Beside this, I have consulted with different persons of maturity and experience, who have advised me, that the best appears to be, that I should go to the Havannah; as, from their knowledge of affairs, they think it likely, that there I should find employment, and make money; thus then, I have resolved to do, more for thy good, and that of thy Mother, than for my own alone.

‘Now then thou mayest consider, that the farther I remove from thee, and thy Mother, my spirit is beyond measure distressed; but,

though I clearly see that God calls me to try the bitterness of poverty and misfortune, yet not on this account have I failed, for a moment, to confide in His power and clemency ; and, if His omnipotent arm has dashed me down, I hope that, as He listens to my submissive and reverent prayer, His supreme power will one day raise me up again. I have told thee all this, in order that, during my absence, and in proportion as thou growest up, thou mayest know, with certainty, the motives of my separation ; as well as my manner of thinking and acting ; and that thou mayest be convinced of my truly paternal feelings.

‘Notwithstanding the length of time it may please God that I may be separated from thee, or whatever it may be His will to do with my person, and although I know that thou hast a good Mother, who will well understand how to replace my absence in watching over thy moral education ; yet I cannot avoid giving thee some precepts for thy spiritual and temporal welfare, as well as that thou mayest know my mode of thinking, in the belief of the religion which we profess.

‘1. Have always fixed and present in thy memory, my Son, that the end for which thou wast created is, to love and serve God in this life, and to see and enjoy Him in eternity.

‘2. If the law of God be written in thy heart, and His love shed abroad abundantly there, obedience to His commandments will be easy and agreeable to thee, because “the yoke of Christ is easy and His burden light.” The law of God is comprehended in one word, *viz.* in *loving* God, for what He is in Himself, and for the benefits which He dispenses to us ; and in *loving* our neighbour, in the fear of God.

‘3. Thus then “love that LORD with all thy soul, with all thy heart, with all thy understanding, and with all thy strength ; and love thy neighbour as thyself ;” because charity is the grand disposition of good men, and without it every thing is in vain. The Lord has said, “My son, give me thy heart !” and, if thou do this, all the affections of thy soul will be holy and heavenly ; thou wilt consider Him as thy supreme Good, and the fountain of thy happiness ; thou wilt love the creatures for the sake of God ; and all the beauty or sweetness, which thou mayest find in them, will lead thee to adore Him more and more ; in short, thou wilt fulfil His law, of which the substance is *Love*.

‘4. God is a most pure Spirit, and for this reason He ought to be “worshipped in Spirit, and in truth ;” and vain therefore will it be to trust in appearances, or to have Him near with words, when in reality the heart is far from Him.

‘5. “Do not take the name of God in vain, for the Lord will not hold thee guiltless,” if in this way thou profane it. Always reverence His holy Name, so that thou never take it into thy lips without

making a pause, which may give thee time to remember, who He is, and how terrible !

‘ 6. Observe the Lord’s day, which is Sunday, since His goodness has condescended to establish this day, that we may particularly devote it to His worship and adoration. Abstain, therefore, on this day, from all work, and other things, which are not either of absolute necessity, or mercy. Let this day be, with particularity, thy heavenly pleasure; and let thy house be the house of God; let the preaching of the Divine word be thy spiritual food, and prayer the breath of thy soul. Do all this, and God will love thee, the Lord Jesus Christ will grant thee His grace, and the Holy Spirit will enlighten thy mind.

‘ 7. Honour continually, in every time and age, thy Mother and me; for, besides its being a thing natural and becoming, God expressly commands it; and to observe this, is so pleasing to Him, that He has promised that he who obeys shall live long upon the earth. To do this, therefore, take care to obey thy Parents, to preserve their reputation, to assist them in their labours and distresses, and to help and sustain them in their old age. And thou oughtest to do the same, proportionally, in respect and honour of any other superior, equal, or inferior; and always shew a love to thy neighbour, equally with reference to his life, and to his salvation; for he who is truly good is so relatively.

‘ 8. The love of thy neighbour, as it respects the purity of thy heart, thy words, and thy actions, is another duty binding upon thee. And thus thou must be very continent, modest, and chaste; for any action, word, look, or thought, which is immodest, will make thee offensive in the presence of God, although it should be done so secretly, that only God and thy own conscience may know of it. Therefore, maintain the most perfect purity in heart, in conversation, and in conduct. Flee from all bad company. Respect the reputation and good name of others, for thou oughtest to have as much concern for the fair name of another as for thy own; hence, avoid all sorts of wit, censure, or ridicule, which thou wouldst not like to fall upon thyself. Especially be grateful to benefactors.

‘ 9. When the proper time arrives, be content with the lot which God will assign thee; and neither envy nor injure another’s enjoyments, nor wish to deprive him of them, that thou thyself mightest possess them. In a word, the secret desires of thy heart are not permitted thee, for obtaining any one thing which God has prohibited.

‘ 10. Be humble; for this virtue is the root of all others, as also it is the very soil in which they grow. And our Lord Jesus Christ has promised, that He will exalt the humble and confound the proud. Moreover, He commands us to be meek and lowly of heart, as He Himself is. Therefore, my Son, be humble, and thou wilt know thyself; thou wilt see, with all clearness, the state of thy conscience, and

learn to live constantly dependent on the wisdom, the grace, and the power of our Heavenly Father.

‘ 11. “ Faith is the foundation of the things which are hoped for, and a conviction of those which are not seen ;” wherefore endeavour to gain true faith, and thou wilt be able to look at temporal things with the indifference which they deserve, and thou wilt live as if thou wert a citizen of Heaven. But thou must know, that, “ without faith all thy works are as dead ;” because our religion does not consist in being merely a business of the lips, or of the knee, but of the heart, inflamed with the love of God, and convinced of the faith by means of the understanding. By this thou wilt perceive, that “ the kingdom of God consists in righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” Never, never cease to implore this influence, and to thee shall be fulfilled what our Divine Saviour has said,—“ Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you :” and he has equally assured us, that,—“ Every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth ; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.”

‘ 12. Endeavour, as thou growest up, to be a wise Christian ; and, for this purpose, devote thyself to moral philosophy ; and let the Bible be thy companion, for it will make thee wise in the science of salvation. As to this worldly wisdom, and the science of the world, it is not essential to those, who, with humility and diligence, seek the other. But remember, that by this, I do not mean to say to thee, abandon the instruction which thou oughtest to appropriate to thyself, in the class and rank which thou occupiest in society ; rather thou must endeavour to learn whatever becomes thee, for fulfilling the obligations of thy situation, and for knowing how to gain a livelihood.

‘ To close : “ The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with thee. Amen.”

‘ This, my beloved Son, is what appears to me my duty to say to thee ; and though thou art not yet old enough to comprehend it well, yet, growing up, thou wilt know its importance ; and thy fulfilling it will be the greatest satisfaction that, as thy Father, I can have.

‘ To my wife, thy tender Mother, say, that I wish her to be conformed to the will of God ; and that, though I am far from you, I have you always present, and feel more painfully your sufferings than my own banishment. Obey her as a good son, console her in her afflictions, and never abandon her : us thy Father, who with his bowels loves thee, I charge this upon thee, as well as implore it of thee, by the glory of my own Father and Mother, and by the love of God. Adieu, my beloved Son ! Adieu, thou joy of my eyes, and consolation of my heart ! Give a thousand embraces to thy Mother for me. Adieu, till we meet by the will of God ! Or, if we never meet again, let His holy and divine will be done in me ! I remain, thy

Father, longing to see you, and to embrace you both, thee and my wife, thy Mother, if God permit.'

I regret, dear Sirs, that I am not able to detail, in this sheet, the conversation to which the above letter gave rise, nor the note accompanying it to my friend's estimable wife, nor the letter which I have lately received from him, from the Havannah. But you see, that the Spanish work here is not altogether in vain. This, however, is not the only individual whom, I trust, you will one day see in glory, as the fruit of our feeble, and almost unknown, little work. I hope for better days. Last ordinance we had thirteen communicants: The congregations are a little improving. I trust, that we shall recover from the severe blow, which we had some months since, and which has cost me much feeling. But I am now waiting the decision of Conference respecting me; and am ready for removal, if to God and you it shall seem best. Meantime, I am fairly happy, and the people of my temporary charge give me every proof of affection that I can wish. Good old Mr. Davis labours heartily and well, and is made a blessing to the pious; what greater favour can any man have of heaven?

Your affectionate Servant,
WILLIAM BARBER.

The following letter was written to the Rev. James Dixon, in consequence of the recent decease of his excellent wife.

Gibraltar, Aug. 16, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD, several times, almost determined not to write a word to you just now, but to leave your knowledge of me to intimate, how sincerely I must sympathise with you, and how anxiously I must wish for you the help of the Almighty, both in consolation and direction. It would, perhaps, be quite difficult, if not impossible, to say exactly why I now do otherwise; for what can I say to purpose? The moment is now gone by, and to enlarge at the present time may be worse than useless; and, after all, what can be effected by sympathy, as the ordinary condolence of friends is called? Surely, it cannot be in the topics which they suggest, nor in the new direction given to thought by those topics, a thousand times repeated, and a thousand times felt to be too feeble for the occasion, that the secret is supposed to lie, by which the stormy feelings of affection, or grief when tempestuously agitated by a gust of the wind of adversity, may be laid to slumber in the peaceful and well regulated heart, in which they

are found for a while vexed and vexing the very soul. No ; I rather incline to think, that every man feels, as it were, instinctively, that if a friend have lost, by the irreversible decree of death, one dear to him, it will not do to lose another, by the reversible predominancy of sorrow. And, therefore, each sets about giving the best appearance possible to the wish, that his friend may remember the claims of society upon him ; but, at the same time, without allowing this to be the ostensible reason.

The claims of society !—Ah ! how impotent is such a plea as this to a mind, under the recent pressure of distress, and inclined to indulge its sorrow ! If the mind be weak and enervated, it will, indeed, prove an impotent plea ; but if not, then it will be the staff, on which principle will lay its strong and venturous grasp, in order to rise above the load, under which it had sunk.

The claims of society !—Yes ; they are inalienable, and bound up with our duty to God, the salvation of souls, the glory of Christ, and the welfare of our dear children, now far more endeared than ever. I should think, that a living child, whose one Parent God has seen best to remove, must be to the remaining Parent far dearer than before. And how many persons have the strong affections of the heart, gathering round such defenceless and dependent beings, roused by an influence and a strength, that seemed supernatural, to heave off their load of unmanageable sorrow ! an effect, this, which would have been impossible from any other motives.

I cannot easily tell you, my dear Mr. D., what I have felt from the reflection, that the manner in which I bore that tremendous shock, amidst the most tremendous heavings of which you were by my side, has for ever deprived me of the fair opportunity, which I had of honouring the Saviour's grace, by triumphing, through principle, over the tumults of passion. Nor can I enough regret the power over me, which one ever-recurring thought had to prevent my rising. When it was suggested to me, ' that the consolations of God might enable me to surmount all my distresses ;' my inward answer was,—' I do not feel them, and I scorn to pretend to them ;'—as if those consolations could be obtained without effort ; or, as if God, though infinitely loving to us, could consistently comfort and console us, against our own severe and sturdy refusal of Him as a Comforter.

But I scarcely either know what I am writing, or consider to whom, or remember my ignorance of what, in fact, may be the state of his mind. I will, nevertheless, let this go. You know me. You are acquainted with my heart, my soul, and my way of thinking, if any way I have. And you know, that the deep and continued anxiety of my heart for you is, that you may now be preserved, comforted, directed, and made happy, by seeing your precious babes placed in

the way to follow to Heaven yourself, and their estimable and glorified Mother.

Wherever you are, or under whatever circumstances you may be placed, both you and those babes will be inexpressibly dear to

Your truly affectionate,

WILLIAM BARBER.

P. S.—I mentioned the intelligence of your loss to the Congregation here; it excited considerable feeling, for you are greatly loved among the people, and many hearty prayers have been offered to God in your behalf.

CHAPTER XV.

Admission into full Connexion by the Conference—Commencement and Awful Ravages of the Yellow-Fever, at Gibraltar—Final Letters—Accepts the Office of Acting Chaplain to the Forces—Numerous Calls to visit the Sick, and bury the Dead—Death and Character.

AT the London Conference, which, just about this time, was brought to a conclusion, my dear Brother's testimonials of established health, and general fitness for the work of the Ministry, were examined and unanimously approved; it was, consequently, agreed, that he should be forthwith received into full connexion with the Preachers; and, of course, permission was given him to prosecute his intentions with respect to marriage, as soon as he pleased. But, alas! 'the thoughts of God are not as our thoughts, neither are His ways as our ways!' Before the decision of the Conference could possibly reach him, the calamity had occurred to the town and garrison of Gibraltar, which eventually terminated his valued life.

I greatly lament, that the anticipations which, from certain passages of his subsequent letters, we had encouraged, respecting a full account of the rise and progress of this awful pestilence, have not been realised. The only documents on the subject, which I can find among his papers, shall now be submitted to the public.

*To the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.**Gibraltar, Oct. 10, 1828.*

REV. AND DEAR SIRS,

I CANNOT neglect the opportunity, offered by the packet, of writing to you, interested as you must be in our present situation. The newspapers will, no doubt, have informed you that the yellow-fever, so fatal here in 1804 and 1813, has again made its appearance; and, in spite of the most vigorous measures to prevent it, has prevailed to a very painful extent. It is probable that report has exaggerated the truth; I shall, therefore, confine myself to a simple statement of facts, for which, indeed, I am in some measure qualified, by the friendship of Dr. Hennen, the Head Physician of the Garrison; and by the frequency of my visits to his office, for the purpose of rendering myself useful, if possible, combined with my activity, at present, in a somewhat official capacity, in the place of the Garrison Chaplain, who is ill of the disorder.

It was in the end of the month of August, that alarm was first excited, by the successive illness of several of the members of a very respectable family, in the habit of attending at our Chapel. The servant of that family sickened, and, at length, after removal from the house to another situation at no great distance, she died. The disease was taken, before this event, by two individuals; the one a Mrs. Silcox, who unfortunately concealed her illness, till it was too late to remedy it; the other a Mrs. Smith, who, after a very severe illness, was kindly, in the mercy of God, restored to her husband and numerous family. The police and medical regulations of this place are always put especially on the alert in autumn; and these cases, as they were immediately known, became instantaneously the impulse of increased precaution and daily examination. A very few days, however, decided all doubt in the most competent quarters; for new cases of disease occurring, it became clear, that we should have to see the progress, and to contend with the miseries, of a very decided and malignant epidemic fever, to which the Medical Gentlemen gave the appellation of 'autumnal bilious remittent;' I suppose, because the popular term, 'yellow-fever,' is either not scientific, or of very alarming sound: but of the nature of the disease there exists, I believe, in no quarter capable of forming a just estimate, the shadow of a doubt.

There is also another very important point connected with this disease, which seems equally to have fixed all the Medical Gentlemen in one uniform opinion, with reference to its origin. Many have maintained that yellow-fever is not a native of the place, but always imported when found at all. I suppose the history of the fever this year will leave no more doubt remaining; it is most plainly and cer-

tainly of native origin ; and whoever contemplates the circumstances of the place from actual observation, will be surprised, not that infectious bilious fever should originate here, but rather that any year should pass without its appearance, and unmarked by its awful devastations. What the atmospheric influences may be in originating this calamity, must remain, I suppose, as it always has been, a mystery too deep for investigation, and too uncertain to admit of consistent theory : one thing, however, is certain, that the past has been the coolest summer known here for many years ; most assuredly the coolest I have spent here ; and to this, the very unusual prevalence of westerly winds, which are always regarded as by far the most healthy for us, has mainly contributed. Another circumstance, singular enough, is, that while there have been each year insulated cases of decided yellow-fever, they have been for years confined to the individual sufferers ; while in this, the coolest, and, every one thought, the healthiest year of many that have passed over us safely, the cases which, when they commenced, seemed slight, almost immediately became epidemic, and now it is hidden among the secrets of God, when and where it shall stop.

But my business is not to indulge reflections, but rather to give you a sketch of facts ; which, if I should be permitted to live till these calamities are overpast, I may more particularly fill up.

Alarm began to spread about the 4th of September ; and on the 5th, an order was issued from the Government, that every individual living in the district infected, should immediately leave home, and encamp on the Neutral Ground, tent-equipage being provided for them there. You are aware, I suppose, that the Neutral Ground is that portion of the sands forming the isthmus which joins the Rock to the main land ; it is outside the fortifications, but may be swept by the Garrison guns. The impression, produced by this decided and vigorous measure, was both strong and painful : some imagined it unnecessary ; others exclaimed that it was tyrannical ; while many, remembering the sufferings of former epidemic years, felt a gloomy terror accompanying the apprehension of witnessing similar scenes of aggravated distress. It would be very difficult to convey any just idea of the scene presented to view. The order, to be of any use, was necessarily urgent : it was hoped, that, by clearing away the entire population of the district, all the infected individuals might be put outside the town : but this expectation was speedily baffled. The disease took, for some days, a well marked course from the very spot in which it commenced ; till mingling, at length, with the mass of the population, all effort to trace or restrain it was in vain. Very soon, nothing was left but to thin the population as much as possible, and, bending every effort of medical and police regulation to lessen the

mischief, to mitigate an evil which God would not allow to be extinguished.

Upwards of ten thousand people, it is calculated, have left the Garrison ; and yet, it is supposed, there are not fewer than three thousand within who have not passed the fever ; although nearly two thousand five hundred cases have already occurred, and more than four hundred and fifty have died. It is fearful to figure to one's mind the possible, perhaps probable, range of the disease among so many, especially as the worst part of the season has yet to be passed. However, I cannot avoid expressing my deep personal conviction, that we owe it to the distinguished zeal and vigilance of the measures authorised by his Excellency the Governor, and urged by the head of the medical department, Dr. Hennen, that we have not the whole town and territory of Gibraltar one great mass of disease and death. When I consider the amount of the population, estimated at nearly thirty thousand, including soldiers, the peculiar malignity of the disease, the subtlety of its infection, and the number of actual cases of sickness, I am surprised that our deaths are not even more numerous than they are ; nor is there a day I live, but I feel grateful to God, that, by the measures adopted, one-third part, at least, of those who could be food for this unsparing devourer of human life, are placed almost in assured safety : for, on the Neutral Ground and in the Bay, the probability of security is very great.

On the 7th of September, our Chapel was opened for the last Sabbath services ; but the congregation was so diminished, that we occupied no more than the lower part. We celebrated, on that day, the two ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The child baptised was an infant of Serjeant Grey, of the Royal Artillery. He and his excellent wife were present : they had set their minds on the day's exercise with peculiar feeling ; and we were more than ordinarily happy in the celebration. Our circumstances were very solemn ; we apprehended that it was the last time the Chapel would be open ; and every one seemed to feel the uncertainty of ever meeting in it again ; though, on looking round, no one seemed likely to die. On pouring the water on the face of the infant, I felt myself urged to offer up a prayer for its preservation, and for its Parents, with more than common power. These were friends, with whom I was in habits of the greatest intimacy ; both were persons of superior mind, and eminent for piety of the most consistent kind. He, for solidity and firmness of principle and conduct, has been seldom equalled, perhaps never surpassed : she, for animation, and energy, and zealous effort, has not left her superior behind. But both are gone ! They were incessant in their attentions to the neighbours in the next house, who were slightly attacked by the fever ; and this, with the very bad situation in which they lived, being in the line of the fever's direc-

tion, and of a drain from the side of the hill, from which the disease; it is most probable, arose, prepared them for a heavier stroke. I was with them this night three weeks; we spent some time in conversation, and closed with prayer. They were then both well; and talking, among other things, of what was to be done in case of an attack of disease. The next day, or that which followed, Mrs. Grey sickened: in four or five days, Mr. Grey himself was incapable of holding up any longer. I called that morning to enquire after them, and was told that he was just going to the hospital. He was still the same unmoved, but deeply feeling, man that, in more happy times, I had always found him. I assisted him to the hospital waggon. He just told me, that he felt his circumstances very painful, but was quite satisfied; nothing like a murmur escaped him, though, from his appearance and manners, I felt persuaded that his recovery was highly improbable; and I think he felt so himself. Mrs. Grey revived for a day or two, but, at last sunk, after leaving the most delightful testimony of clear and animated faith, and love, and hope. 'Oh!' said she to a friend, who is himself at this moment ill with a severe attack of the disease, 'Oh! if this be dying, why, O why, did not the Lord let me go just now? Should I recover after this, no more names or parties for me,—none but Christ and his faithful followers!' A few minutes before she expired, she was probably delirious, for she thought she saw a friend, of whose death, two or three days before, she had not been informed. After pointing, and mentioning his name, she said, 'He is beckoning me to come to him!—Well,' said she, addressing him, 'just stay a minute, and I'll come with you.' And so she did, for she almost instantly expired. This excellent pair are thus removed together, for her husband died the same night at the hospital. They were very dear to me, and I shall feel the loss of them greatly. They were not members of our Society: he was of the Scotch Church, and she an Independent, of Mr. Parsons' Church, at Leeds: but their decided piety commanded my veneration, while their personal attachment won my heart.

Another invaluable friend whom we have lost, is Quarter-master Sergeant Vagg, a member of my Class, and my very intimate friend. The last time we met in Class, several observed the peculiarly happy and holy state of his mind. He, like Mr. and Mrs. Grey, was universally esteemed: even the profligate admired him, and would gladly oblige him. But I cannot say more of him, or of others now: my paper is full, and my time is gone; and my heart recoils from the recital of such losses, even though I am strongly reminded, of the probability that, ere long, I may cease to have power to deplore them.

All places of public assembly were ordered to be closed on September 9th; and almost all business was immediately suspended. The respectable, I mean the monied, inhabitants, who could, made their

escape, in every direction which was open ; though, by this time, a cordon was laid down by the Spaniards ; and soon after, a proclamation, denouncing the punishment of instant death to any one landing from Gibraltar, was published by the Governor of the Province.

Some days ago, a letter was addressed to me from the Governor, requesting the use of the Chapel, in this emergency, as an hospital. I immediately called together several of our leading members, and read the Governor's letter ; when it was instantly, and without difference of opinion, decided that the Chapel should be placed, with all cordiality, at the disposal of His Excellency.

The Chaplain of the Forces has taken the complaint very severely. Dr. Hennaen told me just now, that it is most likely by far he will die. He is, at present, on the verge of the last hope ; and I have been requested by the Government to officiate in his stead, in the melancholy work of burying the dead. Twice a-day, therefore, I have the painful duty of going a mile and a half to the ground. Thence I have just returned, after burying five bodies in one grave, and a civilian separately. The correspondence on these subjects you will, one day, receive, if I live ; if not, it is perhaps enough to know, that my conduct has been approved in the highest quarters here : and I hope if I drop, that this will hereafter turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel. I am, undoubtedly, now so exposed, that nothing but a special Providence indeed can protect my life. I have it now, indeed, in my hand. But when better motives run low, I ask myself,—Why should not I be exposed, as well as medical men and others ? And there is nothing in me better than another to make me exempt, by merit, from a death, however sudden and calamitous, into which others, far, far more worthy, and more pious, than I, have sunk. Of course, I feel deeply at the possibility, that this is the last letter I shall write to you ; for I have no constitution to stand against a violent attack of fever. But should that be the case, I now leave my deliberate testimony, that I believe salvation by Jesus Christ to be the true and only worthy object of human life, as a whole. I lament and bewail my own personal unfaithfulness, and Ministerial insufficiency. I feel most deeply that I have nothing to trust to for eternity, but the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The atonement of the Son of God, and the sanctification of the Spirit of Jesus, are the only ground of hope to your affectionate servant.

I forgot to mention, that my man-servant took the fever and died. I am living at the house of Mr. Barnard, whom I hope, should I die, you will remunerate. The family are very dear and kind friends.

Our greatest number of deaths in one day, according to the official medical report, is twenty-nine ; but the number has diminished since, so that some slight hope is felt of a turn in the course of the disease ; but the east wind has set in, and the heavy rains keep off. Well ! it is the will of God !—it is the will of God ! Yet He hears and an-

swers prayer. O! pray for us, then; for our need of the mercy of God is very great.

Your affectionate and obedient Servant,
In the Gospel of the Lord Jesus,

W. BARBER.

The following, to his Father, is the last Letter that my dear Brother ever wrote to either of his relatives.

Gibraltar, Oct. 12, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER,

I CANNOT let the Packet depart, without hastily scribbling enough to let you know, that your son William is thus far safe from the disease, which is raging around him; though how long he may continue so is, of course, to the last degree uncertain. It is most probable, that you have heard exaggerated accounts of the yellow-fever's prevailing here. I shall, however, have only just time to state two or three leading facts.

The disease is ascertained, as nearly as any thing of the kind can be, to be of local origin. It appeared, at first, in the end of August, at a house situated about 200 yards from our Chapel. On the 4th of September, alarm spread; and then the Spaniards put on a *cordon*, and proclaimed instant death, as the penalty of any attempt to land, on their territory, from Gibraltar. On the 5th, the infected district of the Town was ordered to be entirely cleared of its inhabitants, who were provided with tents on the Neutral Ground. On the 7th, we had our last Sabbath-day exercises; for, on the 9th, an order from the Government was issued, for closing all places of public assembly; and apprehension, now, so generally prevailed, that almost all business was suspended. No stroke could have been more fatal than this, to the interests of Gibraltar just now; it is regarded as the last of a series of misfortunes, destined to accomplish its ruin.

The Mission-premises were soon in the very centre of infection, and I, therefore, thought it best to remove. I accepted the offer of some friends, to receive me at the South part of the Rock, and strongly advised Paulo, my servant-man, and his younger brother, to go out to Camp. He, however, entreated me to allow him to stay at the Mission-House, as he had no fear respecting the issue; and I, at length, unhappily complied with his request. He soon afterwards sickened; and, contrary to my earnest and express desire, concealed his illness from me: in four or five days he died.

It is supposed, that upwards of ten thousand persons have gone out of the Garrison, either to encamp on the Neutral Ground between us

and the Spaniards, or to escape in different ways; but there is, of course, great difference between alarm and precaution, and the actual prevalence of disease. You may then rely on the following facts:—the number of cases in all, which have as yet occurred, is 2500, a few, and but a few, more or less; and the number of deaths, is something more than 450; but there are still, beside the soldiers, nearly, or quite 3000 persons, who have never had the fever; these, indeed, are all encamped, and, therefore, out of the Town; but there are, at least, 3000 more within the walls, who may be victims of the disease; and now we are only at the 12th of October, having the worst part of the season to pass; for, from the number of cases and deaths which have occurred, our atmosphere must be full of disease; yet, hitherto, God has generally favoured us with strong winds.

Our Chapel has been required as an hospital, though it is not yet employed; but the new Church is already occupied. Three medical men have died, and several more are ill. I attribute it, under God, to nothing but the unparalleled vigour and efforts of Dr. Hennen, that we are not all in the most horrid confusion, and one vast heap of disease and death. The disease is so insidious, malignant, rapid, and infectious, that, had not the people been greatly thinned, our situation would have been far worse than it is; and, had it not been for the wise arrangements which have been made, the evil would have been far more oppressive; but, after all, great numbers of the poor people, that are excluded from the town, have to be kept from starvation by public charity.

The Garrison Chaplain is now lying at the point of death, and I have been requested by the Government, to officiate on the burial-ground, in his stead. I have buried twelve persons in one day, this, as yet, is the highest number. I am, however, thus in the very midst of infection continually, and hence, I have very little hope of escape. Indeed, how can I hope it? or why should I? since I am no better than others, who sicken and die.

I have lost several of my dearest, and most intimate, friends on the Rock, and many of my acquaintances. Well; if disease should be permitted to take me as a victim, it shall find me at the post of duty. I commend myself most heartily to your prayers. Oh, my dear Father, Brothers, and Sisters! how gladly would I once more embrace you! But I trust, that the blood of Jesus will be the means of our meeting in Heaven.

I have received the kind and cheerful letters of my friends in England, relative to my full admission into Connexion. I thank them heartily for their congratulations; but what do they all avail now?—E———, dear lovely girl, is, by a special Providence, detained, and that in a remarkable manner, at Malta; and, by this time, she must have received my letter, to direct her to wait sometime longer in

safety, where she is. But now, after all, I shall, perhaps, have to leave her *an unmarried widow*. Should that, unhappily, be the case, I am sure, that I shall not commend her in vain to your earnest affections, if you should ever see her. With love to all my Brothers and Sisters,

I am, my dearest Father,
Your affectionate Son,
WILLIAM.

The following two letters, the former by Dr. Hennen, and the latter by my Brother, were written on the same sheet to Mr. Pyne, of Gibraltar, who, by some peculiar circumstances of a providential character, had been detained in England, away from all this scene of confusion, pestilence, and death.

Gibraltar, Oct. 16, 1828.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

NOTHING can be worse than our situation up to last night. We have lost 566 persons, as appears by the *returns*; but I have no doubt, that 100 more may be added of persons, who have died in their houses, without being reported to me. Five medical men have already fallen; but the Almighty still defends me, sinner that I am, and ungrateful for all his mercies! Your Clerk was very ill, but is now better. Mrs. Hennen is better. To state deaths to you, would far exceed my power. I shall, however, name a few: the Rev. Mr. Hatchman, (Garrison Chaplain); Mr. Walsall; Sergt. and Mrs. Grey; the two daughters of Mr. Cresswell; and Deputy-Commissary Smith. We had, last night, 915 sick on the reports; and, perhaps, there were 150 more, that were not reported: I leave my paper to Mr. Barber; and, if we live, I shall shew you such letters from him, as place him at the very head of the class of men of *practical* piety. I shall send those letters* to the Conference; and they ought to be printed. Do not come here.

Ever Yours,
I. HENNEN.

* What those letters, to which the Doctor refers, really were, I have no means of ascertaining; for, alas! he, also, soon fell a victim to the all-devouring fever.
—A. B.

Gibraltar, Oct. 16, 1828.

MY DEAR MR. PYNE,

EVERY remaining friend is to us, now, very dear indeed. What a scene surrounds us! What a scene have I before me every day on the Neutral Ground! I rejoice more than I can tell you, and am more thankful than I care to describe, that you, by the good providence of God, were led away before this awful calamity burst on this unhappy place. Had your valuable life been spared by the disease, it would have been sacrificed by distress! a mind and heart all sensibility must either burst now, or change its very nature. But this is no time for any very particular expression of feeling, or description of facts; in some future time you will hear enough,—too much, from those who may be survivors. As for myself, I know not what reason I have, and I am sure I have no right, to hope to be spared; yet God has, in mercy to me, and in answer to the prayers, as I may without vanity believe, of many dear friends here and in England, spared me to see the 16th of October: but no man can now calculate upon a single hour; and deaths are very, very numerous, at three or four days illness. Among the members of our congregation, beside poor Mr. Wall-sall, we have lost both Mr. and Mrs. Grey. Their infant is spared, and under the guardianship of Captain Cameron. Quarter-master Serjeant Vagg is likewise gone; Mrs. Vagg and the children are spared. But the list is too painful to run over. You see, I have lost some of my most intimate friends in the Society, to whom my warmest affections were linked, for their piety and love. Great God! how terrible is this! A fierce disease, which you can neither see, nor hear, nor touch, springs invisibly on its victims; and not by ones or twos, but by scores and hundreds, we are putting them into the grave. The number of the dead is so great, that to bury them in single graves is impracticable. Trenches are dug, and the coffins (for, thank God, as yet coffins can be had, though only by the most praise-worthy vigour of the Government,) are laid side by side, in regular but most afflictive order. Yesterday, for example, I read the funeral service over nineteen bodies in the Protestant Ground! More than that number, of course, were likewise interred in the grounds of the Catholics and Jews. This morning I had to discharge the same melancholy duty for ten more; and how many may follow in the afternoon, I cannot guess. You will not think me stretching my respect beyond the bounds of truth, when I say, that I regard it as one of the most special mercies of God, amidst the judgments of this awful time, that Dr. Hennen was stationed here before it began, and that his health has been hitherto preserved. To his vigorous and decided measures we owe it, under God, that we have not one universal waste of disease and death. It is generally believed,

that the kind or type of the disease is fully as malignant as in 1804 ; and the only reason why effects so dreadful, as of that year, have not yet resulted, must be found in the superiority of the measures adopted. Think of the crowded state of the Garrison ; think of its pouring forth, at Land-port, at least ten thousand of the inhabitants ; of the Neutral Ground, covered with tents and sheds of the most temporary nature ; of the thousands out of employ, dependent on the charity of others for daily support ; of the sacrifices which every body must make ; of the numbers who have fled from danger and duty ; and of the many,—for, thank God, they are not few,—who stand manfully, amidst the raging of disease, and the threats of famine, to alleviate the miseries of the rest ; among whom, Mr. T. G. Turner, and Mr. Cochrane, who is to-day down with the fever, are pre-eminent. But I must close. Miss Hennen continues in health ; she is the life and soul of her invaluable Father, to whom this afflicted place is infinitely more indebted than it can ever be possible for the inhabitants to acknowledge, or the world to know, though much will, and ought to be known. I perceive that Dr. Hennen has expressed himself strongly about me. There is more of friendship in this, than the occasion calls for. The Governor has required the use of the Chapel as an hospital, and requested me to act as Chaplain, *ad interim*. The mournful duties of this station I have had to fulfil for Mr. Hatchman, among others : never have I had duties so melancholy to discharge. The burial-ground and the hospitals are spots of intense infection, and I am every moment with my life in my hand. But, ‘What do ye more than others?’ There are very many who deserve infinitely higher praise, if praise at such a moment can be thought of with innocence, than I. With a very, very sinful heart, and a life that looks to me only in the light of something far worse than a blank, I prostrate myself at the feet of Jesus, and hope for every thing through His atonement alone. Yet that heart feels that it is very affectionately yours.

W. BARBER.

The above is the last letter which I can find, as written by my deceased Brother ; for it will be seen, by the following accounts, that in a very few days subsequently to its date, he himself was arrested by the disease, which quickly proved fatal.

The first account, which the family received, respecting this distressing circumstance, was addressed to myself, in a letter from an old and intimate friend and Brother in the Ministry, at that time stationed in Swansea. I shall proceed to lay it before the Public.

Swansea, Nov. 19, 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

YOU will, no doubt, feel much surprised at the receipt of a letter from an old friend. Certain information, however, which I received this morning, induced me to determine on writing you immediately; and, in so doing, you will give me credit for saying, that I have been guided only by those feelings of friendship, which have so long subsisted between us. I would fain, that any other event than the one, which I am about to mention, had been the occasion of our renewing our epistolary correspondence, and which my hand almost refuses to write.

You are aware, that my excellent friend and Superintendent, Mr. Pratten, was, for the last three years previously to his coming to Swansea, stationed with your Brother, and my much esteemed Friend, on the Rock of Gibraltar; and you have, no doubt, seen in the public papers accounts of the very awful manner, in which the fever has of late been raging there. Mr. P. has this morning received a letter from Gibraltar, and ——— the rest you may surmise! ———

With Mr. P.'s permission, I send you the following extracts from the above letter, which is dated the 5th inst., and written by a Mrs. Barnard. After giving an account of several persons, who have fallen victims to the fever, the writer proceeds:—

‘When the district, in which the Mission-House is situated, began to feel its ravages, we offered Mr. Barber to cast his lot in our family. At first, however, he said, that he thought of going to Serjeant Grey’s, near Southport Gate; but afterwards, fearing that it might bring the Serjeant into difficulties, he came and told us, that he would accept our offer, and this we considered a great privilege. On the 7th of September, we were permitted, for the last time, to tread the hallowed courts of our God; there were, however, very few present. Mr. Davis preached in the morning, and afterwards Mr. Barber baptised Mr. Grey’s little boy, and then administered the Lord’s Supper. It was a solemn season, and I believe I may truly say, that the Lord was in our midst, and that to bless us. In the evening, Mr. B. preached from the barren fig-tree. Not long afterwards the Garrison Chaplain was taken ill, and died; and, as there was then no one to perform the funeral services for the dead, Mr. B. offered himself for the purpose, and was accepted. Twice a-day, therefore, he went to the ground on horseback, at eight o’clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon. He likewise had to visit the sick in the hospital; which was running a great risk; but as he saw that it was the path of duty, he did not shrink from it.

‘On Sunday, the 19th of October, he went in the morning to the

Neutral Ground, and again at two o'clock in the afternoon, when he interred a Doctor's wife in the sands. On his return home, he baptised the child of a soldier, belonging to the 94th Regiment, and then went again to the Neutral Ground to bury many persons; the exact number, I cannot say; but he has read us a list of eighteen names of persons that were put into one trench, at one time! You will naturally say, how awful to hear of such things! What then must it have been to see them! When Mr. B. came home again, he was quite tired, but after tea he went to see Mr. Abercrombie, and others, who were ill in the hospital; so that you see, he must have had a great deal of fatigue. However, he went to bed tolerably well; and the next morning he said, that he felt quite well.

On the Tuesday evening, he was sent for by the Doctor to see a sick man in the hospital, and he therefore went; but when he returned, he said, that he felt sick at the stomach. He took some castor-oil, and went to bed; but between twelve and one o'clock he was taken very ill, with symptoms of fever. He immediately alarmed the family, and Mr. Barnard went for Dr. Matthews; but found that he was gone home, and we afterwards heard, that he was taken ill about the same time, and is since dead. However, Dr. Hennen came, and brought with him Dr. Doe, who both said, that it was a severe attack. Knowing his constitution, and fearing the consequences, we certainly were much alarmed. He soon became delirious, and spoke at random. Mr. B., and myself, sat up with him the remainder of the night, during which he was very restless. In the morning Dr. H., and three other medical men, visited him, but they gave us little hope. The next night Mr. and Mrs. Herbert sat up with him; he spent a better night than the former, and in the morning we thought him improved. At intervals he became sensible, and, during his illness, he conducted himself with great patience. Every possible attention was paid him, by his medical friends; and, I trust, that we were not slack on our part, in doing every thing for his comfort and restoration. But, alas! it pleased God to remove him from us. On Saturday night, Mr. B., and myself, sat up with him. He slept till just before four o'clock in the morning, when he awoke, as one that had been dreaming, and began talking at random. We immediately saw, that he was changed for the worse. He was very restless, and when we asked him, if he was in pain, he replied, "No;" but complained of lightness in his head. Early in the morning Messrs. Davis and Caulfield called, and they both thought, that he was dying; but we could not believe, that his end was so near. A number of friends called, and remained with us for some time. At about ten o'clock, he had the black vomit. He seemed now quite sensible of the approach of death. He looked round the room, and not seeing Hannah or myself, he said,—“Call all the family together, and let me see you once more before I go.” When

we came, he did not say any thing to us, but looked upon us with a smile, and then seemed lost again. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Fraser said,—“ You are going to glory !” He immediately answered,—“ Amen ! Amen !” My husband then asked him, “ if he felt Christ precious ?” He said,—“ Yes, very precious ! happy ! happy ! happy !” and soon afterwards he added,—“ Glory ! Glory !” But, though I was present, I cannot describe the scene.

‘ It was a great trial to part with one, who had lived seven weeks under our roof, and who was become as one of the family. We all loved him much. He was as an elder brother to our children ; and we pray, that the many lessons, which he has impressed upon their minds, may not be easily forgotten. At a quarter before four o’clock in the afternoon, on Sunday, the 26th of October, his happy spirit took its flight into the realms above, doubtless, to sing the praises of redeeming love for ever and ever.’

I trust, my dear Brother, that both yourself, and your excellent Father and family, will be graciously supported under this painful dispensation. ‘ God is a very present help in time of trouble.’ But I need not direct you, whence to obtain consolation. Believe me,

Your sincere, and

Sympathising Friend,

JOHN WESLEY BUTTON.

Somewhere about the same time, that the above intelligence reached me, the Missionary Secretaries in London received the following communication from Mr. Davis, of Gibraltar.

‘ It falls to me to forward to you the melancholy account of the death of our highly-esteemed, and much-loved Brother and Pastor, the Rev. Wm. Barber. He was seized with the existing fever on Tuesday, the 21st of October, in consequence of attending to the call of a sick soldier, belonging to the 23rd Regiment ; and he died on the Sunday following, surrounded by myself, and many of his flock. On Monday morning, at eight o’clock, his remains were attended by as many of the Society, as could make it convenient, and interred in our own ground, according to his own request, while in health ; and I performed the last rite over him, while many were in tears.

‘ As I know that it will give you pleasure, I would beg leave to add, that as he was highly valued and esteemed in life, by all ranks who knew him, so he is deeply regretted in death.

‘ As soon as the awful visitation, through which we are passing, shall subside a little, a more minute account of his sickness and death shall be transmitted to you.’

Nothing, therefore, now remains for me, but to present the Reader with as many of those particulars, to which the last paragraph alludes; as I have been able to collect.

The following is an extract from a letter received by my sorrowing Father.

Gibraltar, Nov. 11, 1828.

RESPECTED AND VERY DEAR SIR,

A STRANGER has to address you,—a stranger, indeed, to you personally, but not so to your name and character; having often heard them dwelt upon, with all the emphasis of filial affection. But on what subject have I to address you? It is, my dear Sir, on one that will call the Christian's graces into full exercise, and particularly the grace of submission to the dispensations of an Almighty God, and Sovereign Disposer of all events. I address you, therefore, with prayer to God, that He who sees us, and knows whereof we are made, will look graciously upon you, and afford you that assistance, which you will need, so as to enable you still to maintain the Christian's character, in a Christian-like resignation to his will. It is my painful duty to inform you, that the God, whom you have so long endeavoured to serve with comfort to your own mind, and to the encouragement of your family and others, has been pleased, in his inscrutable providence, to take to Himself the soul of your loving and beloved William. Yes, he was beloved, not only by yourself, and by his friends in England, but also by his Church and people at Gibraltar, in whose spiritual life and welfare all his affections seemed concentrated. We had hoped and expected, that the Lord would more abundantly bless his endeavours in this place; but, alas! while we were expecting most from the object, to whom we looked as an instrument in the hands of God, he was suddenly removed from our eyes. Mysterious are the ways of God, indeed they are past finding out! But "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Let the Christian answer,—'Yes, O Lord! and let thy will be done, not only *upon* us, but also *within* us; and teach us to bow to it with holy submission, however painful to flesh and blood!' Such submission, my dear Sir, you are now called upon to shew; and may God, of his infinite mercy, help you so to do!

On the appearance of this dreadful fever, your dear William became alarmed, especially as it had commenced its ravages near the Mission-House, where he then resided. Being, however, on the most friendly terms with Dr. Hennen, who was then director of all the movements which were made for the preservation of the public health, he applied to him for his advice; and he was consequently recommended, to remove from the Town to the South, which latter place was at that time, and for some weeks afterwards, in a healthy state.

He, therefore, determined to take up his abode at the house of my relative and partner in business, Mr. Robert Barnard; who, with his wife, had kindly offered him an asylum there; and he afterwards expressed himself with gratitude to God, for having thus directed his mind. One day, Mr. Barnard and myself, after having attended the funeral of a Christian friend, at which your Son conducted the service; and knowing that he was uneasy about a servant-man, whom he had left in charge of the Chapel and Mission-House; we determined to see how matters were going on; but, to our astonishment, we found, that the man had just expired. When we had informed your Son of this melancholy circumstance, his emotion was very great, and he exclaimed,—‘Oh, what a mercy that I came to this house! Had I remained on the Mission-premises, I also might have fallen a victim!’ On another occasion, when a pious Serjeant of the Artillery, (Grey,) and his wife had expired so nearly at the same time, as to be carried out and interred together, your Son exclaimed,—‘What a mercy that I did not go to live with them, otherwise I too might have gone!’ at the same time explaining, that he had been inclined to remove to their house, but that, as they were of the Military, he had been afraid that some fault might be found at their receiving him.

I ought also to take some notice of the conduct of your Son, when the Chaplain of the forces, the only one in the Garrison, was taken ill with the fever of which he eventually died. In a note to Dr. Hennen, Mr. Barber generously offered his services, in performing the funeral rites for the dead. This note was forwarded to the Lieut.-Governor, General Don, by whom the offer was accepted, and your Son’s name appeared in Garrison orders as Acting Chaplain. The Doctor then pressed him to accept the allowance of the regular Garrison Chaplain, which was fifteen shillings a day; but this he peremptorily refused, observing, that ‘for what he did in this way, he would not upon any account be benefited a single farthing.’ When this circumstance became known, it caused a general feeling in his favour, in addition to the esteem which was previously felt for him by the public; nor can we meet with a single individual, even among those who slight the things of God, that is not loud in his acknowledgments of your Son’s worth; and the loss which the community has suffered in his death. Such testimonies as these are not to be despised, for by them God can work upon the people’s minds; nay, it is evident that God has already worked by them, for He has thus borne testimony to the faithfulness of His servant.

But now your Son, having to sustain the office of the regular Chaplain, of course was called to visit the beds of the sick and the dying, to administer consolation to whom, he constantly attended to the numerous applications, which he received; and thus was opened before him, a new scene of exposure and peril. On one of those oc-

casions, after returning, at half past seven o'clock in the evening, from a visit to a sick soldier of the 23rd Regiment, he came into our sitting-loft, when we were at work, and stretched himself along the floor, expressing his distress at the awful scenes of the hospital, which he had just left, where the straining and vomiting of the sick, and the shrieks and groans of the dying, surrounded him on every hand. He also complained of head-ache, and felt persuaded that he had inhaled the fever, and therefore must immediately take some castor-oil. We endeavoured to cheer up his spirits, and, after he had taken the medicine, he went to bed: but a little after midnight, he called up Mr. Barnard, who went directly to Town for a Doctor; but, not being able to procure his assistance, he with the advice of the Doctor's assistant administered what remedies were usually given. He then continued with him till day-break, when Dr. Hennen, to whom he had communicated the case, repaired to the house, bringing with him Dr. Doe, who was the next in command to himself. To the care of Dr. Doe, your Son was committed; and, to his praise it should be known, that the attention, which he paid, was far beyond what, in such times, could be expected; for which he received our warmest thanks. Dr. Hennen also daily visited him, attended by other medical men; so that the patient had the benefit of the best professional assistance, that the place could afford. And in other attentions, nothing was withheld that could be given; Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, their daughter twenty years of age, and son eighteen, myself and wife, and occasionally other friends, were always about him, both night and day. Indeed, Sir, Mr. Barnard's family could not have done more for an own relative, than they did for your dear William, of which he himself was duly sensible. It was between seven and eight o'clock, on the morning after he was taken ill, that I saw him, and I then perceived that the stroke was heavy. There were about him temporary wanderings of expression, but at first they did not continue long, before reason re-assumed her seat. But, by and by, his intellect became totally unsettled, for long intervals together; yet it was surprising, that amidst all his wanderings, to the last day of his life, he knew, and could call by name, every one that was admitted to see him. From the period of his first attack, till the following Saturday, he had experienced no settled rest; but at ten o'clock that night, he fell into a sound sleep, till about 4 on the Sunday morning. We were in hopes that this would have recreated nature, and therefore regarded it as a token for good; but when he awoke, we were undeceived; it was with a wild manner, an unsettled mind, and a glossed eye. Between that hour and ten o'clock, the time was employed by ourselves, and some friends who were present, for the purpose of improvement. Mr. Barnard frequently pressed him to give us some testimony of happiness in his present experience, not for our own satisfaction, but for your comfort,

and that of his friends in England. At length, when his reasoning powers returned, he was asked,—‘Is Jesus precious?’ To which he answered,—‘Yes,—precious! very—very—very precious!’ A friend; near him, then said,—‘The Lord is going to take you to glory!’ And he answered, ‘Amen! Amen!’ About ten o’clock, he threw up the black vomit; after which he lingered till a quarter before four, when his spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord. His friend, Dr. Hennen, died eight days afterwards.

The scenes and sufferings of Gibraltar are truly awful; by the public accounts, above a thousand souls have been hurried into eternity, and some believe them to be many more. The highest number of deaths in one day, is 46; yesterday’s report was only 15. The troops have suffered greatly in their young and strong men. It was fortunate that Miss ——— did not leave Malta; she was expected here, but was detained. Your Son’s private Doctor was taken ill on the same day as himself, and died one day earlier. With respect to the remains of your Son, they were followed to the grave by many of our friends, and tears fell plentifully while Mr. Davis, our aged Local Preacher, read the burial rites.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your sympathising friend,

JOHN B. HERBERT.

P.S. Nov. 29.—Cases are now something more favourable, as will appear from the 27th statement; the deaths were, on that day, only 6; the total number of cases, that have been published, is 5353; and the total number of deaths, 1154. With regard to this statement, I would observe, that numbers of persons have been cured by their relatives, without the Doctors’ knowledge; and I have this morning heard, from some persons who have noticed the burials, that the deaths exceed 1500. But I must leave these matters, for persons better informed to decide: to us however it is truly awful! May our God quickly appear in altogether staying this pestilence!

I have copied thus largely from Mr. Herbert’s Letter, not merely on account of the additional particulars, which it relates; but likewise to express the sense, which myself and family have, of the unsolicited and hazardous kindness manifested by him, and his worthy relatives, towards my dear departed Brother. But ‘their record is on high;’ for ‘whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink, in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily, I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.’

To the Rev. George Morley.

Gibraltar, Nov. 30, 1828.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

IN my letter to you, dated Oct. 30th last, I observed that, as soon as the awful visitation through which we were passing should subside a little, a more minute account of the death of our late worthy and much lamented Brother Barber would be sent for your information, as well as for the comfort and satisfaction of his friends. At that time I did not think, that it would have fallen upon me to fulfil that promise; but that it would have been undertaken by some person better qualified than myself. However, the illness of our worthy friend was of such a nature, as to render him incapable of saying much, and therefore but little can be expected from me.

I observe then, that from the time when the existence of the fever was fully ascertained, he resolved, I believe, to retire from the Town to the South part of the Garrison, and to reside with a most kind family belonging to the little Church here; and who, I am persuaded, did all in their power to save his life; I allude to the family of Mr. R. Barnard. I think that Mr. Barber might have had a tent supplied him, and encamped outside the Garrison, with some thousands of the troops, and other inhabitants; but he preferred remaining with the members of his little flock, to be ready to do them good, and to share the common calamity with them. I had an opportunity of seeing him almost every day, and I frequently pressed upon him the very great necessity of remaining, as much as possible, at home. I did this from a conviction, that his body was exceedingly susceptible of the disorder, and from a desire to preserve his life. He always gave me to understand, that he would take my advice; but, at the same time observed, that he must go where duty called him. He, more than once, said to me, that he knew the state of his body to be such, that if he caught the fever he never could survive it; and particularly on one occasion, after interring the body of one of our valuable friends, as we walked home together he observed to me,—‘It is very probable that in a few days you will have to do this for me.’

But now a scene opened upon him, which brought him into a line of action, that he never could have anticipated. On the 13th of Oct. the Rev. Mr. Hatchman, the Chaplain to the Garrison, died. On his being taken ill, Mr. Barber thought it his duty, through his friend Dr. Hennen, who is since dead, to tender his services for the public good. This was done without my knowledge, though, when I became acquainted with it, I certainly approved of the measure. The offer was immediately accepted by Sir George Don, the Lieut.-Governor; and the very next day, his name was put into Garrison orders as

Acting Chaplain to the Forces, and for which he was to be allowed the handsome income of ten shillings a-day;* but this, I have the pleasure to inform you, he directly gave up for the use of the poor upon the Neutral Ground; this I have from a respectable Gentleman, who is a member of the Committee for their relief. He was now employed under Government in burying the dead, to which he had to attend twice a-day, and the numbers, which he interrred, must have made a great impression upon his feeling mind. But beside this, he was frequently called to visit the sick in the Hospital, and particularly those of his own flock; and, as I observed in my last, it was from performing this latter part of his duty that he was taken with the disease, which caused his death. I saw him the next day, and I believe it was then that I proposed to sit, read, and talk with him; but he gave me to understand, that it would not be advisable. In the commencement of his illness, he told me that, could the medicine be brought to have a proper effect upon his bowels, there might be some hope of his life; but, if not, he must die; that effect was however produced, and we had a hope that he would recover, but the Lord ordered otherwise, and we must submit. I think it was the day before his death, while I was sitting by his bed-side, that I said to him,—‘Sir, do you know me?’ He replied,—‘Yes; and I love you too;’ but I believe he said no more. I think it was on the morning of the day on which he died, that he called all the family together, and took his last farewell of them, and then at about four o’clock in the afternoon, he fell asleep in the Lord. This was on Sunday the 26th of last month. * * * * *

Yours respectfully,

— DAVIS.

* A slight discrepancy will be perceived between the amount stated in this letter, and that which is given in Page 430; but which is correct, I cannot tell.—A. B.

It will be gratifying to the Reader to know, that, as a token of respect to my departed Brother, the inhabitants of Gibraltar have placed in the Chapel a Tablet to his memory, and in the Burying-Ground a Tomb-Stone, the expenses having been defrayed by subscription. The following is the inscription.*

In Memory of
THE REV. WILLIAM BARBER,
Wesleyan Missionary,
Who died of the Epidemic, on the 26th Oct. 1828,
In the 30th Year of his Age.
On the death of the Chaplain to the Forces,
He diligently performed the duties of that Station,
And fell a Victim to his Zeal.
He took the Fever, in administering Christian Consolation
To a dying Soldier, of the 23rd Regiment.
This Tablet
Is erected, as a Tribute to departed Worth.
A. D. 1829.

It may not be amiss now, to lay before the Reader the following Extract from the Gibraltar Chronicle.

Jan. 12, 1829.

‘ IN consequence of the return of the troops into the Barracks from their different encampments, during the last three days, we are enabled to congratulate our Readers upon the cessation of the cruel malady, of which it has been our painful task to record the melancholy progress for several months. The number of victims, which it has carried off, amounts to 1,618; a considerable number, certainly, but, thank God! far short of that, which we had to notice, after the epidemic of 1804, upwards of 5,500. The speedy removal of the troops, and inhabitants of the Town, upon the first appearance of the fever, and the immediate and constant assistance afforded to the sick by their numerous friends and relations, who had passed it in some former year, have contributed much to this diminished mortality. If there were any doubts, as to the nature of the disease, at its commencement, none can exist at present; for it is ascertained, that it is the same as that which committed such ravages in the Garrison, in the years 1804, 1813, and 1814; and the same as that which appeared in 1810, and

* This Epitaph is stated as accurately as I have been able to ascertain it.—
A.B.

was cut short or exterminated, by the prompt and decided measures adopted by our principal medical officer, Dr. Pym.'

It now only remains for me to give a summary of the character of my estimable Brother ; but as, if I gave it in my own words, I might be suspected of undue partiality, I choose rather to be indebted to the assistance of other and more competent judges.

The first testimony shall be extracted from the Report of the Wesleyan Methodist Auxiliary Missionary Society for the London Districts, for 1829. It may be well to premise, that this Report was written by one, who, for years, was an intimate friend of the deceased, and well acquainted with his character.

'THE Gibraltar Station has, in the course of the year, gained for itself a melancholy notoriety, by the existence of the fatal fever, which has swept into the grave many hundreds of its inhabitants. This calamity has affected the Mission there, in the way of closing the Chapel, and converting it into an Hospital ; depriving the Society of all the public and private means of grace, and leaving them to stand, in the midst of the general devastation and havoc, without the usual encouragements afforded by sympathetic and united piety ; it has cut off many of the most pious, zealous, and useful of the flock ; and, to crown the melancholy catastrophe, it has consigned to an early tomb one of the Society's most valuable Missionaries ;—a young man, who, by his talents and piety, was the ornament of his profession ; who, by his benevolence and amenity, won the esteem and affections of his flock, and of the public ; who, by his faith in God, was enabled to stand firm, and diligently to discharge his duties in the midst of the desolating scene ; and who, by his death, drew forth the tears and lamentations of a people, who were placed in circumstances to "mourn, every family apart," but were impelled, from a sense of his public worth, to start from their privacy, to follow him to the grave, and to sorrow over him with a great lamentation.'

The second, is from the Minutes of Conference, for 1829 ; in which may be seen the sentiments entertained respecting him, by his Fathers and Brethren in the Ministry at large.

'WILLIAM BARBER was born in the city of Bristol, of pious and respectable parents ; and his education, which was strictly religious, issued, in early life, in his saving conversion to God. When very young,

he manifested a glowing zeal for the conversion of sinners; and put forth all his energies, to prepare himself for the efficient discharge of the duties of the Christian Ministry. He was deeply pious, and possessed considerable strength of mind. From the period of his entrance upon the Ministry, he manifested an eager thirst for knowledge; and, by diligent study and constant application, attained considerable eminence in various branches of learning. After many disappointments, arising from ill-health, he was sent to Gibraltar, as a Missionary to the Spaniards; and exerted all his powers of mind to prepare himself for this new and arduous Station. He speedily gained the confidence of his charge, and had the happiness of living in the affections of the people, and of seeing some considerable fruit of his labours. After he had laboured on the Mission for three or four years, it pleased God to visit Gibraltar with the dreadful fever of last autumn, to which, with hundreds of others, he fell a victim. From the commencement of this epidemic, he had a presentiment that he should fall a prey to its ravages. Notwithstanding this, he resolved to attend faithfully to the duties of his office. Faith in God sustained him; and, in the midst of the "pestilence which walked in darkness, and the destruction which wasted at noon-day," he was found at his post. While visiting the hospital, he was seized by the disease: he was prepared for the event; and, in the exercise of faith in the atonement of Christ, enjoying the richest consolations of the Holy Spirit, and in the earnest hope of eternal happiness, he expired, after an affliction of five days, Oct. 26, 1828. His death was lamented by all who knew him.

The third is from a letter, which I have received, from the excellent successor of my Brother at Gibraltar.

Gibraltar, Sept. 9, 1829.

‘MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘AGREEABLY to your request, I have obtained the enclosed number of Subscribers for the Memoirs of your late excellent, and much-lamented Brother. I should have been glad to have sent you a much larger list; but the late awful fever has swept away a very great number of your dear Brother's friends, and occasioned many others to leave Gibraltar, who, doubtless, would have been happy to take a book, in which they could retrace those virtues, which, in his life, they had witnessed and admired. It is saying but little to observe, that at Gibraltar, as a man, as a Christian, and as a Minister, he was highly esteemed; and that, for many years to come, the name of William Barber will be remembered by hundreds on this Rock with affection and regret.

‘That, after he had acquired such a correct knowledge of the Spanish language, as well as the confidence and hearts of the people, and had in his power so many means of doing extensive good, he should have been so suddenly cut off, is one of those mysterious dispensations which astonish and confound us ; and we are only enabled to bear up under our reflections from the conviction, that God is “too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.” That the Lord may, in this painful bereavement, support and comfort both you and your family ; and that every event may be sanctified, is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate Brother,

JOSEPH STINSON.’

APPENDIX.



MEMORIALS

OF

THE LATE MRS. BARBER,

OF

Longford Academy, near Gloucester,

Obit. Aug. 20, 1822, Ætat. Ann. 21.

BY HER HUSBAND.

In silent anguish, O my friend,
While I record thy worth,
Thy lovely life, thy early end,
I feel estranged from earth ;
My soul with thine desires to rest,
Supremely and for ever blest.

MONTGOMERY.



P R E F A C E.*

Of all the motives for putting these Memorials into the continuity of a Narrative, only *One Being* can be the Judge;—to His unerring decision those motives are commended: to justify the measure itself, it is sufficient that it was demanded by the affection of relatives, and urged by the circumstances of the case.

To those who happen to take into their hands this circumscribed account, without knowing the reasons of its appearance in a printed form, it may be needful to say, that the principal inducement for the use of type, was the prevention of the labour of transcription, in order to satisfy the wishes of numerous connections. Yet, if the assignment of the wish of friends, as a reason for printing, must appear suspicious, because it is common-place; it should be recollected, that the commonest maxims are the most frequently exemplified, and the very incident that serves to remind us of a trite observation, at the same time serves to illustrate its truth.

Those sheets which shun the popular gaze, and which seek not the profit of extended circulation, are not the legitimate subjects for minute examination. While it may be expected, that what a man writes for his friends he will try to write well; there] must be in a Narrative intended to illustrate principally

* I have thought it advisable, to make a considerable abridgment of this Preface, as it was originally printed.—A. B.

the close of a life, and that the life of a Young Person, a preciseness of description, and a particularity of detail, very unsuited to public taste; but which will, at the same time, be highly gratifying to those who have reasons to be interested in them. For the painting presented to general inspection, and designed to attract universal admiration, the labours of art, and the ornaments of taste, and all the foils of representation, may be justly required, and fairly employed;—but of the miniature intended to lie concealed in the bosom of friendship, the chief commendation must ever be—*fidelity*.

Some expressions in the correspondence with him, who was afterward the husband of Mrs. Barber, may arrest the attention of the supercilious, only to make them force out a smile: he cannot regret yielding them such an opportunity, since a minute's reflection will serve to apprise them, how gratuitously a smile may be raised at the expense of what does its subject honour; and how *very confiding* affection may become, even *previously to marriage*, when freed by 'pure religion' from the fetters and trammels, which confine and oppress the frigid connections of merely temporal interests; and how hallowed too, under the sacred influence of piety, may be the warmest effusions of a soul, glowing with an early and ardent attachment.

In these Memorials, I do not present a standard of piety. It is too much a habit, as it is certainly a misfortune and a fault, that experience is made a standard, when the Bible only should be so: but to those of my friends, who study their best interests, and who, in some degree, properly estimate invisible realities, I present the history, as far as can now be known, of a soul in present connection with eternity itself. And this must be especially desirable and interesting, as it is the history of a soul greatly endeared to us, and very lately in our midst. That very soul, which is now '*clothed upon*' with the ineffable splendour and glory of an imperishable and heavenly nature, was lately among us, imprisoned in a frail and mortal frame;—that very soul, which now has her '*robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb*,' was lately at our side polluted, penitent, and believing,—praying, struggling, and conquering; as we are now;—that very soul, which now enjoys the beatific vision, and indulges in the rapturous gaze upon the risen and

glorified humanity of our Redeemer and Lord, lately looked out upon us through the medium of those eyes, which are now to her useless and undesired ;—that very soul, which now employs its powers of voice in the high praises of ‘ the Lamb that was slain,’ lately told us of its probationary feelings, and its growing faith, and its ardent hopes, through the means of those organs of speech, which are now silent in the grave ;—that very soul, which now has left us, hoping to rejoin her soon on terms of a most happy equality, yet, at present, at the distance of an almost immeasurable inferiority, was lately accessible to us—‘ our equal, our acquaintance, with whom we took sweet counsel together, and went to the House of God in company ;’—that very soul, which is now made meet to enjoy realities invisible to us, and which has passed the dreary gulf of death, and opened her astonished sight upon eternal things, and trodden on that concealed shore, the land of immaterials and immortals, before untried, unseen, unfancied, but now become for ever her land and her home, has, at length, ascertained the character of her future unchangeable destiny, and entered into the joy of her Lord, though lately among us, looking forward with impressions and anxieties similar to our own, as she ‘ thought of being disembodied,—of passing into an unknown world,—of being ushered into the presence of a pure and holy God,—and of having her state determined for ever.’ See page 28.

Eternity loudly demands and closely awaits *ourselves* ; we are, in some just degree, awakened to perceive, and alive to feel, our momentous and transcendent interests. There are certain principles, upon which we are forming our habits, and determining our characters for ever ; and, of course, we feel ourselves making very much to depend upon the issue of our conduct. To recognise in another those self-same principles, and, if possible, to detect in them their legitimate effects, is very desirable ; but, if this be not possible, then it must be instructive to observe the actual measure of their influence, and the reasons of their failure or excess ; and, in reference to the momentous interests involved in the embracing and professing of religion, it is encouraging and profitable to reflect, that the very principles of faith in our adorable Redeemer, upon whom we are resting our all, are precisely the same which, in their

appropriate and happy realisation, enabled our dear departed relative to endure so much suffering, in such a Christian manner as she did ; as well as to enjoy the great benefits of those principles, at a period when, of all things in this world that are accounted valuable, right principles only are proved to be so.

To one point of special interest I will venture to solicit particular attention ; I allude to the entire sanctification required by the Gospel, as a preparative for heaven. The impression, which rested on the mind of our late very dear Friend, of the solemn necessity of entire holiness ; and the distinct view, which she had of the privilege of Christians, under our dispensation of the Holy Ghost, to be freed from all the dominion and the very in-being of sin ; and the painful feelings, which she sometimes suffered, from a consciousness of not living so as to uninterruptedly glorify this great grace of God ;—are subjects on which it will be most becoming for me to make no observations ; but, with a silence that has earnest meaning, I would urge my friends, after a perusal of her sentiments, and an inspection of her experience, to an express, and sedulous, and docile examination of their Bibles on the subject.

Her favourite topics, in both conversation and writing, were the Love of Christ,—Holiness as the fruit of the Spirit,—and the Faithfulness of God ; upon these her soul rested : but, while she carried her sentiments into the regular activity of every-day life, she perceived the inseparable connection, which must subsist between the compassionate and saving love of Christ, and the grateful communion of the soul with Him,—between the fruit of the Spirit, and the operations of the Spirit,—between the invariable faithfulness of God, and the implicit and affectionate obedience of man. In the visible circumstances of her dissolution, we may, in part, see the consequences ; but it is well to remember, that the dying feel as it is impossible for any survivor to do,—that little words have a deep meaning, from the quivering lips of an expiring saint,—that mental sufferings, in the hour of death, are not trifles,—and that spiritual supports, to an awakened soul, are not delusions. We cannot get at all, that the dying mean by what they say ; we must die to know, and then our meaning will be as great as theirs, and as much too big for utterance to those around us. In the agonies

of death the soul ceases to communicate with us, because the bodily powers are perishing; but there must be something transcendently momentous and interesting in the feelings and activity of the spirit, as it makes its last struggles to disentangle itself from the yet not breathless corpse. And Oh, my endeared friends, when the soul, unfettered and unburthened, first expands itself amidst spiritual existences, in illimitable eternity, think, I pray you, how ineffable the happiness of meeting, eye to eye, the complacent and approving smile of the Redeemer!

The present glory and happiness of the dear Friend, who has left us, forbid us to regret the exchange on her account; and the wise and sovereign will of our great Lord glances down all murmurs on our own:—‘Clouds and thick darkness are truly round about Him; but justice and judgment are the *habitation* of his throne!’ Within the darkness and the clouds there reside a Presence and a Wisdom, changeless and unimpeachable; and, surely, while the thick volumes, though rayless and impervious in themselves, are unsettled and shifting round about, we may hope that, between the interstices, there shall stream upon us, from afar, a light and a glory, which shall serve both to illustrate the dispensation, and to shine upon the way for our faith and hope. As our Friend was eminently fitted for usefulness on earth, so we fondly deemed her destined to it; the hope that these Memorials may, through the demonstration and the power of the Holy Spirit, accomplish the salvation of some around, will help to sustain the affliction of her removal, until the full disclosure in eternity of what we know not now, shall, on this very account, produce a higher rapture of joy. The salvation of one soul would far more than counterbalance all the miseries of bereavement, indescribably great as they certainly are.

Let me now gratify myself, by only adding, for the sake of reminding my friends, that the bitterness of disappointment, and even the ungovernable ebullitions of grief, may find some alleviation, in the just and scriptural indulgence of such sentiments, as those which the sweet Moravian Singer has vested in the charms, and empowered with the magic, of poetry; they are sentiments which derive commendation, higher than all

others that can array them, from the authority of God, from the vicarious atonement of Christ, from the effectual working of the Holy Ghost, and from the immutability of the plans and the promises of Divine Revelation :—

‘ THOU art not dead ! thou couldst not die !
To nobler life new born,
Thou look’st with pity from the sky,
Upon a world forlorn,
Where *glory* is but dying flame,
And *immortality*—a name.

‘ Farewell !—but not a long farewell ;
In heaven shall I appear,
The triumphs of my faith to tell
In thy delighted ear,—
Shall sing with thee th’ eternal strain,
“ Worthy the Lamb that once was slain ! ” ’

WILLIAM BARBER.

Gloucester, Oct. 20, 1822.

Memorials.

SECTION I.

THE deceased, Mrs. ANNE BARBER, was born May 12, 1801, at Tre-worgan, in Herefordshire : she was the fourth, and youngest daughter, of Mr. James Howell.

The aged Father survives ; but of the counsels and care of the Mother, the family, consisting of a husband and ten children, were deprived, when Mrs. B. was only eight years of age.

The painfulness of this bereaving affliction was as overwhelming, as its mysteriousness was unsearchable : but the suffering which it involved, and the aspect of impenetrable gloom which it wore, conspired to produce in the survivors only a state of motionless astonishment ; they were too feeble to resist, and too fearful to reply to, the Almighty ; but their minds were yet not sufficiently enlightened, by the shining in upon them of the light and glory of another and a better world, to allow an immediate yielding to the spiritual lessons of a loss, which was apparently ruinous in its results to individual comfort and domestic welfare ; and yet every depriving dispensation of Divine Providence is, unquestionably, charged with such instructions as would, if properly regarded, lead directly to the most important and advantageous consequences, to the souls of those who are called to suffer.

Mrs. HOWELL was possessed of a superior understanding ; she had also the advantages of an excellent education, to which she superadded the qualities of sterling piety. With these attractive and imposing advantages, she presented to her family the admonitions of a consistent example ; she controlled them by her authoritative influence ; and she succeeded in restraining them from the vices which degrade, the

follies which injure, and the vanities which seduce, very many whom prosperous circumstances surround, and dissipated connections attend. The sudden death of this excellent Lady removed the restraints, which her presence and precaution imposed upon the inexperienced inclinations of her children; while it bore at once away the almost only barrier, which could effectually check their progressive advances for indulgence.

The occurrences of her death were alarming and impressive. Some presentiment of approaching dissolution had fixed itself strongly on her mind; and this was much strengthened when, in the latter part of the last week of her life, as she was in the effort of turning a heavy cheese on a high shelf in her dairy, something internal suddenly burst, with a noise, as she expressed it, equal to the report of a gun when discharging. On several occasions, she expressed her persuasion, that she should not live long, but, especially, on Saturday, the day previous to that on which she died. On this occasion, her youngest child was brought by the nurse to the arms of its Mother; for some minutes she fondly pressed it in silence to her bosom, and, as she returned it, she repeatedly exclaimed,—‘I shall never see thee again;—no—I shall never see thee again!’

Twice during the following day, Mrs. H., though, in very imperfect health, attended Divine service at the parish Church, which was at a considerable distance from home. In the evening, as usual, she called her family together, catechised her children, read a portion of the Scriptures, and engaged in prayer.

Every incident is observable, which will never be repeated; and every moment memorable, which will be numbered near the last. That evening was rendered remarkable by Mrs. H.’s administering to a servant-boy, whose conduct had been irregular or vicious, some faithful reproofs, and salutary counsels; at the moment of solemn assembling around the altar of family worship, she expressed to him, with the fidelity of a Christian mistress, and with the feelings of deep spiritual concern, her fears that his conduct would exclude him from heaven, and bring upon him the curses and the vengeance of a justly offended God. She adverted, with affecting interest—still fresh in the memory of her family, after the lapse of thirteen years—to the state of her own children, and especially to the mode which had been adopted of educating her eldest son, at a distance from home, where his principles were liable to corruption, and his heart to alienation from the affections and interests of his nearest relatives. According to her usual practice, before she herself retired, she saw her whole family consigned to rest. About midnight, in perfect darkness, her husband was alarmed by her sudden illness; but dismay and confusion, the most appalling and terrific, prevailed and spread, when, before a light could be procured, or other assistance afforded—without uttering a word—she expired!

The situation of the husband was one of indescribable distress; bereaved,—of such a wife,—in such a way,—without the consolations of experimental piety,—in the midst, too, of ten children, of whom the eldest daughter was quite too young to assume the office and the reins of management, and the youngest, though only eight years of age, had five brothers yet younger than herself. ‘How unsearchable are the judgments of the Most High, and His ways past finding out!’

Such occurrences, afflictive as they were, might have been expected to produce some lasting moral benefits; for ‘they spring not out of the ground,’ but are forced from the hand of a tender and reluctant Parent, who inflicts one pain to prevent many greater, a momentary chastisement to preclude the need of eternal alienation. That, in the case now recorded, affliction produced no moral benefits, it would be impious to assert; for, though the prayers of the pious Mother had seemed to be offered in vain,—and her eyes had now closed in death, without having been delighted with the sight of one instance among her family of the efficacy of Divine Grace,—and her heart had ceased to throb, without ever being dilated with that glowing pleasure which ‘burns within,’ while members of one household ‘talk of Jesus by the way,’—and years subsequently rolled away, without presenting any symptoms of spiritual vegetation from the seed, which had been sown with such assiduous care, and so repeatedly watered with tears;—yet, at length, the energy of God produced a pleasing verdure of moral reformation, and to a dreary winter of disappointed waiting, succeeded a rapid ripening of abundant hopes. Death has presented Mrs. B., as the very first fruits of the motherless family, to the Lord of Life and Glory; and the glorified Parent has thus received the pledge of many relatives, who remain stationed, as yet, in ‘a field which the Lord hath blessed.’

The junior members of the family were yet too young to perceive extensively their own privation, or to retain the impressions, which, under more fostering circumstances, might perhaps, have resulted immediately in the most enduring good. Some years passed away of indulgence in ‘walking according to the course of this world:’ but the wants of souls demand more than can be supplied from the vanities of life; a round of dissipations is repeatedly trodden, only the more easily to weary by its fruitless labour; and the provisions of pleasure are served up with new forms, and with new splendour, only to pall upon the appetite, and to fill even to loathing the satiated taste. In the case of the Howells, the enjoyment of trifles, and the repetition of attempts to settle down in worldly satisfaction, were followed by the vexations of disappointment, and the weakening struggles of enfeebled hope. Thus, in the wisdom of God, were the minds of a numerous family prepared for the reception of that free grace, which, it is presumed, has already accomplished, in different stages of realisation, the sal-

vation of eight or ten of its members; besides which, it has introduced the Gospel, with its saving power, into several families of the neighbourhood, established the regular Ministry of the Word among the surrounding villagers, formed a society of professing Christians, as a Church of the Living God, issued in the erection of a Place of Worship among a destitute and neglected population, and thus presented a very splendid proof of the power and the prevalence of Redeeming Mercy.

No extravagant folly,—no excessive criminality,—no deeply coloured crime, is at all essentially requisite, in order to establish the necessity of being ‘renewed in the spirit of the mind.’ The need of a sound and scriptural conversion fastens itself on principles in the human soul, which may either lie deeply concealed in the bosom, while they never carry themselves out before the eyes of those around into tangible and rebukable actions; or, as opportunity may offer a sufficient inducement, and concealment may promise shelter from detection, or shamelessness may endow with unblushing defiance, they may come forth into all the gradations of immorality, between the pettishness of infancy, and the most flagitious deeds of the long-practiced, hardened, and adventurous worker of iniquity. There is one common danger spreading itself over all these minor distinctions, which form among men perceptible differences of mischievous tendency, and power, and effect; and that danger, in the day of grand classification of all men either to the right hand or the left of the infinite Judge, will merge all those comparatively trivial and human distinctions beneath the broad covering of the name,—‘*Alienation from the life of God.*’ ‘The fearful,’ without courage to avow, and ‘the unbelieving,’ without care to embrace, as well as ‘the abominable, and murderers, shall have THEIR PART in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.’—Rev. xxi. 8.

Of those among Mr. H.’s household, who received ‘the truth in the love of it,’ Mrs. B. was the second. Her conversion to God, though not instantaneous, was decisive; and, though it was not accomplished amidst violent feelings, it was deep, evident, and enduring.

In the year 1815, the family removed to Arkstone, near Hereford, where they passed more than two years in those customs of dissipation, which their situation admitted, and their habits confirmed. The spring and summer of the following year commenced a new era in the family-history. The Ministry of the Rev. H. GIBBS, a Clergyman of the Established Church in Hereford, had been rendered beneficial to an intimate acquaintance, a young Lady residing in the neighbourhood of Arkstone. Between Miss W. and Miss Lydia H. a more than common friendship subsisted; and the familiarity thus authorised was instantly employed by Miss W. in earnestly recommending to her friend those religious pursuits, which had become so powerfully engaging to

herself. That friendship which fears not to urge, as well as that which refuses not to listen, when important differences are unexpectedly presented in order to be canvassed, is stamped with the characters of indelible honour and imperishable value. In the instance to which we now refer, it must for ever be regarded as a most happy circumstance, that persuasion prevailed on the side of truth, of religion, and of the best interests of the soul. Induced by her friend, *Lydia* went to hear for herself the Minister, whose preaching had produced a change so unexpected and so undesired ; and again the great Head of the Church was pleased to acknowledge the ministrations of his servant, and to send them, with the demonstration of the Spirit, to an enquiring and attentive mind : from that moment *Lydia* was awakened to consciousness and activity in her spiritual concerns.

The alteration soon became visible to *Anne*, the only sister then at home. Her spirit appears to have previously been in that state of anxious and inquisitive uncertainty, which is often observed to precede the reception of Divine Truth. There had fallen to her lot one advantage, among some evils occasioned by her youth ; she had been prevented from frequently attending those places of vain and fashionable amusement, which introduce the dissipated to each other, and often captivate the soul, by injurious associations and employments. Her tender conscience was neither hardened by familiarity with folly ;—nor seared against the applications of Divine Mercy, by the habits of the gay or the indolent ;—nor tutored to defy its dangers, and to brave its wounds, by often meeting the cheerful immoralities, which, hand-in-hand with worldly pleasures, trip along in the circle of worldly entertainments. Thus was her case exceedingly hopeful ; though, at the same time, there was much in it to excite apprehension, for she was spiritually unenlightened,—and much to require repentance, for she lived in a state of affections utterly alienated from God,—and much to create self-suspicion and distrust, for her mind was not at rest, and she was restricted only by circumstances from that ampler field of earthly delights, which she contemplated at a distance, and to which her fancy often gave the attractiveness of many sprightly and delusive decorations.

With her own condition she was however dissatisfied, and for the state of those around her she felt a dread. In the case of an intimate acquaintance, she had an early opportunity of witnessing the misery of a life yielded to depraved appetites ; the distractions of discord repeated through successive days, and weeks, and years ; and the wretchedness of a death unsupported by religion, and undefended from the poisoned stings of a guilty conscience. These tremendous events, with no one to improve them upon her heart, failed indeed to bring her to ‘that light which makes manifest ;’ yet they served to produce a hatred against vice, and a feeling favourable to the approach

of any form of real piety. This was presented in the visible alteration in the manners, the appearance, and the state of mind, of her elder sister *Lydia*. On the very first day, when the Ministry of Mr. Gipps produced its decisive effect on the mind of *Lydia*, *Anne* became deeply interested in the details, for she perceived that it was true religion which she wanted; and she resolved to close at once with her sister's views, for she felt that to be undecided, and yet to be innocent, was possible no more.

In the August of 1817, the minds of the two sisters became, more than ever, united by similar impressions, partialities, and pursuits; and, during some months prior to their obtaining clear and satisfactory spiritual light, they presented, in the condition of their feelings, and in the peculiarity of their habits, one of the most interesting spectacles that imagination can picture.

In a retired situation, they were insulated from the society of every one, whose experienced age could correctly inform or guide them, by either obviating their difficulties, or soothing their discouragements, or enlightening and expanding their views. But, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the incipient experience of Christianity, and the knowledge of its doctrines, soon lead to the practice of its duties, and the fulfilment of its obligations. The spiritual appetite, like that of the body, fails only when diseased; if restored to healthfulness and vigour, as though recovering from fever, it becomes keen in its relish, intense in its gratifications, and imperative for regular and sufficient supplies. Education and habit had long attached the Howells to the Established Church; and, for reasons already obvious, the Ministry of Mr. Gipps was peculiarly attractive: by the two enquiring and diligent sisters all fatigue was forgotten, and before them all difficulties disappeared; for they often walked, when other modes of conveyance were inconvenient, the entire distance to Hereford and home again—twelve miles—before mid-day on the Sabbath, for the benefit of a single sermon. To those, who may affect surprise at this great earnestness, and who, in the heat of their fervent zeal against over-much righteousness, may apply to it the epithet *extravagant*, it would perhaps be nothing strange, if one, in a state of starvation, should risk his life, or his liberty, for a momentary alleviation of his pining want; but who, that recollects how soon the subject of the present Memoir was to die, can regret that, precisely five years before, she became so decided in her preparation for eternity? Or who, that justly considers how much spiritual joy transcends that which is worldly,—how well the favour of God repays the frowns of men,—and how far eternity exceeds the longest period of probationary existence, can regret, if even a life protracted to the very extreme of a human term, should be entirely employed in the consistent earnestness, and the zealous enterprise, and the habitual holiness of that love

to God and man which never faileth? Regret!—the term is totally inapplicable on this side of the statement, it belongs only to the other; a deep degradation of taste, habit, and pursuit, settles on the person living in merely worldly pleasure,—‘*he is dead while he liveth*,’ but a nobleness of mind, and an elevation of affections, and a worth of morals, attach themselves where this world is only duly estimated, and ‘used as not abusing it,’—where, holding earthly things in just subordination to things more lasting and advantageous, a man places his foot upon them, in order to rise the nearer by them to heaven and to God:—‘*For the fashion of this world passeth away!*’

The sisters very early felt it incumbent on them, to establish in the family the habitual worship of their God; and thus would these young females, in the midst of the numerous servants of a large farm, regularly read a portion of the Scriptures, and, as they felt the immaturity of their own knowledge and experience, offer up from a printed form, their fervent petitions to the Almighty. These interesting employments were productive of substantial good; they received the attention, and the approval, and the blessing of Heaven; and, in the midst of their comparatively unassisted situation, God graciously watched over their steps, and fulfilled their wishes, and acknowledged their efforts. Of this the simple testimony of an aged and illiterate servant may be admitted, in reference to the departed sister; while similar testimonies, though not wanting, it would be indecorous to produce for the survivor:—‘*I do like,*’ said the almost sinking old man, ‘*to hear Miss Anne read the Bible; her do seem to drive it into my heart.*’

For some considerable time the sisters were allowed, in the personal experience of vital piety to beat out a way, which seemed to them untrodden and uncertain; they toiled against many difficulties, and struggled amidst much doubt; but they freely communicated with each other, and were mutually sustained; they were closely united in affection, and they successively mingled with each other the tears of sorrow, the prayers of repentance, and the joys of hope.

More than a year elapsed, while the mind of *Anne* was gradually advancing into the light of a clear evangelical dispensation. ‘Her hope deferred’ often ‘made her heart sicken’ and faint, in tremulous anxiety; but she persevered in seeking the Lord, and was often encouraged by those partial revelations of Redeeming Love, which were appropriate to her state, and according to her faith: there is reason for more than a supposition, that, had her mind been well informed of the privileges of the experimental Christian, she would have perceived, with greater clearness, the felicities of that state, into which the effectual working of the Holy Spirit had graciously advanced her,—and that she would have held, with a more unwavering stability, the evidences of acceptance with God by Jesus Christ, the Spirit of Adoption, and the joy and peace which come through believing the

Gospel of the grace of God. It is not to be understood, that even *then* she 'walked in darkness,'—nor that she was unhappy,—nor that she was ever irresolute as to her continuance in a course of watching, and waiting, and praying, and labouring in all the duties of life, and of exterior godliness ;—but she did not yet clearly perceive how 'a man is justified *by faith only*,'—and that 'he becomes a child of God *by faith*,'—and that, when 'justified, he lives *by faith*,'—and that he 'enjoys access to God *by faith*,'—and that 'Christ dwells in his heart *by faith*,'—and that 'he waits for the hope of righteousness *by faith*,'—and that he 'receives the salvation of his soul, as the end of his *faith*.'

In those deep investigations of her own heart, into which she was sometimes led, she saw enough to repress a confidence of security ; and she was not yet fully aware, how a contrite spirit, laid bare to its own inspection, may discover its unindulged vileness, and 'abhor itself, repenting in dust and in ashes,' and yet feel 'justified freely by grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ ;'—she was not yet able to discover to what extent, 'God may be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.' Notwithstanding this, however, what rendered her in after-life remarkable, had already begun to characterise her investigations ; for what her faith was demanded, she required scriptural reasons ; but, when convinced, she confided.

In the midst of these varied exercises of the mind of *Anne*, her sister *Lydia* married, and removed to Gloucester ; but the Lord had previously wrought upon the heart of another sister, *Elizabeth*, and prepared her as an associate in the future searches after rest for the soul.

The Providence of God was about to introduce the Wesleyan Methodists into the neighbourhood ; for, though a Minister of the Baptist denomination, who resided in Hereford, and occasionally preached in some of the villages around, was the first who opened his apostolical commission beneath the roof of Arkstone House, yet his occasional labours afforded ample opportunity for the association of additional efforts. Mr. Wm. Howell, the eldest brother, had already joined the Methodist Society, at some distance from his Father's residence ; and an additional connection of the family with the same religious body, had been formed by the marriage of *Lydia* with Mr. Wheeler, of Gloucester. To the united requests of his son and son-in-law, supported by the wishes of his daughters, Mr. H. sen. therefore cheerfully acceded ; the assistance of the Methodist Minister was immediately solicited, and readily gained. The Rev. John H. Adams was then Superintendent of the Hereford Circuit ; and, in the winter of 1818—19, he commenced the preaching at Arkstone. Early in February, 1819, the Rev. Philip C. Turner formed the first class ; and, in the week following, on February 24, Mr. Adams

admitted fifteen Members of Society upon trial, of whom Mr. H. sen., and his two daughters, were at the head.

To the subject of this biographical Sketch, these were events of infinite importance. Her intercourse with Mr. Wheeler, while she was yet in the noviciate of Christian experience, was, to her, extremely useful; and, for him, on this account, she cherished to the last a most fraternal affection. The public Ministry, and the private counsels, both of Mr. Adams and Mr. Turner, were advantageous to her in the highest degree: for both she entertained a very great esteem; the former she regarded almost as a spiritual Parent; and the latter was her friend, even unto death. She now rapidly 'grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;' and though she was rather progressively, than suddenly, introduced into the liberty of God's children, yet she 'walked in the light of the countenance of the Lord,' and enjoyed, almost without interruption, the witness of God's Spirit with her own of 'her acceptance in the Beloved,' and her adoption into the family of God. Her conduct was now consistent, and her example impressive. In connection with her sister *Elizabeth*, the abodes of affliction were often visited; and with temporal relief, were always administered the instructive admonitions, or the supporting consolations, of pure religion.

Sin, if it openly presented itself before them, met its merited rebuke; and the sinner often felt convicted by the mild expostulations, with which his conscience was assailed;—expostulations, which were endured, perhaps, because from the lips of females, but which were successful, because the convincing Spirit of God acknowledged and honoured the truth as his own, and gave an impulse and a pungency to its faithful representations. Several of Mr. H.'s servants became deeply and abidingly impressed with concern for spiritual safety; and among the surrounding peasantry many have been roused, from an utter carelessness of God, to those habits of thoughtfulness and mental exercise, of which the expression is,—*'The desire of our soul is to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee.'*

One incident may be interesting, as an illustrative sample of the part, which Christian zeal urged upon the subject of the present Memoir, in her labours of Christian love. While visiting an aged woman, in very indigent and afflictive circumstances, Miss H. heard, at a little distance, a passionate voice, precipitating, one upon another, the bitterest oaths and imprecations; she left the house, and advanced to the angry man who had uttered them,—she arrested and fixed his attention,—and then reasoned with him upon the impropriety of his conduct, and the condition of his soul. She left him, according to his own account, for the first time in his life, convinced, and thoughtful, and mortified for his soul. The next day she saw him in a corn-field,

sitting at dinner apart from the other men ; she perceived the opportunity, and followed the previous admonitions with additional advice ; the mildness of her manner added force to her persuasions, and what she said, as he expressed it, never left him ;—he has ceased to be a swearer,—he has learned to be a Christian.

To such occasional efforts as this to do good, were added the regular labours of a Sunday-School, opened in the preaching-room of Arkstone House ; these engagements, together with endeavours for the aid of Bible and Missionary exertions, and other works of charity, frequently contributed to render the time of leisure the period of activity, and the close of business the commencement of fatigue.

By a few extracts from Miss H.'s letters, the state of her soul may be estimated, and her spiritual progress observed. The unaffected simplicity, with which she uniformly wrote, rather illustrates, than derogates from, the strength of her understanding ; while it is, indeed, gratifying to observe, how a mind of a superior order may be adorned by the sanctity of exemplary piety, and ornamented by the graces of unassuming humility.

When about seventeen years of age, she wrote, in the following manner, to her married sister :—

July 1, 1818.

* * * * *

JESUS has, of late, been more precious to me than ever ; I daily see more and more of the blessedness of true religion. Oh, for a heart given wholly to the Lord ! for I find that he will not accept a divided one : creature enjoyments are dangerous,—

‘ The dearest idol I have known,
Whate’er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee !’

I regret the loss of those hours, which I have spent in vanity, and wounding the cause of my Redeemer. * * * * * How prone we are to be proud of our mercies ! I will appeal to your experience, my dear Lydia ; when your soul has been enlarged in prayer,—carried out in humblings—meltings—longings—aspirings,—when you have heard the Word with warm affection and heavenly joy,—when you have talked of Christ with sweetness and liberty,—have you not, in all these, found pride arise ? and approval of self, instead of looking to Christ ? Alas ! *I have* ;—but let us attend to that reproof of St. Paul :—‘ Who made thee to differ from another ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive ? now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it ?’ May the Lord

enable us to look simply to Jesus in all things! Wishing you every blessing that a holy God has to give,

I remain yours, affectionately,

ANNE HOWELL.

Another letter, to the same Sister, was written immediately on her return from a visit to Gloucester :—

Oct. 13, 1818.

* * * * * I HAVE seen, since I came home, that I did not improve my time, as I ought to have done, when at Gloucester. Was it for want of opportunity? No. Alas! it was my own *sinfulness*. I sometimes wonder at God's long suffering with, and kindness to, me;—when I see others so vigorous, and myself so slothful,—others running, and I scarcely creeping,—it shews me, very forcibly, that I am an unprofitable servant,—but

'Yonder, amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And weltering in His blood.'

Were it not for this, my own unworthiness would forbid me to hope, —but, as it is, I will be confident in my Saviour, and say,

'Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.'

I want to be more like my God in all things,—to be more holy,—more heavenly-minded: and why do I not obtain these blessings?—it is because I ask not,—or because I ask amiss. I want to be very different from what I am, as much as I do differ from what I was; and the only way to attain to it is, to watch, pray, and believe. We should recollect, that we have an unchangeable world before us, and an unchangeable God with us,—that the agency of the Holy Spirit is exerted for our instruction and guidance into the way of all truth,—and that, when we have made a necessary advancement, we shall be taken to the mansions of our Heavenly Father, where our joy, which is here incomplete, shall be full. Oh, that we may live in the habitual exercise of grace! and, being found in Jesus Christ, have nothing to do but to yield ourselves up, when the summons shall be sent for us!

Yours affectionately,

ANNE HOWELL.

SECTION II.

In the determination and completion of character, there are commonly some distinguishable periods, the events of which operate strongly, either to give a new direction to the mind's pursuits, or to fix a confirming impression on its habits. And if the minor incidents of daily occurrence, like the individual strokes of a sculptor's hammer, all tell toward etching out the lineaments, or finishing the features, it cannot be but that the more important transactions of life must, either distinctly trace out 'a beauty and a glory,' or irretrievably injure the whole. '*Deliberation*,' then, must be the watch-word for the movements of prudence ;—'*Decision*,' the characteristic of the resolutions of wisdom. Prevailing frivolousness and extreme versatility, are so invariably and essentially connected, that they may be almost convertibly affirmed of the same mind ; they arise from an imbecility of mental habits, which is the more to be dreaded, because it commonly appears natural, and therefore, seems the more nearly hopeless. And to this same cause, as an accompaniment to its other unhappy tendencies, is it to be ascribed, that a fickle and a trifling mind is, in general, entirely captivated by any novelty which either *is*, or at least *appears*, important, and which is developed, no matter how partially, in the dimness of futurity. The powers of such a mind are so engrossed for this one distant object, that the immediate and pressing duties of the present are, either totally neglected, or receive a very impatient attention. In no circumstances, perhaps, is there a more ready and general toleration given to some of the symptoms of this propensity, than in the engagement of the affections for a matrimonial connection ;—in no case is the inducement to this propensity stronger than in such a case, or more likely to bring out, if they exist within, the evidences of mental feebleness into visible display ; though it must be confessed, that, in general, no circumstances of human life, more than those incipiently producing a connection between the sexes, which is to endure so long as life, can justly demand coolness of deliberation, and prompt and vigorous decision.

It is gratifying to reflect, that Miss Howell maintained, under such pleasing and bewildering engagements, that degree and that kind of self-possession, which are, at once, an ornament to an understanding, and a grace to a Christian profession.

The residence, for some time, of her future husband, in an ill state of health, under the same roof with herself, afforded her an ample opportunity of consideration ; but when she felt her way clear, and her mind satisfied of the propriety of the step to which she was solicited, she entered upon the correspondence with the fulness of that judicious and unreserved confidence, for which she was eminently remarkable. Of her it may, without hesitation, be said, that, subsequently to her forming a connection for prospective union with Mr. B., and during the whole of the fifteen months which thus passed away, she differed in nothing from her former self, excepting her visibly increasing conformity to the will of God, and her anxious enquiries after the qualifications which she deemed necessary for the change contemplated.

An extract from one of her earliest letters to her new correspondent, will serve to shew with what a cautious, yet approving, and truly pious judgment, she pursued the object placed before her :—

December, 1820.

I TAKE UP my pen with a full determination to write you freely and unreservedly ; charging myself not to hide, by coolness of expression, the warmth of an affection, which, I assure you, strengthens by reflection, and by approaches to the throne of Grace ; where, I feel confident, that my Heavenly Father sits with an attentive ear, and tender solicitude for my present and eternal welfare. Having such a delightful view of God, as I now possess, as a kind, indulgent, and all-wise Parent, whose wisdom renders it impossible for him to err, and his goodness to be unkind ; I feel assured, and I believe this assurance comes from himself, that our plans will be realised, if it will promote his glory and our own happiness. When at the Love-Feast last evening, at Hereford, my soul was so exceedingly blest, that I felt, for some time, full of the love of God. I was so filled with holy exultation, and my confidence was so strengthened, that I enjoyed, for some time, much of the overwhelming presence of the Lord. I then made up my mind, to be more devoted to him, and to make every sacrifice which he required. The assurance which I then felt, of being for ever with the Lord, was very delightful. In the midst of these sweet feelings, I thought of you, and felt as though you had been with me. I implored the Lord's blessing for you, and His direction for us both ; declaring, that, if it were not his will, I would willingly sacrifice my feelings, however painful it might be. After thus simply laying it before him, I felt perfectly assured, that he did not disapprove ; and it

is an assurance of this kind, which I have always had, when asking counsel of him respecting it.

An intimation has been already given of the ill state of Mr. B.'s health; but, even with the recollection of this, some passages in the following extracts might be almost imagined, without great extravagance, as dictated under a prophetic influence.

Jan. 15, 1821.

I now thankfully acknowledge the receipt of your welcome letter on Wednesday last, and should, ere this, have answered it, but for unavoidable engagements another way. How much solid satisfaction it affords me, to know that I have a hold upon the affections and anxious solicitude of one, who is dear to my God! Is it not an irresistible argument in favour of our connection, that it increases in proportion as we love God, and are conformed to his image? and that what renders us more dear to him, renders us more dear to each other? Oh! let us become the Lord's entirely; and then, if he should give realisation to our plans, our life will be happy, and we shall finally have the felicity of seeing each other raised to that high degree of glory, which is in reserve for all the faithful. To know that we occupy a place in the remembrance of those whom we love, and that we are daily borne by them to the throne of God, are very pleasing thoughts; but the hope of dwelling with them in eternity, where every barrier to our full enjoyment of their society will be removed, affords a degree of present transport. I believe that it would be impossible for those, whom affection has closely united, contentedly to dwell asunder: but, though we have hitherto been permitted to communicate our thoughts and feelings to each other, this, perhaps, will be of short duration, and will, *like the tender plant by the chilling frost, be cut down before it has arrived to a state of maturity*:—such, however, is the uncertainty of all earthly good! It becomes us, then, to secure an interest in that place where all is certainty: there is the greatest degree of importance to be attached to this. The thought frequently intrudes itself,—that, perhaps, this is the last time you will ever be permitted to address him, whom you now feel a pleasure in calling your William. Well, then, I reply, if it be the Lord's will, that it should be so, I must—I will yield obedience, let it cost me what it may, because I believe that such a sacrifice would be well-pleasing to Him. I now find more pleasure in pleasing my God, than I do in gratifying myself; and this must arise from an increase of love to him. With holiness I am increasingly in love; and when I see its delightful fruits manifested in others, it excites my admiration, and

makes me long to possess it more fully myself,—not for the sake of being admired, but because I believe that I could then bring so much more glory to my Heavenly Father, and be made so much more capable of enjoying those heights of glory, which, as you observe, it is my privilege to realise. * * * * * Should a bar be placed between us, all that I can do is, to exercise Christian resignation, and this the Lord enables me to do. I have had a conflict for it; but, since that time, I have felt perfectly confident, that not one ingredient will be withheld from the cup of kindness, which the bountiful Donor of all good is providing for us. Surely, for the things which we want in time, we can trust Him, to whom we commit our souls for eternity. I have, for some length of time, enjoyed delightful communion with the Saviour. There is in religion—Oh! yes, there is a blessed reality; there is nothing, that we can possess, which is worthy to be compared with it.

Feb. 3, 1821.

My feelings, after you left on Wednesday, were of a very peculiar, and, I may add, of a very painful cast; I have felt something similar to them before, but not equal in force; and it was not till I had approached the throne of Grace, with strong cries, and earnest entreaties, that I found any relief; I was then given a measure of assurance, that the Lord would again restore you to health, when his wisdom should discover, that it would be beneficial and productive of real advantage; and this end we must ever keep in view. Oh! William, what would it profit us, if, while we possessed each other, and every thing which this world has to offer, the blessing of God should be withheld? Would it not all be misery and woe? On the other hand, we may say, that, possessing each other, and only a little of this world's good, with the approbation and blessing of Heaven, it would, in a considerable degree, be happiness and joy. We are, in a very peculiar way, called to trust in the Lord; let us, then, be faithful to this call; and, though, like Abraham, we may be much tried, and he may appear to be about *'to remove from us the desire of our eyes with a stroke;'* yet, like that holy Patriarch, may we be *'found steadfast and immoveable,'* possessing a resolute determination, in all things to yield the most perfect obedience! And, *should his dispensation towards us be the extreme of painfulness,* may we meekly resign ourselves to Him, and say,—*'It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good!'* But, *'Ah!'* say you, *'perhaps, Anne, while you are thus writing, the Lord may be purposing to deal in this way with you.'* Well, if he call, I *must* obey. I dare not say, What doest thou? You are his, and at his disposal; if he give you to me, I shall be

thankful; but, if he withhold, I have no right to complain. But I trust that things will prove more favourable than, *in some dark moments, it appears probable they may prove*. We have had Mr. TURNER ministering to us to-day in holy things: this morning, he dwelt very sweetly on the nature and blessedness of Christian experience; and, this evening, he set before us the day of Judgment, in its awful grandeur. My mind has been very much solemnised; eternity, with all its important consequences, appeared very near, and I am led to enquire,—Is my religion such as will bear me out in that important period? Can I stand that strict scrutiny, which will extend to the very thoughts? Oh! it is serious work. May you and I be ready, having our lamps trimmed, and our lights burning! And thus, while some, for confusion, will not be able to lift up their heads, we, with joy, shall be enabled to behold our Judge. I awoke, on Friday morning last, with very pleasing and profitable feelings, having those lines strongly impressed on my mind:—

‘ Oh! may I live no longer than I live
To breathe my soul to Him, who gave my soul,
With all her infinite of prospect fair!—’

And this is now my intense desire.

How well tutored the mind of Miss H. must have been for the active and relative duties of life, may be estimated from her habitual sense of the presence and observance of God: and that, amidst the happy attainments to which Divine Grace had rapidly advanced her, she was not unfitted for the exercise of strong sympathy in suffering, we may offer a valuable testimony.

The following letter was addressed to a Sister, under the pressure of some painful circumstances.

Feb. 2, 1822.

THE receipt of a letter from my dear Sister, afforded me great pleasure. I have been painfully exercised on your account, and do deeply sympathise with you in your distress. The enemy of souls tempted me to murmur against God for thus trying you: he suggested to me, that such a trial as this must surely amount to cruelty; but I repelled this evil insinuation, and instantly recollected, that whatever Jehovah permits, is for the purpose of promoting our spiritual welfare. The Lord may, in many respects, be compared to a physician: he first uses gentle means; but, if these prove unsuccessful, he is obliged to

have recourse to others of a more severe and powerful nature. Disease sometimes creeps on us unawares, and secretly takes its seat, while we know nothing of it, but by its effects; it then requires the wisdom of the physician to discover, and his skill to remove it. But then, it is necessary that we should pay attention, not only to the prescriptions, in order to have it removed, but to the rules laid down to prevent a relapse. It may be, that Satan has been saying of you, as he did of Job,—‘Let their substance be removed from them, and they will curse thee to thy face;’—but then, what happiness will be the result, if circumstances render it possible, to give that subtle fiend the lie, and prove yourselves faithful!—Oh! stand *firm*, as Christians; and shew that you are such, whether in ease or pain—prosperity or adversity—life or death: in all things let it appear, that you are the Lord’s *real* servants. We are, indeed, surrounded by temporal, as well as by spiritual, dangers, and we cannot, in time, arrive at any thing like certainty: how much it becomes us, therefore, to make *sure* work for eternity. Let us get *deep* piety; and then, boisterous as the storm may be, we shall eventually arrive in safety in the haven of everlasting felicity;—we shall there, without a cloud between, fully gaze on Him, whom we now feel such pleasure in beholding, by the eye of faith. May the Apostle’s comprehensive prayer for the Ephesians be answered in you and me;—may we be ‘*filled with all the fulness of God!*’

Yours, affectionately,

ANNE HOWELL.

The rapid advance, which she was now making in spiritual attainments, became very apparent; the discovery was not confined to her chief correspondent, though he beheld it with an exultation, that was only tempered by conscious inferiority, and tremulous forebodings. To those who surrounded her,—who were privileged by her society,—who weighed the expressions which very sparingly fell from her lips,—who associated with her in the ordinances of religion,—and who accompanied her to a throne of Grace,—her growing stature in spiritual life was observable and exemplary. It was, indeed, in the family-devotions, and in the Society-meetings for prayer and Christian experience, that the soundness of her understanding, aiding the depth of her piety, was chiefly visible to those around her. She was not forward to converse; the idle chat of the silly and uninteresting, she extremely disliked; and the good sense, which produced this feeling in her mind, accompanied by the diffidence, that gave her an undue impression of personal inferiority, often sealed up her lips in total silence, or painfully embarrassed her efforts to talk. Yet she shrunk not from duty; for, when sensible of the obligation, from the compa-

relatively destitute situation of the pious few with whom she was connected, she would, without hesitation, engage in the solemn exercises of religion; and often the Ministers present, and the most sensible of her friends, have been delighted, when, in her vocal addresses to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, she would pour forth a strain of supplication, that surprised them by its sublimity,—affected them by its pathos,—awed them by its spirituality,—and carried them out into the deepest devotion, by the force of its efficacy and fervour. There was divinely fixed in her mind, a clear conviction of the indispensable necessity of complete conformity to the will of God: this became to her the standard upon which the principle of a holy ambition settled its eye; inferior to this, she felt herself deficient,—if deficient, faulty,—and if faulty, inexcusable, while living under a dispensation of ‘the power of God unto salvation.’ The insatiable ardour with which, comparatively ‘forgetting the things which were behind, she reached forward to those before,’ was met by very gracious manifestations of Christ to her soul. It can thus be easily accounted for, that she should often ‘rejoice with joy unspeakable;’ while she had yet an habitual sense of blame-worthy and sinful distance from God, so long as she felt not that state of ineffable union with our Lord and Saviour, which he has graciously proclaimed as his will, (John xvii. 11, 20—23,) and of which the enjoyment brings, abidingly to the soul, the in-dwelling of a reconciled and holy God.

The following extracts from her Correspondence, are illustrative of these remarks.

March 16, 1821.

* * * * * BUT, perhaps, you are anxiously waiting to hear, how I am going on in my spiritual career, and in my search after knowledge. I am not, I believe, in either respect, standing still, though my progress is slow. I have often told you, that I desire to be made entirely holy; but these desires have abundantly increased, during the last week; they began to increase one evening, while in retirement for meditation and prayer. My mind was led to consider the employment and happiness of those blessed spirits, who are immediately engaged in praising the Triune God above. After a few moments’ consideration, the thought suddenly came, that they were admitted into that world of joy, because they are entirely holy, ‘having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ To be with them, and to partake of the felicities which they possess, appeared very desirable; but the conclusion was natural, that the same process which made them meet, was necessary too for me. I, therefore, covenanted afresh with my Heavenly Father, to be entirely his. Since that period, I have been led earnestly

to seek the blessing of entire sanctification ; and I do believe, that I shall obtain it. I have not only asked for this perfect love for myself, but for you ; and Oh ! may we henceforth ‘ walk in newness of life !’

March 30, 1821.

WHILE eagerly perusing your very welcome letter, I felt the truth of what you said,—‘ that calls for gratitude abundantly thicken.’ The pleasure, which I felt on reading its contents, has not been equalled on any former occasion. The first thing which particularly excited my gratitude was, that I could observe the growth of my Friend in spirituality ; because this, as well as my own spiritual improvement, I believe I have desired more than any thing else. To understand, that you had greater power at a throne of Grace, much rejoiced my heart ; as *there* is the store whence we procure all ‘ the armour of righteousness,’ with which to fight our battles ;—*there*, too, we obtain that spiritual food, which is necessary to strengthen and refresh our souls ;—by applying to that throne, where our God sits dispensing His favours, we get our spiritual appetites more keenly whetted, so that our food becomes more palatable, our desires after it more intense, and our enjoyment of it abundantly augmented ;—in fine, ‘tis *there* we grow hungry, and *there* we are filled ;—’tis *there* we feel our poverty, and *there* we are made rich. Hence, to have more power *there*, must be the beginning of good days, and this is the case with you ;—Oh ! do, then, go on ;—cultivate a still greater freedom with your Heavenly Father. I always find my soul most blessed when I can do thus :—I do not mean a light familiarity—no—this I abhor,—but a mixed view of His greatness and infinite kindness ;—such a view as will produce, at the same moment, *reverence* and *love*. But another call for gratitude was, that any thing, which I had said, should, in any way, be made a blessing to you ;—Oh, yes ! that is just what I want, to lead each other *deeper into God*. The satisfaction which I feel in bearing you to a throne of Grace, as my dearest Friend, by the permission of Heaven, is more than I can express ;—I can there view you, not as my Lord’s rival, but as mine ‘ in the Lord.’ I cannot help regarding it as a peculiar mercy, that I have never felt you a hinderance to me in my spiritual course, but the contrary. Never, I believe, have I had such a view of the infinite kindness of our Heavenly Father, as I had on Thursday last, while thinking on those words,—‘ He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye.’ I saw the unbounded and wonderful tenderness of the Lord towards us, which caused me to feel amazed that we can ever distrust Him. What great love must He bear to us, whom He so graciously honours with the appellation of children ! Nothing, which has been necessary to make us happy, has been

spared ; let us, then, repose in our kind Benefactor a steady and constant confidence, with the delightful persuasion, that what will be best for us, His kindness will induce Him to impart ; and what will prove injurious, His wisdom will determine him to withhold.—With such a God, who has any need to fear ?

But you say, that you are anxiously waiting to know, whether I have ‘ faith enough to venture for full salvation ;’—I cannot say that I have ;—there seems but one step more, and that I am afraid to take ; I firmly believe that the Lord will do it, and yet I fear to think, that He will do it this moment. I think thus : perhaps He sees fit to try me, by withholding the blessing, in order to prove whether I shall be steadfast in seeking it : this I feel determined to do, and not to be satisfied until I possess it. But then, am I to believe that He has done it, until the Spirit clearly bears witness to the accomplishment of the work ? Please to give me your thoughts on this subject ; as I want to know, if the witness of the Spirit is not as necessary to sanctification, as it is to justification. I will, as nearly as possible, describe to you my feelings. I most ardently desire deliverance from all sin ;—I believe in the Lord’s ability and willingness to do this, because I know that I could so much more glorify Him in the enjoyment, than in the absence, of this blessing. I expect to receive it by faith ;—I am sometimes almost ready to believe, that He *has* destroyed all sin ;—but then, as I before said, I am afraid to venture so far, until I have a bright evidence of it. But, I rejoice to tell you, that I feel exceedingly happy in the Lord : it is not a rapturous joy, but a more solid feeling, arising from a sense of my union with the Lord Jesus. Oh ! who can rightly calculate upon the blessedness of being one with Him and His Father ?—of dwelling in Him, and He in us ? I think I can appeal to Him, and say, in return for His love to me, I love Him supremely. Yes, I believe I can, in addressing Him, make those very expressive words my own :—

‘ Thee I can love, and Thee alone,
 With chief *delight* and inward *bliss* ;
 To know thou tak’st me for thine own,
 O what a happiness is this !’

The Lord has lately shewn me so much of my own littleness, and emptied me so completely of all self-confidence, that I can with sincerity say, I feel myself nothing before Him. I use not the above expressions as mere religious *cant*, for that I detest ; but as expressive of real feelings on the subject. Those feelings lead me very willingly to join you, my dear Friend, in offerings of thanksgiving to our indulgent God ; and the causes for the exercise of gratitude, to which you have called my attention, I deeply feel. O that we could form a right

estimate of our privileges ! but this, perhaps, we shall never fully do, till the light of eternity shines on our minds.

I think, with trembling, of some whom I have known, and many of whom I have heard, who, when the Lord first blessed them with each other's affections, promised well, and felt a delight in cherishing in each other the rising of every good desire, in order to obtain a greater depth of piety ; but alas ! when the Lord has further blest them, by giving consummation to their wishes, and a tolerable share of this world's goods, their care for each other's better interests has almost ceased. I say, I tremble at this, fearing, lest it should ever be our case ; but we know, that it will not need to be thus. Should the Lord bless us, then, with a union, may our solicitude for each other's spiritual welfare be ever kept alive !

I have not read either of the works, which you mention. I am perusing Paley's *Natural Theology*, and feel much interested in it ; do you not think it a very useful work ? Oh ! William, how much I regret my want of time ; all that I can secure is obtained by early rising ; but I consider myself deprived of it, by a heavy stroke from the Lord, I mean, the death of my dearest, dearest Mother. It was with her a settled purpose, to give her children every opportunity for gaining useful knowledge ; but alas ! how liable to overthrow are human purposes ! Her's, in reference to her children, were not accomplished, even in one instance, before she was commanded to leave them to the care of those, whose solicitude for them could not be expected to equal her own. None can tell the loss of a judicious Mother, but those who have sustained it : I think of it, and *weep*, but I dare not complain ; it was the Lord's doing, and who am I, that I should reply to Him ?

* * * * * It has necessarily followed, that a great deal of care and exertion has devolved on the female part of our dear Parent's offspring. I must, then, endeavour to be content, bear my loss with submission, and meekly say, 'tis best, because the Lord hath done it. And now, may ' the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing !'

May 4, 1821.

My feelings lead me to commence my letter, by congratulating you on the Lord's great kindness to you.—I go back to the time, when I first knew you ; your desire then was, that the Lord would restore you to health, and place you in some situation, where you might employ your talents, so as, in some degree, to promote the welfare of the Lord's great family, as well as to add to your own personal advantage ; and how much, towards the accomplishment of this, has your indulgent Parent done for you ! Oh ! let us wonder, admire, and adore ! Our God is, indeed, one who delights to deal out to His creatures his loving kindnesses, and tender mercies ; you and I can testify this,

from experimental knowledge ; it is confirmed by His dealings towards us every day : yes, He takes more pleasure in the happiness of His creatures, than in their distress ; this has been made very conspicuous to us. And now, can we be so impious as to present Him with any thing less, in return, than our own whole hearts ? I think, I hear you say,—‘ No, the Lord shall not be slighted and insulted, so as to be offered a part only, when He has solicited the whole. The offering is too mean to be divided ; our Lord shall have it, then, entirely yielded to himself.’

I was rejoiced to hear, that the savour of Sunday evening continued to dwell upon your soul. Oh ! William, nothing but deep piety will do ; I have tried all other states, but have not found them really satisfying, and now, with help from the Lord, I am determined to try this.

* * * * * I find, on reflection, that I lost ground during my stay at Gloucester, inasmuch as I was not so diligent in seeking the great blessing which I want, as I ought to have been ; it pains me, when I think, that, had I been more earnest in the pursuit, in all probability, ere this, the candle of the perfect love of God would have been shining upon my soul. Oh ! pray for me, that I may be made what I desire to be,—what you wish me to be,—and what my Lord is waiting to make me. I want to be able to hold constant communion with my adorable Redeemer, and to get into a state of close intimacy with Him ; what bliss must this bring into the soul ! surely, more than the mind of man can conceive, till it is actually possessed ; and of it, *then*, he can give to another only a faint idea, in comparison of what it really is. How incalculable are the blessings, which our Lord died to purchase ! Viewing the degraded situation, into which man was fallen, and comparing it with the exalted state to which Christianity raises him, we may, without wondering at the circumstance, be lost in admiration ; and yet, Oh, strange to say ! the Lord has frequently to bring against us the accusation,—‘ My people have committed two evils ; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and they have hewed out unto themselves cisterns,—broken cisterns, that can hold no water.’ We are, indeed, unwise ; ’tis a mercy our Lord is long-suffering.

May, 18th, 1821.

* * * * * I THANK you, my dear Friend, for your tender sympathy and judicious advice ; it was made a blessing to me, although it did not arrive till my days of mourning were ended, and I was again enjoying the smile of my kind Lord. That part of your letter, to which I now allude, affected me much. When I thought, how unfaithful I had been to my Lord, and that he has again caused me to feel his great love towards me, I was melted by his kindness,

and resolved to be more watchful ; and, while writing this, I re-resolve and determine, to keep a jealous eye over myself, lest I should again yield up that heart to another, which Jesus claims as his own. Should I ever again treat my Saviour as I should shudder to treat an earthly friend, would it not prove that He, who ought to have the ascendancy in my affections, has, on the contrary, an inferior station ? I believe, that the feelings, which your illustration excited, will prove a *stimulus* to greater faithfulness, even after many days. I now feel, with deep abasement, my own unworthiness, as I do also the truth of your sentiment,—‘ that a sense of unworthiness needs be no barrier to enjoyment ;’ for, possessing a consciousness of this, as I now do, I never felt so substantially happy, as at the present time. For the last few days I have been in a very delightful frame of mind. On Tuesday evening, while engaged in prayer with the family, the Lord graciously revealed himself to my soul in such a way, as induced me, for some time, to believe, that what I enjoyed was a commencement of that ‘ perfect love, which casts out all fear,’ and purifies the heart. My feelings were blissful,—my happiness was of such a solid cast—*was* ! did I say ? Yes, *it is so now* ; although I have been to-day somewhat depressed, in consequence of a violent pain in the head, which in me, always produces lowness of spirits, leaving behind it a sensation of dulness and stupidity. I have just been at the throne of Grace, and there sweetly felt that Jesus is ‘ touched with the feeling of our infirmities,’ and that he can sympathise, in a most tender manner, with a suffering follower. Oh ! what a mercy is this ! How much it endears the Saviour to us, when he so kindly takes us in his arms, and sheds over us the tears of pity ! * * * * * This morning, while meeting you at the throne of Grace, I had unusual power in wrestling with the Lord, for the blessing of inward holiness for you ; and I came away, with increased confidence that it will be accomplished. As to myself, I am afraid to say positively, that it is done ; and yet I fear to say, that it is not : I want a bright evidence. This, however, I will say, that I increasingly love and delight in my Lord ; and am determined, with you, sincerely to consecrate myself to Him, which is, indeed, my ‘ reasonable service.’ My heart was truly affected with a sense of his unbounded goodness to me, when I read that very pleasing part of your letter, which more immediately called my attention to his gracious dealings with me, to the present moment. His every act proves, that he is Love. Oh ! what an endearing name ! and how strange it is, that we should ever, even for a moment, allow our attention to be diverted from him, to any objects that are mean and unworthy of our notice ! * * * * * I have been thinking of the temptation to which you allude,—to refrain from holiness, lest you should soon be removed from the world by death. Oh, how subtle is this ! The Arch-Fiend thus takes advan-

tage of your desire to live; if you had a desire to die, perhaps he would insinuate, that you had better not become holy, lest the Lord should protract your stay; as you would be so much more calculated to be useful, and to promote his glory in the Church Militant, than you had ever yet been. Ah! listen not to him: the probability is on the other side: it appears more reasonable to suppose, that holiness would lengthen your stay. Surely, the Lord is more kind to those who are still 'sitting in darkness,' than to remove those lamps, which have arrived at a state of vigorous brilliancy in burning; and to leave the tapers, whose glimmering light is scarcely perceptible, and will have but little influence on those who are encircled 'in thick darkness.' 'Ye,' says our Lord, 'are the lights of the world.' That light, then, which burns the brightest, must be the most useful to him, as he condescends to use such instruments for the accomplishment of that great end—the enlightening of all nations.

June 5, 1821.

* * * * I CAN enter precisely into the feelings excited, by contemplating your departure from under the roof of your kind and excellent Parents: there must, indeed, have been something peculiarly interesting, in recounting the mercies received, the dangers escaped, the pleasures enjoyed, and the pains endured, during your residence there; all which have been so arranged, as to 'work together for your good, so long as you continue to love God.' How edifying and stimulating it is, to trace the dealings of our indulgent Parent with us! How pleasing to reflect, that he has made us the subjects of his grace, and the objects of his peculiar care; and that by a process, part of which may sometimes appear strange to us, not knowing the salutary results that it will produce, he is preparing us for high and incalculably great felicity! And this, then, is the conduct towards us of that God, whom we sometimes can so unwisely distrust, fearing to venture our little bark on the ocean, notwithstanding he has kindly promised to be the Pilot, and has assured us of success, provided we receive him, and attend to all his directions, carefully avoiding the rock which had nearly caused poor Peter's overthrow. Let us not give the Saviour occasion to upbraid us with,—'O faithless and perverse!' Why is it that we can ever doubt, when he has uttered such words as,—'All things whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, BELIEVE that ye receive them, and ye shall have them?' Why then,—Oh! why is it, that we stay so long without the spiritual blessings, which we so intensely desire? Do we not frequently err in reference to the simplicity of the way to obtain them? Are we not simply to depend on Jesus every moment? I think we often make our way dark by reasonings, when it would otherwise have been perfect 'light in the

Lord;' this I say from experience. How frequently has my weakness been exposed, by raising a defence against some particular and fanciful notions, which have only tended to mislead, and which have obliged me again to resort to the plain, simple Gospel plan!

Your letter excited mixed emotions of pleasure and pain :—the pain was produced by imagining that you were distressed, while penning some of your lines. Was it not the case? I thought, that, feeling the importance of the situation of business, in which you will shortly be placed, you seemed to tremble; but I would remind you, that you are affectionately invited to 'cast your burden upon the Lord,' with the kind promise, that 'He will sustain you;' and his promises are all as sure, as the pillars of heaven. I think I may risk the assertion, that, if you resolutely and constantly dedicate yourself to the great Governor of the universe, all will be well. I will recal your attention to your favourite text ;—'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy steps.' But then I must remind you, that the safest way to pass through such a world as this,—beset, as we continually are, on every hand, with dangers,—is to keep close to our Guide. 'Tis true, we may even there be troubled, but not forsaken; but should we ever stray from our Omnipotent Conductor, into any of the by-paths of folly, his love will then, if I may so speak, compel him to take the rod, in order to drive us back to his bosom, which we had so foolishly quitted. We might, I am persuaded, save ourselves from many painful feelings, by being more watchful. How many wounds, caused by the fiery darts of the wicked one, should we escape, if we had the shield of faith always in exercise! Will you, then, join me in determining, that we will, in future, be more wise? While I am writing this letter, I do resolve—and I trust that, when you read it, you will unite with me—that I will be wholly my God's.

June 29, 1821.

THE kindness, which you have manifested by a punctual compliance with my request, I know not how to acknowledge; and fearing lest words should not faithfully portray my feelings, I leave it to you to judge by your own, under similar circumstances. Do you not think with me, that attention to little things, is by no means unimportant in maintaining our hold on each other's regard? Could we trace out the cause of the miserable indifference, which we observe in too many, who, doubtless were once united by real affection, should we not frequently learn, that it had its origin in something trifling and apparently unimportant? * * * * *

Considering the bright and animating dispensation, under which we are favoured to live, what poor work it is to be one day gaining a little

spiritual strength, and the next, perhaps, losing it! We certainly should blush at such conduct in ourselves, and severely condemn it in others, in reference even to worldly pursuits. What should we say of the man, who, by attention and perseverance in business, would one day acquire a little wealth, and the next go and foolishly squander it away, when he might, by wisely using it, have it augmented every day? Of such a one, I think, we should say, he is unwise,—he does not study his own interest. * * * * * If I were disposed to believe all that you say of yourself, what a picture would this present to my view! You say, that you have been fearing you are ‘naturally and habitually of a melancholy turn of mind,—discontented and restless.’ Do not indulge in the practice of writing bitter things against yourself. I wish I could persuade you to throw off all those gloomy apprehensions, which too often creep into your mind. Recollect with whom we have to do,—a God who is ‘abundant in goodness,’—‘a High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who was, in all points, tempted like as we are.’ Look to him, then; gaze on him, until you are ‘changed into his image.’ I perfectly agree with you in thinking, that complaint will be of no avail, and that it will rather aggravate, than heal, our spiritual disease; it must then, evidently, be a useless manner of employing time. Praise becomes us best. We are each other’s, and we are God’s, and He is our’s,—causes, these, for thankfulness; but here his mercies do not stop, we already possess many more; and Oh, what a rich abundance has he in store for us! ‘Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.’ And here let me remind you, that you are not to be too anxious about those things, which the Lord well knows are necessary for you, and which he has promised to bestow; and, remembering his faithfulness, what reason can there be for doubt?

‘Should nature fail, and darkness hide the stars,
And cover with a sable veil the sun,
Unchang’d and fix’d the truth of God remains,
Nor knows the least decay.’——

Here, then, will we rest secure.

* * * * * My mind was solemnised and blest this morning, while reading Rev. xiv.: the awful threatenings denounced against the wicked, and the blessedness of the righteous, stimulated me more earnestly to beseech the Lord to fully ‘conform me to the image of his dear Son.’ *I fear, that I have been too much satisfied with a gradual work, instead of agonising with the Lord, until He should destroy all sin out of my soul.* I find, that I have

not persevered enough in seeking; my language has not enough been,—
 ‘I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me;’—

————— ‘Till thou, with full
 And cloudless demonstration to my soul,
 Confirm thy promised grace.’ —————

I am, indeed, dissatisfied with myself, when I reflect how very small my attainments are, in comparison of what they might be. But here I am stopped by you,—‘What is the use of complaint?’ I confess, that I never experience its utility; and, therefore, will not uselessly employ my time.

* * * * * I was very thankful to hear, that you arrived safely at home, and that you there met with some mercies. At the same time, you had something to perplex you. Thus you must expect it all through life: and, perhaps, when the secrets of eternity will be unfolded to our view, we shall be constrained to praise Him most for the severe. * * * * * But I must leave you. Commending you to God, ‘whose you are, and whom you serve,’ and praying that his choicest blessings may sweetly descend and rest upon you, I am, &c.

There was most manifest this one mark of the genuineness of Miss H.’s piety, and it strikingly commended it to the attention of the thoughtless, and the approval of the judicious;—by it she was neither unfitted for the busy and industrious occupations of her situation in life, nor for its social duties, nor for its tender affections. The correctness of this remark may be illustrated by the following extract; and it will, at the same time, serve to shew, that her mind was preparing for that state of blissful union with God, which she had long ardently desired, and upon which she had now considerably advanced:—

July 16, 1821.

* * * * * Oh! what a luxury would it be to me, to be able to devise any means, whereby I could rescue you from your perplexities! but, alas! this I am unable to do. I was, on Saturday, after reading your epistle, in distress on your account; and thus I went on my knees, and with strong cries, and earnest entreaties, besought the Lord, to extricate you from your present difficulties, telling Him, that I would gladly suffer any thing myself, so that you might be spared;—when a kind messenger seemed to whisper, in a soft, yet dignified tone,—‘There is no need to talk thus;—knowest thou not, that He, whom thou art addressing, regards him with a love infinitely superior to thine?’ I felt it, and rose, somewhat confident that deliverance would be granted. Oh! what an unkind world we

have to do with!—but, what am I saying?—perhaps imputing that to an unkind world, which is the work of an indulgent Parent, who sees that a path strewed with roses, 'would be more likely to conceal a serpent, than one that is hardened by driving winds and chilling frosts. He is

‘ Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies.’

Let us then meekly acquiesce, and say, let the trial be ever so severe,—‘ It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.’

My mind, for many days, has been much occupied with thoughts of eternity; its concerns have frequently been presented to my view, clothed with awful importance; the thought of my spirit being disembodied,—of passing into an unknown world,—of being ushered into the immediate presence of a pure and holy God,—and of having her state determined for ever,—impressed me with a conviction that these are things of infinite moment. That which would most tend to make us meet to *enjoy* these invisible realities, should, I think, be most esteemed, and with the greatest eagerness pursued. The contemplation of these things has been beneficial to me; it has caused the present world, and all that it has to offer, to sink very much in my esteem; it has caused me more than ever, to be willing to sacrifice every thing for God. *My feelings, latterly, have been so new,—so strange,—so indescribable, that I am inclined to think the Lord is about to do something for me, of which I have now no knowledge.* Well, be it what it may, the design will, undoubtedly, be the promotion of my spiritual prosperity; and that is the object for which I most ardently long. This is far preferable to all the riches or honours, which a mouldering world has to afford. The two awful circumstances related in your letter, and particularly the last, made a deep impression on my mind; they are, indeed, terrifying, and speak, with a voice that demands attention;—‘ Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.’ My dear Friend will not, I think, be displeased, if I entreat him to let it have its proper effect on his mind. Let it stimulate you to more vigorous exertion. I think you render yourself still more weak in spirit, by looking so much at your own feebleness;—turn your eye another way:—‘ Look unto me,’ says Jehovah, ‘ and be ye saved.’ By continually thinking of your short-comings, you gain nothing but feelings of dissatisfaction; but, by thinking of Jesus, of what he has done, and of what he is willing to do, your soul would get fired with love, and filled with confidence; your language would soon be altered, and, instead of complaining that, comparatively, you cannot do any thing, you would, with holy boldness, exclaim,—‘ I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.’ The feebleness which you feel,

should, in my opinion, stimulate you to make a *desperate effort* to believe in Jesus; and, thereby, I am persuaded, you would get rid of it altogether. You feel the need of a deeper work in your soul, and must be fully aware, that you will never be more able to seek it, than you are now. I do, indeed, anticipate the time, as not far distant; when you, and myself too, will not only be emptied of sin, but 'filled with all the fulness of God;' and when we shall be able to go hand in hand up to the plains of light, tasting those immortal sweets, which are let down to refresh and animate weary travellers, and to give them some earnest of what they shall hereafter enjoy. But do I not weary you, by always insisting on this one thing? If I do, you must forgive me; it is the effect of anxious solicitude for you; I want you to be really happy; and how can I help feeling thus? If William is happy, then Anne can rejoice; but if not, she is unavoidably sorrowful; and the only thing, which can restore her to joy, is the breath of her Friend, allowed, when his atmosphere is cleared, to pass to her untainted. Do you not see, then, how many things bind you to make the exertions, to which I have been inviting you? You would be able continually to please and glorify your God;—you would delight me even to ecstasy;—and you would secure to yourself present felicity, and, hereafter, an eternal weight of glory. Are not these motives stimulating? The second, I own, is the weakest, but even that may have some influence. There are three things in particular, which, when I receive your letters, I am anxious to know; the first is, whether your soul is prospering; the second, if your health continues to improve; and the third, how you are getting on in temporal affairs. You must, therefore, guess what my feelings are now; you said nothing at all about the second particular, but I trust, that you are freed from suffering on that head; and I hope it will, very speedily, be the same, on the first and last. Oh! yes, your 'God will,' I believe, 'supply all your need;' your temporal wants are comparatively small, and He will not, I am sure, let you sink, when so little would bear you up. His ability we cannot doubt; we remember, that 'the silver and the gold are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.' I am inclined to think, that you will call me a very poor comforter; but the fact is, my spirits are so much depressed on your account, that I am unable to be cheerful, or at all interesting; all that I can do is, to commend you to God, who has promised to be unto his people, 'as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

* * * * * You did not, in your letter, state any particular time for prayer; do not let us omit that, as I believe it has already been, and will yet be, very beneficial: perhaps the afternoon would be more convenient for you than the morning. * * *

I should like for us to commence a regular reading of the Scriptures; beginning them, and, every day, perusing a stated portion; and when

a passage occurs with particular force, to notice it to each other ; it would, perhaps, be profitable ; you will let me know, if you approve or not.* I anticipate much profit from the perusal of Lady Maxwell's life, which I have just commenced : have you read it ? As to literature, my thirst for it continues, though but little satisfied. But my sheet reminds me, that I must say farewell.

SECTION III.

THE value and necessity of entire holiness had been presented to the mind of Miss Howell, long before she understood the phraseology, which the Wesleyan Methodists are accustomed to use, with reference to the subject ; and long, too, before she perceived how distinctly the Scriptures inculcate the experience, which that doctrine prescribes. But, subsequently to her feeling the need of being made evangelically 'pure in heart,' and to her being attracted by the loveliness of a state, which promised her that closeness of communion with God, for which she had incessantly panted ; when she saw expanded before her, the clear and ample views of holiness, which, from the institution of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies,† have been distinguishingly main-

* The plan adopted and continued, was a division of the Inspired Volumes into three parts,—the Historical Books, the Prophetical, and those of the New Testament,—a chapter in each to be read daily, *seriatim*, besides other excursive and optional reading.—W. B.

† It would be, perhaps, no mis-statement, as a general outline, of the sentiments of the Methodists on the spiritual privileges attending the Christian Dispensation of the Holy Spirit, to refer to our Lord's Sermon on the Mount ; to St. Paul's comprehensive prayer for the Ephesian believers, (chap. iii. ver. 14, *et seq.* ;) to his exhortations to the Philippian Church, (chap. iv. ver. 4—9 ;) to his admonitions to the Thessalonian disciples, (1 Epist. chap. v. ver 14, *et seq.* ;) and to the glowing description from the beloved disciple, (1 John iv. 16—19 ;) and then to say, that all the moral and spiritual qualifications for an entrance into the glory of another world, either expressed or implied in these portions of holy writ, are regarded, to use the expressive words of a distinguished living writer, as 'matters of asking and receiving' by faith, at the throne of Grace ; as well as matters of practical exemplification, by the continued power of Divine grace, to the full meaning of the sacred authors, in the midst of this world's lawful business and employments.—W. B.

tained among them ; she listened with eagerness to the illustrations of the Scriptures that were offered, she studied the reasonings upon which her hope, and her confidence, successively took their stand, and then, with her characteristic firmness, she bent all her energies to acquire what she believed her Saviour's promise held forth to her acceptance.

Her Correspondent had perceived, with delightful interest, the obvious hastening of her soul towards the rest of '*perfect love, which casteth out all fear that hath torment ;*' for he well knew, that, as it is '*shed abroad by the Holy Ghost,*' it so operates with its purifying energy, both upon the principles of the mind, and upon the affections of the heart, as to render believers holy, and '*written among the living,*' in the estimation of Him, who '*gave himself for them, that He might redeem them from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.*' At the same time, from the powerful and definite exercises of her mind, on the subject of closer union with her Saviour, her Friend anticipated some speedy and peculiar manifestation of the things of Christ, to be revealed by that Holy Spirit, whose transforming influences were already very visibly displayed. Every letter, accordingly, prepared him to open the next with more impatient expectation ; and it was distinctly requested, that if any peculiar spiritual blessings were vouchsafed from above, she would describe with particularity, and relate with freedom ;—but it was then utterly out of imagination, that any eye, but his own, should ever trace the account.

He, who has watched the progress of believing minds, will not be much at a loss to observe the symptoms of a growth in grace ; nor will he be unprepared to expect, or to credit, the report of brilliant spiritual successes, achieved under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, by '*as many as believe, to whom the Son hath given power.*' If such an observer have had, beyond the common interest of brotherly affection in the family of God, an interest which only one can be permitted to feel, in reference to the case contemplated, he will be qualified to judge, with what eagerness the seal was broken of the letter containing the following extract, and with what indescribable pleasure its contents were perused.

The relation of the sudden death of a man of awful character, in one of the meadows of Miss H.'s Father, is closed by the following remarks, which immediately precede the account of that great manifestation of God to her soul, from which she continued to enjoy, almost without interruption, the indwelling presence of her Saviour.

July 31, 1821.

THERE is to me something so alarming in sudden death, that I cannot help praying that it may never be my lot, nor that of any who are dear to me. Greatly should I prefer having those, whom I love, weaned away by protracted illness, though that would be sufficiently dreadful, than torn from me unawares; however, 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.'

The Lord was, indeed, about to do something for me, of which I had but a faint idea. On Wednesday evening, after reading your letter, I desired, with fresh intensity, to possess the blessing of perfect love: after praying a few minutes, I went to hear Mr. Turner preach, from Peter's beginning to sink, when he saw the sea troubled, and the winds boisterous. He urged our looking to the Saviour every moment, and thus sweetly shewed the possibility of having great things effected for us;—'But,' said he, 'it must be by *continually* looking to Him.' The sermon was blest to me at the time of hearing it, but not in any uncommon way. I retired directly to my room, saying within myself,—'I will now wrestle with the Lord, for the blessing which I have so long wanted; and, perhaps, this will be the time of my visitation.' I kneeled down, about the place in which I am now sitting to write this letter, and, in an agony of spirit, I *entreated the Lord to empty my heart of all remaining corruption, and to fill it with Himself*. I prayed for some time, and then rose from my knees, without knowing that the Lord had heard me; I paced the room, my mind being exercised in various ways, between hope and fear; Satan, too, did not fail to present some artful temptations, such as,—'You had better not venture; it is a hazardous piece of business; and, even if you should gain the prize, you will be sure to lose it again.' He also suggested,—'It is so much the safest way to be content with what may be called *common blessings*;'—'it is something like pride to be reaching out for such great things.' But, however, I determined I would try till I succeeded, and I again *besought the God of love to impart His nature to my soul*; and, when I rose the second time, I felt, that it was no vain thing to wait on the Lord; still I seemed afraid to believe, that this was the very thing; I again prayed and begged the Lord to shew me precisely the way, and *He did graciously reveal Himself to me, as my sanctification*;—and then, Oh! William, what sweetness did I enjoy!—it was, indeed, 'the o'erwhelming power of saving grace;' and yet, that scarcely expresses it so well as,—

'The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love!'

I felt, that to be thus near Jesus, was truly the most delightful situation I ever occupied.

On Friday evening, when returning from Hereford, I enjoyed so much holy ecstasy, that I began to fear I should fall from my horse; every thing around me appeared full of God. As I was proceeding, a circumstance, which would sometimes have alarmed me, occurred, but then it had no such influence:—it was rather late, and two men, who were passing along the road, very rudely addressed me; it did not, however, excite any feeling, but that of pity, not even a fear, I so sweetly felt, that I was in the hands of my Heavenly Father; and thus coolly passed on, without any further interruption. These very delightful feelings continued for some time. For the last day or two, I have not been able to see my way quite so clear, though I can still trust in Him.

I was truly rejoiced to hear, that your soul, for the last few days previously to your writing, had prospered; need I invite you, my dear Friend, again to press into the enjoyment of full salvation? Is Anne to go on without you, or to tarry back to wait for you? Neither: she hopes to go on, and to enjoy your company.

Such a state of mind, as that which is here described, must offer striking moral and religious phenomena to attentive consideration;—its novelty must create a tremulous anxiety;—its extreme and delicate sensibility must give it a pleasing interest;—and if, in the future progress of the soul, there be a visible retaining of the vantage ground on which faith had secured its triumphs, and a visible exemplification of the important fruits of victory, there will be, *in a Christian Spirit*, unaffected joy, and the confiding anticipation of yet more elevated advancements. These observations shall introduce another letter, containing an ample exposition of the good resulting from the spiritual exercises already detailed. For the almost entire transcription of it, no apology is presented; for when it is read none will be wanted, and its extraordinary length will be amply compensated by its distinguishing interest. To this interest some augmentation will be made, when the Reader is reminded, that this letter was written on the very day six months previous to her marriage, and on the very day twelve months prior to her death:—

Aug. 21, 1821.

WITH my mind sweetly stayed on my Redeemer, and by Him kindly permitted to make every lawful effort to increase the stock of my Friend's happiness, I sit down to write him. Had your letter of Wednesday come unaccompanied by that of Friday, I should have been quite uneasy, on account of your mental sufferings; for it would

have made me uncomfortable to be uncertain, whether you had obtained relief or not. At the moment of reading it, I felt a sort of impatient wish, that I could fly through the dreary space which separated me from you, and chase away the gloom that hung upon your brow ; but that wish subsided, pleasant as the task would have been, when I remembered that it was not my Heavenly Father's will, and that He could do it without my aid ; I felt a confidence, yea, that he had partially done it, before I was made acquainted with its necessity. I feel it a peculiar mercy, that we can have access to a throne of Grace ; and that we can there mingle our spirits, and get them transformed into the likeness of the Redeemer. I will not say, do not feel at all about the continuance of present circumstances, as that would be to urge an impossibility ; but I must say, let your solicitude for a close alliance with Jesus preponderate. I know, that this is somewhat difficult, and that considerable exertion is necessary to accomplish it ; because, a desire for it above every thing else, and that resolute and persevering manner of seeking, the result of which will be the realisation of your wishes, are inseparable ; but, though it be thus difficult, yet reflect, what a victory you will achieve ! Suffer yourself to be stimulated by the conduct of the warrior, who, though he cannot be *certain* that success will crown his endeavours, or that the laurels will *surely* be his own ; and, though fully alive to the possibility of great danger, and the poignancy of disappointment ; yet goes fearlessly on, determined that he will lose nothing which effort can procure : *contrast* your circumstances, as one chosen to be a soldier for Jesus ; 'tis true you will be exposed to danger, and the more valiant you are, the more furious will be the enemy ; but then, success is certain, for ' *whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world,*'—' and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' The combat, to which you are called, differs in another point from an earthly one ; the latter tends to enfeeble its combatants ; while in the former, the more we are engaged, the more vigorous we shall become. To prove this, let us take a view of one just commencing his Christian career : feebleness marks his every step, and his language is,—' I can do nothing ;'—let us follow him a little further, and we shall observe, that he grows stronger ; and, by pursuing him onward in his course, we shall by and by hear him exclaim,—' I can now do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.' Let us,—Oh ! let *us*, then, manifest something like holy ambition to attain all those honours and dignities, which will be ours, if we *obtain* and *retain* the laurels of perfect love !

I have, for the last few days especially, been thinking of our very great privileges as Christians ; they are, indeed, inexpressibly great. When my mind enters into this subject, with any degree of energy, I seem astonished at what I have been doing, or rather at my inactivity, since I first knew any thing of spiritual things. How bewildering and

stupifying is the carnal mind, that the soul, when under its influence, can be satisfied to grovel below, when it might be soaring above, and feasting on angels' food! It is my ardent desire and prayer, that, if the Lord shall see fit fully to give us to each other, He will enable us every moment to give Him the supreme sway. What then shall be able, in the least degree, to make us unhappy? Neither want of riches, nor any thing of the sort; O! no; these are things, for which I cannot ask, in any greater degree than as they are absolutely needful, and for that I can rely. He is a God of Providence, as well as of Grace, and He has promised that we 'shall not lack any good thing;' we may be tried, by not having temporal blessings precisely at the time, or in the way, in which we wish them; and is it not so frequently, in reference to spiritual ones? but the reason is, 'our thoughts are not as His thoughts.' I feel now, that I can trust Him for every thing, and I will praise Him for every thing, but most for Himself,—a blessing which, in a degree, I already possess, and which I would not exchange for all the wealth or honour of the world! Could imagination sketch a picture of bliss, which to some might appear perfect, yet, if my eye could not distinctly trace in it the God of my salvation, it would be to me a poor production.

In re-perusing the letter, which I received from you the night before I saw you last, I can now perceive entirely what you mean. I allude to that part, in which you so kindly endeavoured to guard me against believing, that *what I had received* was not the very blessing which *I expected*. I see that it is just the idea, towards which my mind seemed bending; and the enemy has, indeed, whispered,—'Are you certain it is the very thing?' While reading the 9th chapter of Matthew, those words,—'According to your faith, be it unto you,' came with peculiar force into my mind, and an unusual degree of light was cast upon them; I now so distinctly see, that it must be the work of every moment, that I am convinced I shall *every moment* enjoy just as much as my faith embraces, and no more; my past experience corroborates this. What did I use to believe?—Why thus, that the Lord would *occasionally* bless me with a manifestation of His love, and that *now and then*, I should have a *visit* from Him; and *thus* it was; I had all that I expected; every thing that I looked for. I could *then* say, that the Lord had graciously *visited* me, and the remembrance of it always made Him precious; but, at the same time, I knew nothing of His *dwelling* in me; my feelings *were frequently* like those of a person, who is conscious that he *has received* a favour from a friend; but, blessed be my God! I can now say, that they are similar to those of an individual, who knows that he *is receiving*, and *at the present moment living* on the bounty of his friend; and, the more I feel myself the Lord's debtor, the more am I willing to be so: but ah! there was a day, when this was not the case;—yes, I believe,

there was a day, (I speak it to the glory of my God, who hath now made me to differ,) when my proud rebellious heart would have recoiled with indignance at the idea, that I was under an obligation even to my Creator; for I then felt such a haughty and independent spirit, that it refused to bow to any one. Yes, if there be any thing in me, which may appear valuable to you, you owe it all to God; and Oh, that you were under greater obligation in that way to Him! for, 'whatsoever things are pure, or lovely, or of good report,' I wish to possess.

As you are so solicitous to know every thing that passes within and without me, I will now tell you, that, in a sort of indefinite way, I used to think, and it frequently distressed me, that it was likely,—yea, almost certain, that if ever we should be united, we should lose our earnestness about spiritual things. I can account for my fears, on this subject, in no other way than by observing, how frequently this has occurred with others; but I do not now think, that it will be the case with us. O! no; I have a sweet persuasion, that, if we keep on with a steady pace, we shall be made eminent blessings to each other; the design of our Heavenly Father will not be answered, if it be not so; and has he not given us the earnest already?—'Tis true, there is, as you say, a difference between 'living at a distance, and thus receiving a letter, which affection dictates—and religion colours—and kindness interprets;—and living together, and being thus called to *witness* each other's *conduct* in the *particulars* of *daily* avocations.' However, it strikes me, that, in the latter situation, we shall be most likely to be useful; our aim, you know, is not to excite mere feeling, but holy living; and, certainly, we shall be more likely to do *this* when *always together*, than by an occasional epistle from a distance; for, when such is penned, we do not exactly know what will be most useful, on account of our being ignorant of what *is going* on within each other's hearts. Our object should likewise be, to suppress any risings of evil which we may perceive, and to fan the glimmering sparks of purity into flames; now, how unfavourable to *this* is distance, because ignorance of much that is passing must be the result. I am conscious, that deep devotion, and happy communion with God, are necessary to our *being thus useful* to each other, and this should stimulate us to obtain them. I beseech you, then, by the great love which your God bears towards you, by the gratitude which you owe him in return, and by the affection and solicitude which we mutually feel to be helps-meet for each other, in the Christian course, that you struggle on till you obtain the victory. I regard that sweet manifestation, which you had on Friday, as a drop which portended the speedy arrival of a shower, the fractifying influence of which shall never again disappear, until you shall become, as a shock of corn, fully ripe, and fitted for the garner of God. You ask,—'Shall I struggle through, and regain my ground?'—Yes; if you persevere in the way of faith. How much

more have you to encourage you, than the poor Canaanitish woman, who had not even a *promise* to animate her mind ! and yet, behold her faith ! Animating and encouraging, indeed, was the passage which you so kindly sent me ; I have thought of it, until I am astonished ; what may we not do, in the way of overcoming evil ? The whole of the Epistle, from which you selected that sweet portion, is full of encouragement ; 'tis *much*, indeed, in a *small* space.

The more we know of the corruption and bitter enmity that exists against God in the world, the more shall we be surprised and delighted with that plan, by which means are furnished so completely to remove it all. My heart was deeply affected last Sabbath, at witnessing a scene so awful, as that which I was obliged to see.* We ob-

* This is an allusion to a practice, which obtains almost throughout Herefordshire, of holding the parish wake, or feast, as it is called, in the Church-yard, on the Lord's Day. Surely, this is one of the strangest and most preposterous outrages of all law and decency, to which, among professed Protestants, custom can give the sanction of an acknowledged institution. One may think of it, and wonder, that all men of considerate minds in the county, whether evangelical or not, do not raise their voices in united and general execration, at this foul disgrace upon their thoughtfulness as men, and their consistency as professors of faith in the supreme authority of the Bible ;—and that they do not repeat, with increasing eagerness, their demands for an alteration, until they, in whose power it is, shall wipe out the stain that rests with deepening guilt upon the jurisdiction, which they administer to so little purpose :—but even then, when the evil shall have been swept away, so as to exist in actual repetition no longer, an enlightened memory will never cease to be pained on every recollection, that such an evil should have existed so long.

The writer of this note had, lately, an opportunity of witnessing the celebration of such a parish feast, within five miles of the city of Hereford. While advancing toward the Church-yard, individuals and groups,—comprising all ages, from the imbecility of infancy, to the very imbecility of age,—were seen moving along to the scene of festivity, decked out in the holiday style ; the females with that profusion of ribbons, and other trifling decorations, which are so common on such occasions. Occasionally were seen, too, persons carrying their baskets full of various wares, to sell in the common mart of profanation and impiety. In the Church-yard itself, the scene was truly impressive. The service of the sanctuary, if that awful phrase may be so applied without violation, had been celebrated in the morning at an early hour, and followed by the administration of the consecrated elements of the Lord's Supper ; as if it were advisable, to give a practical exhibition, on the same ground, and in the same day, of the readiness with which human beings can make the extremes of vice, and of religious formalities, meet and embrace each other ; having first, by familiarity with both, contrived to remove the mask, which it generally wears, from the face of vice, and unnaturally disguised with it the fair features of religion. Two parties against different sides of the tower were, with full eagerness and activity, playing at balls ; around were the stands of various commodities, chiefly eatables, exposed for sale ; on them were large heaps of fruit, pastry, and confectionery, and a few toys ; gambling tables were scattered in different situations, and various games of hazard were displayed upon the ground ; while the impure breath of those miscreants, who gain a living by practising upon the simplicity of ignorance, and the inexpe-

served many pass by the sound of the Gospel, with ridicule and disdain, while they eagerly pursued the way that leads to destruction; even Parents were leading their children, who were unable to go without assistance. It really oppressed me much, and I was glad, when the service was ended, that I could 'turn away my eyes from beholding such vanity.' I felt toward them, as I once heard Mr. Turner express himself in the pulpit,—that, 'if laying down my body to be a carpet for them, would bring them to Jesus, I would have gladly done it.' But, oh! if the laying down of the life of Jesus, for their transgressions, will not do, my attempt would be vain indeed.

At the appointed time of reading them, I felt those words in Matthew, to which you alluded, referring to God's peculiar care, even for our bodies. Yes, he has given us *proof*, that he regards us, as being

rience of youth, was employed in vociferating their disgusting yells of invitation, to 'try the luck,' where, by long practice, imposture had become dexterous, and chicanery adroit. To a visitant from a more moral, or less heathenish, province of the empire, such a display must be loathsome. A heart, not hardened by accustomed familiarity with it, must grow sick, at seeing such an impious defiance of all human and divine authority. But here, on almost every countenance, there sat a tranquillity as easy and as pleasant, as if all authority had been on the side of what was seen, and what was done; and, as if the people felt themselves safe in disobedience to God, while so very near the Church, they walked with confidence in hostility to Him upon consecrated ground, and skipped with impunity over the graves, which, on this privileged occasion, were hushed into unusual silence, and uttered no such voice, as generally urges on the conscience, to warn them off from the vice and profanity, which will surely make transgressors, at last, 'to lie down in sorrow!' An attempt was made to gain the attention of the people to a short expostulation with them, founded on the account which they must individually give on the great Day of Judgment; it is right to say, that many listened with attention; but, to some of the lewd and drunken 'sons of Belial,' this gave offence; they endeavoured to create confusion; but, not succeeding thus, they had recourse,—and the expedient was obvious, and merry, and practicable,—to ringing the bells!

If any thing additional were wanted, to make this scene terrific, or to render it as an exhibition of morals yet more affecting, it is supplied in the consideration, that all this takes place, at regular periods, in a country which acknowledges Christianity as part of the law of the land;—that all this is done amidst Christian *Ministers and Magistrates*, in an English county, during the nineteenth century, within a few miles of a diocesan Church, and upon ground devoted to the solemnities of religious consecration, and secured by the strong mounds and fences of legal sanction, to the worship of the God of Sabbaths and of Ordinances! I will not dwell upon the calculation,—it would be an overwhelming labour,—of the sum of guilt thus accumulating upon those, who perpetrate these odious enormities;—but it is so serious, that it may be useful to ask,—With what eyes must that just and holy God, who exclaims,—'Vengeance is mine: I will repay,'—LOOK ON, while these insults to his despised authority are multiplying? and, with what feelings must He LOOK DOWN upon them, whose capabilities and influences, if not employed to encourage these malepractices, are not employed to prevent them? —W. B.

'of more value than many sparrows.' Free yourself, therefore, as much as possible, from needless anxiety. I have, this evening, had more than ordinary power to wrestle with the Lord for you, that all your mental sufferings may subside, and that your heart may be completely subdued by almighty Grace; and I feel inexpressibly happy, in anticipating the period, as very near, when the work shall be accomplished. I know, my dear Friend, that the peculiar construction of your mind renders it less possible for you to be happy without it, than many others. And I do wish for you to enjoy all the felicity, which is attainable below, and, of course, above. Every day makes me feel more anxious about your welfare. Affection, you know, entwines around its object, like the fond ivy round the friendly oak. Neither has your affection been unlike it in its progress: the little shrub first secretly took root,—it then ventured to shew its head,—and then, becoming more bold, it ventured on, till, at last, it is as part of the tree itself. The oak, you know, gives no repulse, or it might nip the sapling in its growth; I must say, I am glad that it does not. I cannot, now, with you, feel any thing like a divided interest: in whatever concerns you, I must be busying myself. And, oh! I cannot help praying, that the period may be very far distant, ere we shall be severed from each other.

The following extract is offered, as an evidence of the clearness of Miss H.'s views of the way, by faith, to a life of holiness; and as an example of the propriety of the manner in which she reasoned against unbelief, and urged the exercise of unwavering reliance on the fidelity of God to His promises:—

September 18, 1821.

OH! my dearest Friend, are my attempts to promote your spiritual welfare really successful?—do they, indeed, in any degree, forward your steps towards the Redeemer, and make you more solicitous to be like Him?—What a luxury of feeling does this give me! if my heart do not deceive me, I can appeal to my Saviour, and say, that I desire, more than any thing else, that you may be transformed into His likeness; and it is a draw-back upon my happiness when this does not appear, in a degree so great as it might. It is, indeed, a weighty argument in favour of our correspondence, that it is productive of so much spiritual benefit to us. How very painful it would be, if, on the contrary, we were mutual hinderances; and thus, instead of urging each other forward, we were continually retarding our progress to heaven! It is, however, just as I wish; and for this, before I write, I invariably pray, that my letters may be made means of grace to

you. It is to me delightful, that I can, in any way, be made the channel through which good is conveyed to one, whose interests lie so very near my heart as your's; and, at the same time, that I can do something for that Redeemer, who is, above all others, the delight of my soul.

And are you still kept in bondage, having the fetters of unbelief bound around your soul? It appears to me, that you keep putting off the time of deliverance to some future period. You are aware of the willingness and ability of the Saviour. You know, too, that deliverance, come when it may, must be preceded by your act of faith;—and, why, then, not now?—Who will give you more strength than you now have, previously to your going to Jesus? Are you to be partially cured, before you apply to the Physician? Surely not. It is, I think, precisely the same with the soul, as with the body; delay will only tend to confirm the disease, and to render it the more incurable. You surely are not fancying that you can do nothing, and therefore lazily ceasing to struggle; in effect, saying, that God must do all? Oh! no; your understanding will revolt from this, as absurd. When, then, will you be more able than at the present moment? Surely, never, until the Saviour makes you so;—then go to Him now, just as you are. Do not try to shun His knowing the worst of your heart's corruptions; and remember, that you are going to him, who 'will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.' Jesus is, indeed, all-compassionate. How very soon was he moved to the relief of the poor man's son, when, with tears, the Father said,—'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!'

But you talk of the depth of your disease, as if that were a sufficient argument to prove the impossibility of its removal; it might be, if you had one with whom to deal, potent only like yourself; but, surely, your malady, which may be called trifling, when compared with the salvation provided for its removal, will not dare to say to Omnipotence,—'I am too hard for thee.' You say,—'Supposing you knew all the evils of my heart, and especially the power of the sins that most easily beset me and prevail; do you really think, that I should find them gone, if, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I were to say to them,—"Be ye removed, and utterly cast out!"—at the same time, not doubting in my heart, but believing that the expulsion should come to pass?' I reply,—Let the evils be as great, or of what nature soever they may, if you were thus to act, I believe victory would be as certain, as that you have a soul.

But you say,—'Your soul rejects the promises, as inapplicable to itself, on account of some differences between your circumstances, and those of the persons to whom they were addressed.' Not for whom they were *intended*; for, I believe, you are one of that number. Shall I say,—O haughty spirit! which, because it could not have

the first choosing of the promises, will have nothing to do with them?' The fact is, Satan will endeavour to keep you from thinking any promise applicable to yourself; he well knows what the result would be, if you thought otherwise; but do now foil him in his attempt, resist his insinuations altogether, and he will flee from you. It may be, that you may not obtain *all you want* in a moment; but do not be discouraged, and give up, or relax in seeking; be bold at a throne of Grace in exercising faith. Thus, put the Lord humbly and fully to His word, and I am sure you will please Him in a greater degree, and bring far more glory to His name, than by being timid, and afraid to venture; for that seems to imply, that you fear whether the Lord will be as good as His promise, and meet you according to His word.

You surely shut your eyes, when you say, that you cannot see it possible for you to exercise such a faith, as is described in the words alluded to; and, seeing the Lord has so repeatedly promised, and you so acutely feel your need of it, cannot you really go and ask for the blessing of entire sanctification, without doubting in your heart that you shall receive it?—Oh! yes; I am sure you can, if you will but resolutely venture. Now do, pray, let your Anne's entreaties be regarded; do make up your mind to venture on Jesus. Satan will, I know, immediately present your usual doubts to your mind, and suggest, that for you to attempt to move towards God, without these old companions, is impossible; but reject the suggestion immediately; do not stop to parley with your enemy; say,—‘I need not, and I will not doubt,—I am determined now to be victor.’ What I mean is fully expressed in these lines—

‘Faith, mighty faith, the *promise* sees,
And looks to that *alone*;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries,—It shall be done!’

But you fear believing a lie: surely, there is little danger of doing this, while you have an immutable promise to bear you out. * * * But, perhaps, ere this, I have tired your patience, without being interesting or edifying; if so, I must beg your pardon; the importance of the subject, and the solicitude which I feel, that you may be fully happy in the love of God, must be my apology.

Your Anne continues, yea, believes that she increases, to feel the blessedness of looking to the Redeemer, *every moment*, for a *present* deliverance from evil, and for the fulfilment of that gracious promise, —‘I will *dwell* in them, and walk in them; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God;’ and, at the same time, she feels, that what she now possesses is little, in comparison of what she may

yet enjoy. Do let us both be in earnest ; the fruits of the Spirit are worth taking pains to pluck, and, after they are plucked, they will deserve our care to preserve them.

Sept. 28, 1821.

* * * * * As to heaviness, there needs be no discouragement on that account. I have read the experience of several pious saints, and they all seem occasionally to have felt it, and, at the same time, they enjoyed perfect love. Mr. WESLEY, you know, thinks it sometimes unavoidable, and even permitted, by the Lord, ' for the trial of our faith, which is much more precious than gold which perisheth.' By the whole tenor of his Sermon on the subject, he seems to set forth the possibility of a Christian's being in heaviness of spirit, and, at the same time, knowing the constancy and faithfulness of Him with whom he has to do, able firmly to rely upon the promises, as made to him ' yea, and amen,' in Christ Jesus his Lord. Under such circumstances, we shall certainly do well to keep the shield of faith in lively exercise, and never, for a moment, to lose sight of our Captain ; we need not then fear loss ; but, on the contrary, the former will increase in brightness, and become well-proved for engagements, while the latter will approvingly smile on us, as good soldiers. What a blessed state of salvation is that, to which our Lord hath called us ! I more than ever see, that if earnestness and diligence are necessary to obtain the blessing, they are equally so, combined with great watchfulness, to keep it in possession. I have many times thought of that sentiment of the Rev. Mr. Griffith's, noted in Mrs. Cooper's Diary,—' The Holy Spirit is infinitely delicate ;'—the more attentive I am to His operations upon my soul, the more I feel the truth of this expression. And, when He has so condescendingly entered our souls, while they were the store-houses of corruption, and removed all impurity, in order that they might become fit habitations, not merely to receive Him as an occasional visiter, but that He might *dwell* in them ; should we not be very solicitous and careful to keep out those fiends, who would again dethrone and drive away our Celestial Guest ? May we then, my dear Friend, give all diligence to guard the sacred treasure in our hearts !

Sabbath Evening.—A few more moments to talk to my very dear Friend of the goodness of our God. I cannot tell you, what a sweet serenity has to-day pervaded my soul : I have truly felt, as a little child at the feet of my Redeemer ; thus delightfully catching his approving smile, and learning of Him the lessons of His grace. How very false the idea, that even perfect love will tend to puff up and fill

the mind with pride ! I am sure, the more I feel the love of God in my heart, the more I see my own weakness and utter helplessness. When I think of myself being taken into God, I regard it as somewhat similar to a drop of impure water being cast into a clear ocean ; its impurity is soon lost, and it partakes of the nature of that in which it is lodged ; but, surely, the little drop will not vainly assume to itself, that it has benefited the ocean, or, that it has any thing in which to glory, but what it has received ; for how very insignificant would it again appear, if separate ! It is just thus, that I feel I should be, if disunited from my God. I should indeed be less than nothing and vanity. I could enter into the feelings of ———, when he said, that he felt ‘ indescribably blessed and feeble, supported and timid as a little child ;’ they are in perfect unison with my own : and is it not proper, that we should thus feel ? for ‘ he that will receive the kingdom of God, must be converted and become as a little child.’ Tell me, if we agree in thinking and feeling, that the mind, when holding communion with God, has more sweet peace and heavenly serenity, than rapturous joy : my own mind approves of such a feeling, as being most consistent with the state, as described by St. John, 1st Epistle, when he speaks of the babe, the young man, and the father in Christ. A child certainly appears to have more joy, than one farther advanced in age ; but how much more solid and satisfying are the enjoyments of those, who have arrived at years of maturity ; having their capacities expanded, and being made so much more capable of receiving the largest draughts of pleasure !

Monday.—I experienced something of the truth of the former part of my letter, that the mind may be peacefully stayed on God, and yet be in heaviness. When I read your letter, on Thursday evening, though my joy was great, my sorrow, with regard to your health, was great too ; for, although you said you were better, my fears have been most rebellious. I went to bed in tears, and rose again on Friday, with a heart ready to break ; my distress all day was very great ; wherever I went, an almost unbearable load followed me. I began to write, but I could not go on. I laid my distress before the Lord ; I told him, that I would submissively drink the bitter cup, if it were his will ; yet, if it could be so ordered, I entreated him to spare you to me ; and a degree of assurance that he would do so, in some measure, caused my fears to subside ; I can, however, and will say,—‘ Let the Lord do as seemeth him good.’ I have, I believe, desired for you the blessing of entire holiness, more than even life itself ; and, if my heart do not deceive me, I had rather live my days out in sorrow and in solitude, for you to be happily with the Lord, than for me to enjoy the comfort of your society, with the probability that this blessing would not be your’s ; and, while I thus write, having had a sort of foretaste,

I am fully aware, that I should have to wade through seas of deep distress. However, I leave it to the Lord, and hope for the best.

October 15, 1821.

* * * * * 'Tis well, I allow, to be careful that we are not deceived ; and is it not well, too, to beware that Satan does not turn that solicitude, which we may feel, into a means of exciting doubt ? When we should be praising our Heavenly Father for his bestowment of what we have been asking, the enemy may be leading our minds out into unprofitable reasonings, as to whether we had received it or not, insinuating, thereby, an intention to honour God, and to promote the safety of our souls. We have need of wisdom, to discern between sin and temptation : and by looking to Him, who is our wisdom, surely we shall not be suffered to err.

I confess to you, that part of your letter, in which you stated your reasons for concluding you are not fully saved from sin, somewhat perplexed my mind. The enemy suggested to me,—‘ Perhaps, *you* are not really delivered from all sin, though now you have power over it ; for William thinks and says, that the latter blessing may be enjoyed, while the former is still absent from the soul ; and, that to have power over sin is no proof of itself, that the propensity to it is destroyed.’ ’Tis true, I have felt anger, since I believed that I received the blessing ; and I have, sometimes, given way to a degree of trifling cheerfulness ; and, on one occasion, I felt the rising of what has many times destroyed my peace, *viz.* a haughty spirit, which refuses to brook an insult ; the last of these feelings was excited by imagining, and it proved to be only an imagination, that one of the servants spoke to me in a manner improperly familiar ; not that I think I am required to suffer such faults to pass without correction, but it was the feeling that I had, which I think was *wrong*. I took it, however, to Jesus, and soon felt all was well. But, when I read your letter, and remembered these things, I began to doubt ; however, I determined not to give up my confidence, but, rather to lay hold on Jesus afresh, and to believe in Him again that moment for full salvation ; I did so, and felt the blessedness resulting.

This has made me feel the necessity of being extremely watchful, and the Redeemer seemed to whisper,—‘ Take care, thou poor helpless soul, trust not thyself a moment from me, keep close to my wounded side in future, and thou shalt be safe ; thou knowest, by painful experience, that of thyself thou canst do nothing ; and, if the enemy find thee at any time straying from me, thy Heavenly Guide, he will surely use his utmost strength to prevent thy ever returning to me again ; and then, should he prevail,—should he entangle thee again,—

though he might not be finally successful, yet thou knowest the trouble, that it will cost thee, to free thyself from the jaws of that devourer. Be wise, therefore, be diligent.' My heart was affected by the kindness, the unbounded love of Jesus ; and, in grateful accents, it replied,—' I will—I do love thee,—I will devote myself continually to thee ;—thou art mine, I know, nor shall earth or hell persuade me to the contrary ; while thy Spirit tells me so, I will listen.'

I am sure, that I suffer loss from being so little connected with those, who know much of Christian experience ; I seem to want a father or mother in Israel, to whom to look up for counsel and direction : perhaps I am denied this, in order that I may look directly to my Heavenly Father, who, I feel, does graciously afford me the privilege of asking and receiving counsel from Himself. I am, and my heart exults to think of it, united to Him who is the ' altogether lovely,' and from whom nothing but my own disobedience can ever separate me. Oh ! yes ; if I continue faithful, I am my God's for ever ; help me, my dearest Friend, by ardent supplications for me, that I may be watchful and diligent. Oh, praise Him ! praise Him ! shall we ever cease to praise Him ?—I am sure we shall find eternity itself short enough for this work.

December, 1821.

As we have read through Leviticus, my mind has been delighted in observing, what an excellent and correct outline the former dispensation is of the present ; and my heart has been filled with the grateful feeling, that you and I *enjoy* the substance of those things, for which the Jewish nation only *hoped*. Thank God, Jesus *has died*, and *finished* the work of human redemption, and, after having fulfilled and abolished all types and shadows, again taken His seat at His Father's right hand ! How very onerous the offering of so many sacrifices, and attending to so many modes of purification, must have been !—and, then, the latter appears to have been effectual, not to the sweeping away of the filth of inward corruption, but only to the purifying of the flesh.

And, then again, at what a distance the people were obliged to live from God ! No going directly to a throne of Grace, but every petition offered through a high-priest taken from among men. This, however, sweetly shadows forth the office of the Redeemer, as an Intercessor for us. In how many delightful characters we are taught to regard *Him*, by reading over the arrangements of the Mosaic Economy ! I agree with you in thinking, ' that there is no single means so well calculated to bring us acquainted with the entire of our holy religion, as a connected perusal of those arrangements, illustrated by the New

Testament.' The necessity of holiness, as a binding duty upon us, appears to me, from this perusal, in a stronger light than ever. That God absolutely requires it, seems certain; for, how often were the Israelites commanded to wash themselves, that they might be ceremonially clean! but this, no doubt, was 'a shadow of good things to come,' even the best of all things, the entire sanctification of our nature. Oh! my dearest Friend, do not let us, by remaining without its enjoyment, become like those professors, who manifest an impious and unwarrantable indifference, yea, even aversion, to that upon which JEHOVAH has laid so great a stress, as really needful to make us meet for His presence. Where the room for cavilling, when He has said,—'Be ye holy, for I am holy,' and that *nothing unclean* shall enter His presence; also, 'Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect?' Now, it is most absurd to say,—'I cannot, because I am so feeble.' When devising and executing the plan for the recovery of mankind out of the jaws of the devourer, did the Lord, I wonder, forget the condition of those whom He was thus going to ransom? Surely not; 'He remembered that they are dust,'—very feebleness itself; and *thus* viewing them, 'His own arm brought salvation,'—such a salvation as was altogether fitted for them; so that man is left without the least excuse. And then, when we consider, on the one hand, that, in the corrupt and degraded condition of our nature, God was obliged to place us in disgrace, at an infinite distance from Himself; and when we contemplate, on the other, those means which were contrived by infinite kindness to counteract the hellish contagion, and to restore us to the favour and likeness of our Maker;—how beautiful—how enamouring—how desirable is entire holiness! In such circumstances, is it not surprising, that we should manifest any thing like supineness or indifference on the subject?

Another thing to be admired in our circumstances, as compared with those of the old dispensation, is, the simplicity of the way of attaining holiness, and to this we must pay constant attention;—no vast requirements,—no costly sacrifices,—nothing of the sort,—nothing but simple faith in the atoning blood! And is it not there that my Friend sometimes fails, in consequence of the enemy's presenting to his mind discouragements, which weaken his faith? then, when faith is weakened and destroyed, fear springs up, and grows; and when fear reigns, there will be sure to result, in private, a distance between God and the soul. How careful should we be, then, to resist Satan in his first onset! But, if we have failed to do this, it will not be wise in us, any longer to delay, by heaping up loads of condemnation and accusations against ourselves; but it becomes us, instantly to flee to the foot of the cross, and to humble ourselves there, and, without hesitation, to cast our souls afresh, with all our sins, on the atoning Lamb. Oh! precious Saviour! Do not let us, my Friend, for a moment doubt of

His willingness to embrace us again, and again. Let me beseech you to repeat your application for entire holiness; you will not tell me,—I am sure you will not,—that you cannot gratify me; if you did, I should be obliged to say, what I have never yet had occasion to say, that William does not try, *in every possible way*, to please me.

The three following extracts, which close the selection from Miss H.'s Correspondence, offer pleasing evidences of the deep and becoming thoughtfulness, with which she contemplated the station of her future life :—

Dec. 25, 1821.

I AM very willing, that there should exist a degree of singularity in us on the subject of love, so long as the standard is set by the majority of persons so very low, indeed, I believe, so much lower than Jehovah intended that it should be. I am persuaded, that the connection is, in many instances, too lightly regarded; I mean, even among professors of Christianity; there is so little reference to it, as a sacred institution, established by the Lord for the happiness of His people; it is viewed in its obscured condition, instead of its state of primitive purity; and thus one fallen creature imitates another, instead of being guided by the rules laid down by the Founder of the institution; thus, its true glory is caused to depart, and a something, raised by fallen human invention for only temporal benefits, is established in its place. May we be so warned by the follies and errors of others, as to avoid what we cannot but condemn; and in this, as in every other case, in which we wish to go right, may we attend minutely to the directions given by our Heavenly Father! What He has said, on the subject, has often delighted me; it adds to the mass of evidence, which goes to prove, that He takes pleasure in felicitating, in every consistent way, the lives of the creatures whom He has formed. What would He not do for us, in the way of bestowing temporal mercies, if we ourselves did not compel Him, by our foolish and absurd conduct, to withhold His hand, when He opens it widely to us! and what mercy there often appears, even in His withdrawing blessings from us! I am persuaded, that it will abundantly heighten the joy of our song of praise in the eternal world, that He ever did so; for then He will unfold to our astonished sight the multiplied dangers, from which we were rescued, and the invaluable blessings, which were secured to us, even by circumstances which, when they occurred, made us almost doubt whether God was really so kind, as He was represented, and as we had before thought Him. I have sometimes imagined the Lord looking on us with peculiar pity, when we have

been doing things, for which He sees He must correct us, in order to promote our spiritual welfare; so that we sometimes will not permit Him to do, as He otherwise would. May I not say, my dear Friend, that, so long as we continue melted down by our God's *providential* displays of kindness, and so long as we carefully avoid making them obstructions in the way of His *grace*, we shall never want them? Is it His will, that, while He displays Himself as a God of grace, He should be obscured as a God of providence? Who, indeed, can help being softened, when they view Him displaying his loving-kindness, in either of these characters, so full of benefit to mankind; and, especially, when such displays exclusively affect their individual interests? We have certainly enough to encourage *us*, to trust Him for what is to come. He will not, surely, after having led us thus far, leave us the prey of disappointment and distress.*

Jan. 21, 1822.

Is it really possible that the time is so near, when we shall be united, never again to be separated, till death divides us? I have some work to persuade myself, that this can be true; perhaps you will not be surprised,—but if you are, you must not, and I may say, you will not be displeased,—that sometimes, when thinking of our marriage as so near, I almost shrink from the idea; do not be alarmed, it is on account of its carrying with it so much importance, and so much responsibility, that I appear to myself advancing with a faltering step; but I am sustained by what you said in your last,—that we are ‘Christians, and therefore may look at it fearlessly.’ I do not fear any thing, nor any one, but myself. I know too much of Anne, not to be afraid of her. But I need not tell you of my faults, for your own penetration, doubtless, has discovered enough; and what remains yet obscured, I dare say your affection will not let you believe, until it shall be brought to light by your own discoveries. I will, however, leave talking of my own faultiness, as, perhaps, it is a subject to you very uninteresting; though, by the way, it is one that materially concerns you; and I will just advert to a subject, which has often occurred to my mind, even when it was improbable that it would, till a late period, immediately concern me. It refers to the line of conduct to be pursued by married persons, with regard to faults that may exist in each other.

I suppose all to have some faults; or, at least, some peculiari-

* How frequently may a thoughtful Christian, though long experienced, and variously exercised, perceive a principle of the Divine administration, without detecting the cases in his own history, in which it shall be applied, or be inapplicable! And how frequently, too, will he be the subject of a dispensation of the Divine government, without being capable of tracing out, with certainty, the principle on which the ministration has come upon him!—W. B.

ties, which occasionally generate faultiness. What made me first think about this, was the observing, by the conduct of some whom I have known, that they took a secret pleasure in exposing, to the gaze of any who chose to look, the little imperfections that had crept into each other : such conduct always excited disgust in my mind. I have seen others, who do not merit so high a degree of censure ; they are those, who do not busy themselves, either to expose or conceal ; for, should an opportunity offer them to throw a shade over any deformity ; they will not trouble themselves to embrace it. But I have seen others, again, who seemed to make it, in part, the business of their lives, to extract every thing of a defective nature ; and if, in their efforts to accomplish this, they were defeated, they would have recourse to other measures ; and try, meantime, to screen from the observation of those around, what they could not annihilate : surely, such conduct is admirable, it is worthy of imitation, and, may I not say ? it is Godlike. If so, it is worth our attention ; I recommend it, especially to you, my dear Friend ; because it is probable, that you will have more occasion for it than I shall ; at least, it is well for me to make provision for what *is possible*. It must be our care, when any thing appears wrong, to check it, and to use every means for its extirpation ; and, till we can accomplish our purpose, let us use all the little arts, which pious affection can invent, to conceal it from the view of any but ourselves.

Considering the influence, which our union will have on the remaining part of our lives, and its bearing upon our eternal interests, I do not wonder at what you say respecting it. I have thought of the many duties, which we shall then owe to each other : you will have to love and cherish your Anne, and to bear with her infirmities, even as Christ has to do with his weak members. On the other hand, I shall have to *love*, and that of course takes in all the various ways into which love has to branch itself ; and to *honour*,—tell me, will you ? all that you think that word implies ; and to *obey*, of course, in every thing where the laws of God and propriety do not forbid. And how much will our spiritual interests depend on each other as instruments ! If our affection remain strong, we certainly shall be, either eminent blessings to each other ; or, on the contrary, the greatest hinderances, and, consequently, curses. To marry is then, indeed, a serious business : it requires much thought, and much care in approaching ; and, when arrived, it demands great cautious watchfulness, that, while we pluck the roses, we do not gather any of the thorns. That this may be the case, we shall need to apply daily to our Heavenly Father for his aid ; otherwise, we too, it is probable, shall split upon the very rock, where, as we have lamented, others have made shipwreck of piety, or affection, or, perhaps, both.

But our responsibility will not be confined to ourselves, it will extend to our household ; they will have claims upon us, both as it re-

gards their bodies and their souls ;—claims to which we cannot be inattentive, and be blameless ; and which, in order to answer, will require much thought, judicious arrangement, economical management, and spiritual influence. The neighbourhood, likewise, in which God may place us, will have a right to expect some benefit : in truth, wherever we go, we shall be surrounded by those, to whom we owe duties ; to discharge which, will require all the thought, and the wisdom gained by thought, and all the prayer, and the piety gained by prayer, that we can exercise.

It is well, that we have some ballast, just to keep us from being lifted up above measure ; this would expose very much to danger her who is, and ever wishes to be, &c.

Feb. 3, 1822.

WITH what strange,—what novel,—what peculiar feelings, do I now take my pen to address my dearest earthly Friend ! Is it possible, that I am now commencing a letter, which will, on my part, close a correspondence, that has been so very interesting, edifying, and important ? Solemn thoughts occupy my mind, while I reflect that it is next to certain, that I shall not, from Arkstone, write another letter to you. And why, may it be asked, do you feel peculiarly about that ? The answer to such a query is,—that, not to say any thing of the important event itself which is approaching, the impression dwells on my mind, that I am shortly to quit the place, where I have received some of the greatest blessings of my life. It was here, that my mind became savingly affected by the Spirit of my God ;—here, the sighs of penitence first heaved my heart ;—here, the confessions of guiltiness first escaped my lips ;—here, the cry from my lips, of distressing need for mercy, first reached the ears of Jehovah ;—here, the sweet whispers of peace and pardon, through the blood of the Redeemer, were first heard :—and here, I first saw the countenance of him, who is about to be my husband, and commenced, with him, an acquaintance of the most interesting, and, I believe, beneficial nature ; one that will have a mighty influence on all the after part of my life, and even on my eternal state. These I consider the most prominent blessings, which I have received under this roof,—to me a sacred roof. Oh ! it has, indeed, been to me the house of mercy. What wonder at my being the subject of a good deal of feeling, when I look forward to a speedy removal from Arkstone, where it is likely I shall never again enter ?

And *is* this my last letter to you, William ? and shall I not write you another letter till I am your, I hope, affectionate and faithful wife ? Anne *Howell* will never again, then, have an opportunity

of urging you to the possession and practice of Christian holiness,—of encouraging you to believe in the Saviour,—of endeavouring to dispel your doubts,—of trying to make distrust give place to confidence and reliance,—grief to joy,—fear to hope,—and unbelief to living faith. It would, indeed, be distressing to me, if I had to reflect, that, while on my part, closing our correspondence, my opportunities of, at least, attempting to be useful to you were to be entirely closed; but this needs be no source of uneasiness, as such opportunities will be increased in a ten-fold degree. I have, in reality, then, cause for joy, that this is my last letter; because, I shall be always with my dearest Friend, see him every day, know his every want, and, as far as I can, supply them; and thus try to disperse every cloud, that anxiety or distress may gather on his brow. Our union will, I am sure, be a very happy one, if we continually seek unto our Heavenly Father for his blessing; and without this, I am persuaded, our very blessings would prove the worst of curses.

You request me to tell you the state of my soul:—A few days back my mind was ‘in considerable heaviness, through manifold temptations;’ the enemy ‘thrust sore at me, that I might fall;’ and, as I found a cloud resting between my soul and my Redeemer, so as to render me unable to gaze on him with the delightful consciousness that he was my Saviour, as I had before been enabled to do, I must have given way to his insinuations; but, blessed be my God! this is dispersed, and I again feel freedom of access to Him. I have, of course, the humbling recollection, that I have not held out faithful without wavering; but, blessed be the Saviour! he does permit me to cast myself, with all my sins, on His atoning blood; my heart is, indeed, affected, when I think of having grieved such love. I hope and pray, that I may never, never do it again; entreat for me, that my faith fail not any more. My heart rejoiced when I read, that you had been favoured with a gracious visit from Jesus; your soul will prosper, if you are diligent in watching unto prayer, and resolute and persevering in the exercise of faith. How very easy the way of faith seems, when the mind has acquired the habit of constantly believing! but when faith is seldom exercised, then to believe is, indeed, a difficult work.

SECTION IV.

IN February, 1822, Miss H. entered the marriage-state, and arrived with Mr. B., at his residence at Longford Academy.

In a memorandum-book, she has briefly noticed this event, in the following terms:—‘Tuesday, 19th. Feb. 1822. United to my very dear William, I believe, “in the Lord.” What a mercy do I esteem it, that after so many months of fearful suspense, He has now realised my wishes! May my heart ever be alive and sanctified to Him!’

Imagination might innocently indulge itself in contemplating, with pleasing interest, the attending circumstances, and the flattering prospects of these truly auspicious events. With the full approbation of her own mind, she had given herself to the person whom, as she believed, God himself, in His Providence, had commended to her affection. It was the consummation of a virtuous and exemplary attachment, which had been nourished amidst the alarms and the forebodings of her intended husband’s protracted ill-health. She was met by the approving congratulations of very numerous relations and friends;—she was followed by the tears and the prayers of the neighbourhood which knew her, and reluctantly resigned her to another which knew her not;—and she at once occupied a situation affording many opportunities of extensive usefulness,—a situation in which no talent, that she possessed, might be negligently thrown aside. Her constitution seemed strong; her appearance was remarkably indicative of health; she had never, since infancy, suffered more than one week’s serious illness; and the views, which opened before her of success in business and life, were, at least, alluring and flattering. From the usual dealings of Divine Providence, a long-continued enjoyment of life was to be fairly anticipated; but God has been pleased to disappoint all such expectations;—He has loudly proclaimed the utter vanity of earthly hopes and happiness;—in His unerring wisdom, He has seen fit to dissolve the most endeared connections;—and, in His sovereign authority, He has been pleased to wither and dissipate the most promising prospects. Who shall ‘reply against God?’ ‘He

doeth whatsoever pleaseth Him ;' and whatsoever *pleases* God, must be holy, and just, and good.

Nearly five months rapidly passed away, without interruption or alarm. Alas! they passed away, only to leave the recollection of a momentary happiness, as complete, perhaps, as this world ever exhibits ; and to be hastily succeeded by a withering of earthly hopes, as sudden and as universal, as even the history of youth can well present to observation. In the visitation of Divine Providence, which terminated in her removal to another world, there is presented one of those mysterious dealings of the Almighty's hand, which suddenly arrest and astonish those connected with it, and silence every reply against Him, in the agony of a trembling and breathless pause. To herself, only, it was not terrifying; she 'knew whom she had believed,' and was sure respecting that which she had committed to Him. During the whole of her illness, she did not evince one symptom of terror or alarm at the nearness of death ; and this, not because she was not aware of her danger, though of this she was partly ignorant, in the former periods of the attack ; much less, because she was indifferent to its consequences, for she had long contemplated eternity, and the realities of the invisible world ; but her soul was 'steadfast in faith ;' her eye was fixed on the Redeemer ; and she was assured, that for her '*to live would be Christ, but to die, gain.*' She had obtained enlightened views of the truth as it is in Jesus, and a clear experience of '*Christ in her the hope of glory ;*' and this not only characterised the short course of her Christian life, while in health, but supported her amidst the mental and bodily trials of a very painful affliction, and an unexpected bed of death.

The scenery of death was familiarised to her mind by frequent contemplation ; of this, the Extracts given, and others which might be multiplied, bear sufficient testimony. Her own dissolution she often realised to her apprehension, with the solemnity of a rational creature, mingled, with the calmness of Christian resignation, and sustained by the hopes of daily growing piety. It was not with reference to herself, that she felt the terribleness of death ; but the precarious condition of her husband had taught her some of the terrors of alarm, and some of the anticipations of bereaving distress ; however, in both cases, there were spiritual lessons fixed upon her mind by the exercises of her feelings ; and those lessons were eminently practical. In her own last sickness, death, though quite an unexpected intruder, was readily recognised, almost without producing even a momentary surprise ; and, though at one period of her increasing disorder, she felt some of that distress, towards which she had often looked fearfully forward, yet she soon regained the firmness and the resignation, which her letters previously describe. Those lessons of submission, and holy acquiescence to the will of God, with reference to her hus-

band, which she had learned at the expense of so much anxious feeling, she has left, as a sort of prophetic legacy, to him who has survived her, to receive the full weight of a blow, which even she anticipated with some dismay.

The state of her mind, previously to marriage, has been made sufficiently evident; it was one of the most desirable security, and the most enviable enjoyment. But how far she afterward maintained her ground, amidst the dangers of a condition of life so essentially different from her former, it would have been instructive to ascertain with precision;—but this is impossible. It can never cease to be matter of regret, that the whole of her papers in her own possession, she burnt, about the time of her marriage, as unworthy of any notice; and if, since that time, she wrote at all extensively, as her husband sometimes supposed was the case, nothing was preserved.

It will not be supposed, that the object of this sketch is merely to eulogise the departed, without presenting a faithful delineation of her character. Eulogy, indeed, is laid loathsomely bare, if it be not mantled on the vesture, and decked in the ornaments of truth; but who, that himself loves virtue, and sees it exemplified in a living individual, shall be required to restrain his admiration? To search out faults, in order to demonstrate imperfection, would be to warp the interests of truth, and to baffle the aim at utility, as effectually as could be done by unprincipled and unmerited applause; it would be, to sanction in the careless their defects, and to hold out a justification to the self-deceived of some secretly cherished imperfection. It is not, then, the business of biography to portray faults; but were this, in the case of Mrs. B. required, let her husband declare, that, if she had faults, (and some imperfections are inseparable from human nature in its present state,) they may possibly have been observed by others of keener penetration, or more impartiality than himself, but he knew them not; and if, during her short married life, there were any momentary mental aberrations from the line of closest walking with God, (and some such, though perceived only by herself, she occasionally lamented,) he, who, however unintentionally, must have been their cause, deplores, but commends them, with fearless confidence, to Him, who has, for the Redeemer's sake, forgiven them all, and snatched her hastily away to eternal union with Himself. The exposure of novelty, the interests of business, and the perplexities of worldly changes, surround even a pious spirit with dangers, and present a test of stability, to which exalted attainments are often, in some respects, unequal. Happy they, who pass without injury,—and they, who, if injured, apply at once to the 'sovereign balm,'—and they, too, who, though smitten and staggered, recover their strength, and rise superior to all!

Mrs. B. found herself at once placed at the head of management, in a family of upwards of thirty members ; a great variety of tempers, both within and without the domestic circle, was to be met ; she felt her responsibility, and the expectations respecting her that would be formed. She had her plans to digest, and her arrangements to make ; and she entered upon her charge in the spirit of a resolution, to effect whatever obligation might reasonably demand, or business fairly expect. During the four months prior to the vacation, activity in such engagements could leave but little leisure for retirement ; and from the little that was forcibly abstracted, much was spoiled by fatigue, some was sacrificed by pain, and more must have been absorbed by anxiety. Mrs. B.'s soul, as well as body, suffered some distress from such close application ; for, although the state of her mind was generally peaceful, and even happy, and her intercourse with her Heavenly Father open and refreshing, she sometimes sunk a little, perhaps needlessly, under a depression of spirits, that somewhat weakened the exercise of faith, and clouded her happiness, till she could retire to lay all in private before her Redeemer. It will be long remembered, with gratitude and joy, how, in the most retired acts of worship with her husband, her humble confessions, and her sorrowful tears, were uniformly followed by the earnest pleadings of faith, and the happy thanksgivings of an accepted state.

A happy experience of the religion of the Redeemer is distinguished, by its endowing with great patience in suffering, and arming with great fortitude in danger. Little suffering, and no apparent danger, had hitherto been allotted to Mrs. B. :—she was soon to experience both. In her last illness, the pain, which she sometimes experienced, was agonising ; though, at other times, she was perfectly free from suffering ; yet, during the sudden, and even violent transitions from the one to the other, no murmurs escaped her lips ; her patience astonished her relatives, and, on several occasions, drew from her medical attendant, who adds to great professional skill the knowledge of evangelical religion, expressions of surprise.

That the patience and firmness of mind, which she evinced, were the fruits of the Holy Spirit's operations, was fully evident ; for, while she felt fully alive to her own situation, and to the distress of her friends, she silenced every suspicion or complaint, by sweet and animating references to the wisdom, the goodness, and the faithfulness of God.

Although no danger was apprehended for some time, from the state of Mrs. B.'s health ; it was hoped, that the relaxation of the weeks of the coming recess would re-invigorate her system, and establish her in every evidence of health, upon which the expectation of her friends could reasonably calculate.

During the Midsummer vacation, Mrs. B., in company with her husband, and her eldest sister, visited their friends in Bristol and Herefordshire; and among these her husband listened, at first, with a mixture of alarm and incredulity, to some intimations of suspicion respecting her health. The fatigues of preparation for re-opening the Academy on a larger scale, undoubtedly hastened the calamity, which soon frustrated every project. Until Monday, July 15th., however, the stream of domestic happiness was unruffled by any serious interruption; but that day terminated the short-lived felicity. Mrs. B. had walked with her husband from Longford to Gloucester and back, a distance of about three miles; but in the evening she was so unwell, as to feel it necessary to retire, rather earlier than usual, to bed: in the mind of her husband, however, no great alarm was excited, and she herself thought, as little as any of her relatives around, that from that bed she was to rise no more. Medical assistance was procured without Mrs. B.'s knowledge, as she had been always very averse to that resource; and, although the skilful surgeon, who attended, saw much greater seriousness in the disorder, than any of the family; yet, from her husband and herself, all apprehension of danger was withheld, until the following Saturday, when a bowel-obstruction, accompanied by violent inflammation, for some hours, threatened almost immediate dissolution. In the midst of these appalling circumstances, when her pain was almost too great to allow the exercise of thinking, her husband, who could but ill conceal the distressing alarm, into which the information had thrown him, found her depending, with unshaken confidence, on the fidelity of her Saviour; and expressing a fearless trust in Him, for either life or death. She was not, at that time, informed of the opinion of her medical attendants; yet she afterwards told Mr. B., that the pain which she felt, the appearance of every countenance which she narrowly watched, and the calling in of a physician, fully convinced her, that her danger was urgent. For the threatened affliction, every mind was yet unprepared; and, in answer to fervent and importunate prayer, the stroke of death was withheld; hope, which had ebbed with so much violent rapidity, returned with a flow of very cheerful congratulation; but it was only to repeat its disappointment, till its last effort subsided. During the ensuing fortnight, although some symptoms seemed to maintain a forbidding hold of her constitution, she appeared gradually recovering. It was thought, that 'the bitterness of death was past;' and with her husband she freely conversed of the danger, which had so threatened and gone by, and of the influence, which such a severe trial ought to have on future life.

A somewhat extended conversation transpired on the evening of Saturday, August 3rd., when she was so much better as to have recovered

much of her usual appearance and cheerfulness. The reasons of the Lord's dealing out so painful a dispensation, became the interesting subject of enquiry. Leaning on the bed beside her, Mr. B. said,—‘Why, my love, are we thus so early visited, and so heavily afflicted?’ She intimated,—‘It must be done wisely and graciously, and we shall, by and by, receive the benefit intended.’ ‘It seems,’ rejoined her husband, ‘as if the Lord had some controversy with us. He has long blest us with a knowledge of Himself, and with some views of the power and extent of the Gospel, as the dispensation in which He calls us to live. But He will not suffer us to live, without a full experience of them. You and I must be holy; and our God seems to shew us, that He will spare us in nothing, in order to make us so.’ In these views she cordially acquiesced, but added some encouraging remarks on the invariable faithfulness and love of the Redeemer; at the same time, expressing her heart-felt regret, that the doctrine and experience of entire holiness had not been sufficiently urged upon each other, during the few last months of life. She regretted, too, with some painful emotion, that the multiplied engagements of the large family, over which she was placed, had too greatly engrossed her attention; but, she firmly resolved, that, when the Lord should restore her, she would find some means of managing her family affairs with less fatigue to herself, and with a more limited assignment of her time. It must long dwell upon the memory of her bereaved husband, with what affecting humility, and earnest sincerity, she contested with him the point, that it must be on her account that the trial was permitted. The alternated assurance,—‘It is I, and not you, who have drawn down the visitation,’—sunk, at last, into mutual acknowledgments of unworthiness, and into united submissions to chastisements merited at the hands of the Lord. These dissolving sentiments were succeeded by very supporting views, in Mrs. B.'s mind, of the parental wisdom and love of her Heavenly Father. In the expression of regret at past unfaithfulness, and of resolutions for future zealous devotedness, her husband heartily joined; but, at the same time, expressed his fear, lest the deceitfulness of the heart, combined with the attractiveness of business, should again betray the purposes, and disappoint the expectations, formed in circumstances of distress. To this, she replied, and her reply is memorable:—‘It is true, there is reason to fear; but it is best not to look too much at that, but, relying on the strength of God, to begin at once, and to fear nothing for the future.’

She seemed to feel, that she had been rather mistaken in her estimate of life, and of the attention due to the concerns of business; and, on this account, she felt humble, and somewhat sorrowful. After some pointed expressions of acknowledgment, it was felt desirable to ascertain, whether her feeling was that of condemnation; the question was therefore proposed:—‘Do you now feel distressed by the guilt of

unfaithfulness, and the fear of death?' she replied,—' No ; not at all.' ' Why, how can that be ?' ' Jesus has atoned, and all is forgiven me for His sake.' The question was here pressed with earnestness,—' Do you feel *sure* that all is forgiven ?' ' Yes,' said she, ' quite sure.' ' Have you no fear of the consequences of death ?' ' No ; I leave it to the Lord ; I know that he is faithful. If I die, I shall die unto the Lord.' ' Do you now feel the *efficacy* of His blood in atoning for you, and the presence of His Spirit in rendering you holy ?' ' Yes ; I bless His holy name, I do feel it clearly.' ' Is Jesus then precious to you ?' ' Oh, yes ! He is very precious ! He is a precious Saviour,—a very present help in time of need !'

The disorder, in its progress, was of the most harassing description,—perplexing the skill, and baffling the efforts, of her eminent professional attendants : alternately, there were presented reasons for very assuring confidence of recovery, and for utter hopelessness. Death, however, made his advances upon her sure, and ultimately completed his triumphs in one of his most trying and terrific forms.

On Sunday, August 4th., all the hopes, which had been raised with so much care, and sustained with so much flattering pleasure, were unexpectedly borne down and overwhelmed. A violent shivering, which came on suddenly at five o'clock in the morning, in connection with other symptoms, indicated an attack of typhus fever. The assistance of the physician was again requested ; but all the favour of his opinion was, that the symptoms of danger were not so urgent as they had been before. Various means were at once repeated or added. Through very prompt and energetic assistance, the danger again seemed to subside ; and, for a time, success appeared to crown the watchful and indefatigable efforts of the attending surgeon ; every symptom abated, and even disappeared ; towards the end of the week, she seemed once more in a state of decisive convalescence ; nothing was apparently wanted for restoration, but careful nutrition.

This, indeed, was cheering ; but the repeated disappointments, which had been experienced before, were powerful checks upon a confidence, that might again prove treacherous. Her husband felt, that the Lord had now taken her into his His own hands, and was subjecting both to a very searching and afflictive trial, respecting the termination of which they were kept in total suspense. To say, that the sufferer, amidst all, maintained an unruffled composure, is to say little of the truth : though not at all rapturously joyful, nor, indeed, by any means, communicative on the subject, except in reply to the questions of those around, her soul rested with confidence upon the promises of God, and the sufficiency of her Saviour ; and she enjoyed a peace, which, while she retained the use of her understanding, neither disease nor approaching dissolution at all disturbed. She frequently appeared very earnest in prayer, and sometimes, while engaged in

that exercise, her countenance exhibited the strongest emotions of delight. But it was felt by the husband and the wife,—who, in the midst of this awful uncertainty of their being continued to each other, often mutually looked with a tremulous anxiety, better imagined than described,—that, while every possible care was taken, and every possible assistance procured, for the body, it was far best to direct their chief attention to the state and progress of the soul. It was well that they did so; for they were thus saved from the excessive keenness of suffering, which farther disappointments might otherwise have produced.

In a conversation between them during the week, when recovery was again confidently hoped, Mr. B. felt desirous of ascertaining precisely the state of mind, under which the successive threats of death had been sustained. He said,—‘ Our situation has been, and still is, a very trying one. Surely the Lord sees something in us, that needs a very painful correction.’ Mrs. B. replied,—‘ It is painful indeed :’ but, at the same time, adverted to the unchangeable kindness and faithfulness of God, as giving reason to believe, that the dispensation proceeded more from love than anger. ‘ Suppose, my dear,’ said her husband, ‘ it should, after all, be the purpose of God to remove you to another world ?’ ‘ Well,’ she interrupted, ‘ and what then, my love ?’ ‘ Are you not afraid to die ?’ ‘ No ; not at all.’ ‘ Why not ?’ She instantly again referred to the atonement of the Saviour, and to her assurance of an interest in Him. ‘ But then,’ rejoined her husband, ‘ God is holy, and without holiness no one, in a disembodied state, can see Him with joy.’ She instantly referred to the work of Divine Grace in her soul, declaring her confidence, that the Holy Spirit would perfect that which concerned her. To some further questions respecting her personal interest in the saving grace of God, and the presence with her of the Holy Spirit to sanctify and support her, she gave replies equally satisfactory and delightful. Mr. B. asked,—‘ Do you now feel the Saviour with you, as though in the room ; or rather, “ Christ within you, the hope of glory ?” ’ ‘ I feel strong confidence in Him as my Saviour, though I sometimes feel so much pain and languor, that I cannot perceive Him very clearly ; I can do nothing except trust Him, but that I can do.’ She again adverted to recovery, upon which, it should be recollected, we, at that time, confidently reckoned ; and she expressed her deliberate resolution, to live, in future, very near to God, and in habits of more close attention to spiritual duties.

It may be readily supposed, that, if such were her happy state of mind, at the time when every appearance was indicative of restoration, it must supply very pleasing reflections ; but, very soon, another heavy disappointment crushed the cherished anticipation. The return of Sunday brought another attack of disease. In the earlier part

of the day, though she was thought to be still improving, a very slight flush in the countenance produced a feeling of hesitation in the mind of Mr. Cooke, her cautious medical friend. The afternoon was rather advanced, when Mr. B., who had been long watching by her side, stepped, for a few moments, out of the room; almost instantly after, he found her suffering under a return of acute pain, which she was describing to her sister Margaret as very peculiar, and unlike what she had felt before. It almost instantly produced abstractedness and delirium; and, in less than one half-hour, her countenance was changed, from the cheerfulness and vivacity of a state of decisive convalescence, to the very indications of impending death. It was now evident, that her medical attendant feared the worst, and apprehended some speedy decision. Several days, however, passed away, without producing any alteration, except an abatement of some of the symptoms. Her husband could not believe, that she would die. He trembled with astonishment and fear; yet he could not but hope, for many others had been restored. Repeatedly, in answer to his queries, whether she felt any impression of her being about to die, she replied in the negative; at the same time, hinting, that she had to lay herself entirely upon the faithfulness of God, for his ultimate dealings with her. As, however, the symptoms again very visibly subsided, and her youthful constitution seemed to struggle hard with the disease, hopes once more were entertained respecting the issue; indeed, she herself had not given up the expectation, that the Lord would restore her. But, after all, she was called to resign life, when, if at any period of its history, it might appear most desirable; the circumstances of the very recent marriage had been so flattering, and the persuasion of the Divine approval so strong, that both the husband and the wife felt great difficulty in believing, that a gracious and tender, though unerring, Providence, would proceed to sever them so soon, and so unusually, from each other. On the evening of the following Friday, Aug. 16th., the distressing suspense was determined, and the sovereign pleasure of God was unequivocally expressed. A new attack of pain was accompanied by a return of fever, and distressing fits of vomiting: and delirium, which had occasionally discovered itself, returned with the threat of overwhelming her understanding. She now felt herself sinking, and, in the course of the night, repeatedly expressed her belief, that she should die. On the following morning, it was the painful duty of Mr. Cooke,—to whose assiduous attentions, and anxious labours, and fraternal watchfulness, no acknowledgments can be adequate, nor any gratitude a compensation,—to communicate the intelligence, that his patient was inevitably sinking, and that all the powers of nature were rapidly giving way. On receiving this afflictive information, Mr. B. hastened to his wife, who coolly, yet inquisitively, asked what Mr. Cooke's opinion was. The reply was, that he apprehended, as the

consequence of the sickness, that she would ultimately sink. He then solicitously asked,—‘Are you afraid, my dear, to go into the presence of your Heavenly Father?—Are you afraid of your Saviour?’ ‘Oh, no!’ she replied, ‘I am not afraid,—I can trust Him,—He is a very present help.’ ‘Do you now feel the Saviour precious?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Do you feel Him with you?’ ‘Oh, yes!’ Her mind became then a good deal abstracted; she was evidently engaged in mental prayer.

The request of the Medical Gentlemen had hitherto excluded, from access to her, all persons, excepting her attendants and relatives; but, now that every hope of restoration was resigned, her husband suggested the propriety, for the sake of her relation to the Church of Christ, of her seeing some one beside her personal connections, and of allowing satisfactory answers to any, who might enquire into the state of mind, in which she was leaving the world. She instantly caught the suggestion, and said,—‘Yes; I know what you mean,—a Minister; I have been thinking of it and wishing it.’ She then expressed an earnest wish to see the Rev. Mr. Hunter, a pious Clergyman in the Established Church, settled in Gloucester. The case of the late excellent Mrs. Hunter, had dwelt with very strong impression on her mind. Mr. H. saw her on Saturday afternoon. To him she expressed, with clearness, the peaceful state of her mind; and, in reply to an enquiry, whether she had accustomed herself to close self-examination, she said,—‘Yes; but I very greatly regret, that I have too much neglected it of late.’ ‘Do you now feel the importance of entering the presence of a pure and holy God, and the need of your being made holy, in order to go to Him with joy?’ ‘Yes; and I am persuaded, that He will perfect the work which he has begun, before He removes me.’ To Mr. B. she likewise expressed, with clearness, her full persuasion, that the atonement of Jesus is the only ground of a sinner’s hope; and that, in a firm reliance upon it herself, she felt the fullest satisfaction. Mr. H. left her, with the earnest advice to look for a very special out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, to make her fully meet for glory.

It was the earnest wish and prayer of her husband, that God would be pleased to allow some glorious manifestation of Himself to her soul, in order to prove her final triumph over pain, and sin, and death. The ‘*God of all comfort*,’ who had seen it necessary to reject other previous petitions, graciously condescended to answer this. He gradually broke away from her the last expectations of life, while He filled her with the consolations of His own presence. He allowed the full persuasion of approaching death, to be accompanied by such a manifestation of His grace and His glory to the dying believer, as completely ‘swallowed up death in victory’ to her; and even forced away from her afflicted husband and sister, who were at the time attending her, the deep anguish of their souls, while it awed them into reverence, and gratitude,

and joy. That evening, after remaining for some time silent, she suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of holy exultation,—‘ Oh ! He does—He does— Oh ! now I see He does intend to remove me to glory ; —I shall go to glory !—I am going to glory !’ ‘ What ! my love,’ said her husband, ‘ do you think you shall die ?—Will the Lord, then, take you from me ?’ ‘ Oh ! yes,—He will,—He will,—a very little while more, and I shall be in glory !—a few more struggles, and all will be over !—I shall be in glory !—I shall soon—

“ Take my last triumphant flight
From Calvary to Zion’s height !”

Jesus is precious to me,—very precious !—and God the Holy Spirit is very precious !—and God the Holy Father is precious—very precious too !—all are precious ! “ Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward men !” ’ Thus she continued her exclamations of triumph, till her strength was exhausted, and the sickness returned.

- Serious apprehensions were now entertained, that she would expire that night. Her sister Elizabeth asked,—‘ What shall I say to Father and brother John ?’ ‘ Give my dying love to my Father,’ said she, ‘ and tell him, that I am going to God ; and, oh ! do exhort him to be in earnest about his soul, and not to loiter in the way to the kingdom. He will soon follow me : those that are young are called, and he cannot live long ; entreat him, oh ! entreat him, to be in earnest. Give my dying love to John ; tell him to seek the Lord with all his heart, and not to trifle any longer with things of such vast importance.’

An impressive and affecting scene now transpired, the effect of which no ordinary measure of Divine influence was needful to support and sanctify. Her husband and sister Elizabeth, unable any longer to suppress their feelings, burst into tears, and wept without restraint. She turned towards each, looked attentively for some moments, and then wept herself. Mr. B, struggling in vain with his own sensations, endeavoured to support hers ; and she affectionately reciprocated the effort, striving, in broken accents, to encourage him to trust in the Lord ; and assuring him, that the Lord would direct and bless him ; thus was their distress mutually aggravated. At length, in order forcibly to change the current of thought, her husband asked, —‘ Why, my love, do you weep ? Are you afraid to die,—afraid of God your Heavenly Father,—afraid of the Redeemer ?’ ‘ Oh, no !’ she eagerly replied, ‘ no ; but ’tis hard,—hard indeed, to part with very dear friends !’ and her tears redoubled as she exclaimed,—‘ And O my husband !—my dear husband ! —I must weep—I must weep for my poor husband !’ This was too deeply affecting ; and the most vigorous efforts became necessary to restrain their almost ungovernable

emotions. She took off her rings, and presented them to him, with the request that he would keep them; but, upon his requesting her not to remove them, she replaced them, and said,—‘Well; you can take them off when I am dead.’ She soon regained her usual placidity of mind; and it became a mutual engagement to give each other, and all things, up to the will of God. For this she was strengthened by Divine Grace; for, though she frequently afterward evidenced very tender affection, there was no farther appearance of distress on the subject. From this moment, she regarded her dissolution as certain, and hastily approaching: she anticipated, that she should die on the following night.

There was an extraordinary cheerfulness about her, during the Sabbath morning; she conversed freely of her dissolution, enquired where it was intended to bury her, and, with perfect collectedness, disposed of some little trinkets, as mementos of affection, among her sisters. In the after part of the day, the delirium returned, with a most distressing state of mental exercise; the Prince of Darkness was permitted to exert a very painful and extraordinary influence; it was truly ‘the hour and the power of darkness.’ There suddenly came over her an apparent indifference to her own condition and spiritual things, that was otherwise unaccountable. When asked, if Jesus was precious to her, she replied,—‘Yes;’ but without her usual emotion, and with an evident wish to avoid the addition of any conversation. The distress, to her husband and friends, of these bitter moments, was indescribably painful. Mr. Wheeler and Mr. B. retired, for the purpose of prayer, and spent some agonising minutes in that important exercise; they rose, confidently believing that God would, in mercy, interfere, and dissipate the gloom which hung with so much horror over the spirit of the latter,* on account of the apparent advantage gained by the adversary of souls. Of the result, the description will be interesting, as it was given, in a letter to a friend, by Mr. W., who sat up with the sufferer on the Sunday night:—

‘SHE was, on Sunday evening, much distressed by delirium; indeed, so much so, as greatly to affect William’s mind. What could be done?—A throne of Grace was accessible; and to it we repaired, and besought the Lord, that she might not expire in this painful situation. After he and I had been agonising apart, for some time, in earnest supplication, we rose, and entered the room of the dying saint, but there was no apparent alteration. In connexion with Lydia,

* Perhaps he was wrong in his apprehensions and his feelings, by not attributing so much to the influence of disease, and the perishing of the bodily powers, as the facts of the case would have justified. The object in the narrative has been, to give a faithful relation of what was, and not of what might, or should have been.—W. B.

Bess, and our servant Mary, we again prostrated ourselves around her bed before the Lord, and most importunately pressed our request, feeling a persuasion, that our petitions would not be disregarded by Him, to whom they were offered. William was quite exhausted, and, at the persuasion of Lydia and myself, went into the adjoining room to lie down. He had not left the room half an hour, before I thought I perceived, as I watched her countenance, something like a lucid aspect; upon this I said,—“My dear, do you know me?” She replied in the affirmative, most affectionately kissed me, and then broke out into such a sweet and energetic strain of praise, as deeply affected me. I recollect her saying distinctly,—“Glory to God in the highest!—on earth peace,—good will to men!”—“Bless the Lord, all ye His angels that excel in strength!”—

“Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!”

‘I sent for William to witness the goodness of God, in that which I did, and do still, regard as the answer of our prayer. After giving him the strongest assurances of her interest in the Redeemer, at our request he again retired, if possible, to rest. Lydia said to her,—“My dear, ‘the Lord’s ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.’” “No!” she answered, “His thoughts are, indeed, not as our thoughts: I should have supposed that I should long outlive you; but I am going first.” As Lydia, in consequence of fatigue, felt disposed to dose a little on the sofa, it devolved upon me to watch. She was wakeful and lucid during the whole of the night. It was on this occasion, when every thing around seemed awed into the silence of approaching death, that I had an opportunity of learning for myself, what the religion of Jesus had done for our dearest Anne. Her real affection for me, and the delightful testimonies which she bore to me for Jesus, were such as I hope never, never to forget. During the night, I proposed many questions to her, in reference to the state of her mind; to which she invariably replied, not only in such a way, as to be highly satisfactory to my own mind, but so as to mark, in the strongest manner, a deep experience of the things of God, uniformly characterising a mind now hanging sweetly upon Jesus. The impression at those highly interesting moments, upon my own mind, was, this then is the religion that I must possess by which to die; “it is good, indeed, for me to be here!” I shall not soon forget the way in which she charged me, respecting her dear husband. She looked at me with uncommon interest and solicitude, and observed,—“Oh! do take care of William; I should very much like for him to go and live with you; do take care of him.” I assured her, that it should be the object of Lydia and myself to do whatever

we could, in order to contribute to his comfort; and she appeared quite relieved and satisfied. I recollect also, that we congratulated each other on the goodness of God to us, as a family, in making us unanimous in our religious views and pursuits; concluding that we might, therefore, anticipate the period, as not far distant, when we should meet without the most distant prospect of another parting. She expressed her uncommon thankfulness, that so many of the members of the family were already brought to a knowledge of the Truth; and her firm persuasion, that all the younger branches would likewise become subjects of saving grace.'

There were several occurrences deeply interesting and impressive, which, in order of time, transpired a little previously to some of the latter incidents related by Mr. W. Before Mr. B. was called into the room, she affectionately took leave of her brothers, James and Richard, to each of whom she successively addressed some suitable and earnest advice. She was much affected, while bidding James farewell: when a little composed, she exhorted him to trust in the Saviour with all his heart; and added,—'It is not well to look back too much upon indecision, even in the service of the Lord.'

When her husband re-entered the room, she was talking with Mr. W. about him. 'What does he mean to do?' said she; 'does he intend to keep on the concern here?' When he had reached the bed-side, she put the same question to him. His reply was,—'O no! surely I cannot; and why should I, when you are gone?' She appeared affected, but expressed her approbation, and urged the question,—'What, then, will you do?' The reply was,—'Perhaps the Lord intends thus, to bring me fully into the Ministry.' She paused, looked thoughtful, and then emphatically said,—'Perhaps He does.' Her husband could not repress some expressions of distress. She took his hand, pressed it eagerly to her lips, and said,—'Thy Maker is thy husband!' reverse that—He will be as a wife to you, my love;—He is the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless,—He will be as a Wife to you,—as a Friend,—He will be your portion!

Her youngest brother was then introduced; when she saw him very deeply affected, she addressed to him her parting advice:—'Oh! Theophilus, give your heart to the Lord at once, now, while you are young; give it to Him fully. Oh! what should I do, if I had now first to seek Him? You have a Mother in heaven, and a sister nearly there; and will you not go there too?—

"Youth is the time to serve the Lord,—
The time to ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

Being reminded how soon she would see her Mother, she exclaimed, with peculiar energy,—‘That thought fills me with ecstasy!’ Mr. W. added,—‘Our dear little girl is there too, you know; and perhaps their two happy spirits will be the first to hail you.’ She was greatly delighted at the thought, and her countenance beamed with lively animation. Early on Monday morning, although previously much exhausted, she appeared strengthened beyond all expectation. She was anticipating, with eagerness, the administration of the Sacrament, which she had requested from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Hunter; and the sight of her aged Father, for whom a messenger had been despatched at midnight.

At an early period of the morning, her husband engaged her, for a few moments, in conversation: it was their last extended conversation upon earth, and it was directed to the progress of the work of preparation for glory. ‘Does the holiness of God terrify you, my dear?’ ‘Oh! no.’ ‘Is He making you fit to go?’ ‘Yes, He is.’ ‘Do you feel your soul ripening for departure?’ ‘Yes, very delightfully.’ ‘Does the Holy Spirit sanctify you?’ ‘Yes, I feel that He does; I have had some blessed visits from Him, and Jesus is very precious to me.’ ‘My love, you will soon be with your excellent Mother.’ ‘Oh! that is *animating* indeed!—that is animating,—very animating!’ ‘You will soon join the company of the blessed,—the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, and, above all, your Redeemer, in his own person;

“There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Cloth’d in a body like our own!”

She appeared much animated with the prospect, and said,—‘Oh! I shall be with God,—

“Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in!”

‘My love,’ said her husband, ‘what are now your thoughts respecting the blessing of entire holiness; do you retain your former views?’ She looked impressively at him, and answered, with firmness and confidence,—‘Yes, I do.’ ‘My dear, you are now in the view of eternity, and going to God; can you now recommend me to preach the doctrine of full salvation freely?’ She replied, with distinguishable emphasis,—‘Yes, I do, fully; I believe, that it is the truth and the glory of the Gospel; and you ought to preach it constantly.’

The Rev. Mr. Collier, one of the Wesleyan Ministers at that time stationed in the Gloucester Circuit, called that morning to see her. To the questions proposed by him, and directed to ascertain the condition of her soul, she returned unhesitating and satisfactory au-

swers. After he had prayed, and commended her to God, she repeatedly expressed her delight at the visit, and said, that she had been greatly blest during Mr. C.'s prayer. To the Rev. Mr. Dixon, the other Wesleyan Minister of the Circuit, who called soon after, what she said was equally satisfactory. 'Have you any fear to die?' said he. 'Oh! no;' she replied, 'none; that is all taken away; Jesus is very merciful and good;—He is precious to me,—very precious!' 'Has He made you ready to go?' 'Yes, I believe He has; He has taken away my sins, He has washed me, and made me clean in His own blood.' While Mr. D. was present, the Rev. Mr. Hunter arrived, to administer the Sacrament. He first held a short conversation with her, in which he asked her views of the ordinance itself. She instantly disavowed any dependence upon it, as of saving efficacy, or of utility, excepting as a means of grace, and as perpetuating the remembrance of the Redeemer's atoning death. He then asked, if she had thought of his former recommendation, and had been looking for the influences of the Holy Spirit. She answered,—'Yes; and I have had some very blessed manifestations of Him to my soul,—very blessed indeed!' She then 'partook of the elements with great pleasure, and joined in the prayers with collectedness and emphasis; but appeared exhausted by the length of the service.

About mid-day her Father arrived; she was eagerly desirous of seeing him. The interview between them was very affecting: after the first emotions had subsided, a by-stander said a few words to Mr. Howell, informing him how gracious the Lord had been to her, and that very happy manifestations of His love had been granted her. She instantly confirmed the statement, saying,—'Oh, yes! He has been very good to me. Jesus is very precious, very precious indeed!' then earnestly addressing her distressed Parent, she asked,—'Is He precious to you?' The question was not heard; she therefore, raised her voice, and with great eagerness enquired,—'Is He precious to you?' and, receiving an affirmative answer, her countenance was lightened with animated pleasure, and she expressed her joy in a fervent exclamation of gratitude.

But disease was now making very rapid advances, and delirium repeated its attacks on the sufferer's intellects: for some hours, she was insensible to the attentions of those around her; she did not recognise their persons, and became painfully restless. It was about this time, that the great 'Accuser of the Brethren' was permitted to make his last desperate effort to destroy her faith. The distress of the preceding evening was renewed, except that no symptom of indifference, or want of emotion, was exhibited. The dying believer was evidently suffering, in the activity of a very sharp and vigorous conflict; the energetic motions of her countenance, and its changes alternately to expressions of pleasure and of pain; the strong movements of her

hands,—sometimes lifted up, and rapidly waving, as is often done to express the action of flying,—and sometimes used to push with all the violence of her remaining strength, as if to thrust away some object of terrifying approach; were all indications of some sharp contest, from which she evidently suffered considerable, and sometimes very painful, exercise. In the midst of these truly afflicting moments, when every one around was looking on, with astonishment, at such a trial of faith in its last exercises; with distress, at the utter insufficiency of human help or sympathy; and, with confidence, in the ready faithfulness of the Redeemer, ‘*in whose sight the death of His saints is precious* ;’ she became for a few moments recollected, and, in a tone of astonishment, exclaimed,—‘ Oh ! the inscrutableness of God !’ A few minutes after, she again cried out, in evident distress and surprise,—‘ O God ! O God !—gone again !—gone again !’ and she then sunk into delirium. Here again sensations of the acutest anxiety were excited in the by-standers. Her Husband, Father, brother William, Mr. Wheeler, and her Sisters, kneeling around her, again earnestly besought the Lord to rebuke the adversary, and to grant a speedy deliverance. She presently turned toward her husband, and, looking earnestly at him with a countenance of unusual emotion, exclaimed,—‘ Oh ! sanctification—entire sanctification—Oh ! full salvation—I want—I want full salvation !’ He eagerly said,—‘ Oh ! my love, ’tis the enemy—’tis the enemy assaulting you !—Fear nothing ;—boldly believe in Jesus ;—trust your Saviour, and you will certainly conquer !—Jesus is here, and He is faithful !—But, even if the work be still incomplete, Oh ! remember, that “ the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all unrighteousness :” and do remember, that it can cleanse you in a moment !’ With great earnestness, she enquiringly repeated the words,—‘ In a moment ?’ ‘ Yes ;’ he rejoined, ‘ in a moment : you know, that “ *in the twinkling of an eye*,” the greatest change may be effected.’ She again repeated the words,—‘ In a moment ?’ ‘ Yes ; in a moment !’ ‘ In a moment ?’ ‘ Yes ; in a moment !’ Her countenance then indicated relief, but delirium again prevented any further coherent utterance. Her friends could now perceive an increasing alteration every hour : that she would expire that night was generally anticipated ; and her anxiously expecting relatives stood weeping around her, most painfully apprehending her death during the fit of delirium. While they were thus excited, another lucid interval occurred ; it was kindly permitted to the distressed husband, as a mixing of mercy with the judgment of the dispensation. She raised herself, as if from sleep, and enquired,—‘ Where am I ?—Oh ! where am I ?—Am I in heaven, or on earth ?’ After a few moments, she added,—‘ Oh ! now I see that I am here ! I thought I was gone ! Oh ! I thought I was in heaven !’ She now looked around at each of her relatives, and took an affecting leave of several ; of whom some, who were previously unable to

see her, gladly seized the opportunity to be recognised by her for the last time. Her sister Margaret, who had most laboriously attended her, night and day, from the commencement of her illness, but who, for the last few days, had been confined to her room, the victim of anxiety and fatigue, was, among these, supported to the bed-side. Death was now disarmed of its terrors. The serenity, which results from the triumph of Christian faith and feeling, kept down undue expressions of grief, and moderated even its allowable sensations. The two sisters seemed to embrace and bid farewell, as if separating only for a journey, which would detain them but a little while from each other. Mrs. B. then held the hand of her eldest brother, William; after bidding him adieu, and pausing for a few moments, as she looked around from one to the other, she again fixed her attention on him, as if suffering some painful sensations from the view of distress around her; she then withdrew her attention from every object of this world, exclaiming with ineffable sweetness and composure,—

‘ Earthly passions — — far remove,
Swallow—up—my soul—in love !’

The long and dreary succession of hours after this,—during which she suffered much from the prevalence of delirium, and the sinking of her system into final ruins,—was interrupted by three lucid intervals. In the first, she bade a final adieu to her Father, charging him to deliver the assurance of her love to her friends in her former neighbourhood, and the members of the little Church with which she had been there connected. Some time distant from this, as her husband was reclining by her, and watching her countenance with the intense and tremulous hope, that there might be, at least, one more evidence of recognition, and of triumphant faith; she awoke from her delirium, and, perceiving him, she pressed him affectionately to her bosom, and said the last words which to him she ever uttered. In a faint tone she whispered,—for articulation had nearly failed,—‘ Oh ! do not give way to excessive grief; it is a great evil. Oh ! remember, that I have warned you against it. The Lord will be your portion !’ She endeavoured to add more; but what she said, or meant, was unintelligible; and she was immediately interrupted by a return of delirium.

The sight of her sufferings now became almost insupportable, and death, which had been dreaded so much, was now felt as very desirable. Her husband earnestly implored that the Lord would hasten to complete His own inscrutable purposes, and liberate the spirit of the expiring sufferer. In a state of agonised feeling, he, for a few minutes, left the room; during his absence, she had the last return of

consciousness, and uttered her last words. Her sister Elizabeth was watching by her side, and, observing her appear somewhat intelligent, instantly asked her,—‘My dear! is Jesus precious to you now?’ She answered,—‘Oh! yes, He is very, very precious!—I am happy—I am happy—very, very happy!’

When Mr. B. returned, life was very near its close;—the eye was fixed;—there was no motion, but that of the chest;—the cold sweat of death covered her lately vigorous and healthy limbs and features;—and her breathing was quickened into rapid and painful respirations. At that moment, the goodness of God granted him most extraordinary support. He, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Miss E. Howell, and the servant, threw themselves on their knees, commending the departing spirit to her waiting Saviour. The solemnity of those moments is unutterable;—the assurance of the Redeemer’s presence, which pervaded every mind,—and the confidence of the believer’s instant entrance into the glory and happiness of heaven, as accepted in the Beloved, which sustained and overwhelmed every soul, will never be forgotten. To those who felt it, there could be scarcely greater evidence in a sensible demonstration. Mrs. B. expired between one and two o’clock on Tuesday, August 20th, 1822; but the moment, when the spirit escaped, was not rendered remarkable by any evidence, except a sudden closing of the eye-lids, as she ceased to breathe.

CONCLUSION.

THERE must be,—there assuredly is,—something in the doctrines of the Redeemer's Religion, divine,—and in the influence of its truths, omnipotent,—and in the consolation of its assurances, infinitely valuable,—which could thus sooth the mind into acquiescence, under the perceived approaches of a dispensation of Divine Providence, that came, so soon and so suddenly, upon the earthly happiness of a young pair, and dissipated it for ever; that invaded their flattering prospects, and their fondly-cherished hopes, and swept them all utterly away.

The providence of God,—the sovereignty of His administrations,—the power, the promptness, and the sufficiency of His grace,—His glory in the success of His Redeeming Plan, and in the triumphant death of His saints,—are all in this case illustrated; while it is equally to be inferred, that, if there are some 'matters of which *He giveth none account to any*,' it is, because they are too grand to be comprehended by finite minds, or too unsuitable to the present state of existence to be communicated. The sure refuge of faith is, that *His will is 'holy, and just, and good;'* and that *His Word*, in which His Will is expressed, *can never fail*. Heaven and earth shall pass away, to complete its fulfilment.

I dare not trust myself to delineate the character of my late very dear wife, whom, if I should but accurately describe, I should, by those who did not intimately know her, be certainly disbelieved, as not impartial; for those, who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, such a delineation is needless; and for them, chiefly, this narrative is intended. In them I shall meet a counterpart of that interest, which cannot be exhausted by dwelling in minute detail,—too minute, and even tedious, for general circulation,—upon the incidents in the progress of that fierce disease, which has broken in violently upon our happiness, and left us to lament an irretrievable loss.

But, Oh ! it is indeed cheering to reflect, that, if the happiness of Mrs. B.'s society is withdrawn from this world, and the light of her Christian example has thus early been shrouded by the clouds of heaven ; yet, as she disappeared from human sight, she left pictured on the memory of survivors the mild radiance of her parting glory, breaking through the deep darkness that must otherwise have overwhelmed them, to illustrate *their* path, to dissipate *their* dread, to allure *their* affections, and to animate *their* hopes, in their yet protracted journeyings to the abode of holiness and deathless joy, where she now resides in perfect safety !

W. B.

Dec. 1822.

FINIS.

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